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TOPICS • OF • THE • DAY

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A NEW NATIONAL MIGRATION MENACED BY LAND-SHARKS

ALL OUR GOLD RUSHES, all our oil booms, and all our free-land stampedes dwindle by comparison with the torrent of migration pouring into Florida from all parts of the country. If Ponce de Leon's Fountain of Youth had just been found to be a fact and not a fiction, it could scarcely have attracted a greater multitude, remarks the editor of a Maryland daily. The Florida land-rush, says another Southern editor, is admittedly "the most remarkable boom of its kind in the history of such booms." Those on the spot report the motor roads of the Peninsular State crowded with cars from every State in the Union, while added streams of humanity arrive by train and steamship. The roadsides are dotted with tent colonies of tourists and fortune-seekers. We read of a new frontier and a new type of pioneer. As some authoritative observers see it, what is happening in Florida is not merely an unprecedented local boom, but part of an even bigger boom, a nation-wide southward migration. *The Manufacturers' Record* of Baltimore believes "we are on the eve of a spurt of activity from one end of the South to the other." The Washington correspondent of a Pacific coast daily predicts that

"the entire South is at the beginning of an era which will crown its years with goodness and make its paths drop fatness." However this may be, the excitement emanating from Florida has spread even across the Atlantic, and a London dispatch to the *Chicago Daily News* tells us that English investors are sounding the get-rich-quick possibilities of long-distance speculation in Florida land.

But the dangers inherent in all boom conditions are not lacking in this case, and leading Floridians are themselves warning investors to be on their guard against land-sharks and "blue sky" schemers operating in the name of the State, within and without its borders. A Florida delegation led by Gov. John W. Martin recently asked for the cooperation of the New York press in curbing fraudulent schemes designed to trade upon public interest in Florida's wave of prosperity. The Governor remarked that if investors used "a quarter as much intelligence" in their dealings concerning Florida as in the ordinary run of their business, the danger of being victimized by swindlers would be slight.

In behalf of his native State he pleaded earnestly for the truth and nothing but the truth.

"Florida has too much at stake to permit crooked dealings in real estate," remarks the Jacksonville *Florida Times-Union*, which tells us that it was a Florida advertising club that procured Federal action against a band of alleged Chicago swindlers in Florida real estate. Twelve hundred curbstone brokers, a Miami dispatch tells us, were run out of Florida in one week. "Land swindlers and speculators have done great damage to

Florida and its legitimate enterprises and must be put out of business if the State is not to have a setback," says the *Washington Post*; and in the *Brooklyn Eagle* we read:

"Floridians are wise in frowning upon real-estate speculators. They are parasites who fatten upon the prestige of legitimate investors. The Florida Development Board's campaign to warn prospective investors against fraudulent advertising may hamper 'boom' operations. It can not check legitimate growth. Florida has enough substantial background to forego hothouse expansion."

Returning to the statement that it is not only in Florida that a real-estate boom is "on," we read in a very interesting Wash-

ington dispatch from W. W. Jermaine to the *Seattle Times*:

"Taken in connection with the unusual, altho rather quiet, influx of Northerners into the eastern half of Texas, which has been under way for more than a year, and the certainty of a northern rush to Tennessee as soon as the Muscle Shoals development is complete, the country is witnessing what looks like the beginning of migrations of Americans along lines of longitude from North to South, instead of along lines of latitude from East to West, hitherto the general rule.

"There is a feeling in the East that if migrations continue along longitudinal lines, development in the West will slow down. That, however, remains to be seen. The West has gone far enough with its building-up process to insure permanency and a steady growth, regardless of how attractive the South may become to certain restless elements in the North. Besides, the population of the country is now so large, and the need for open spaces so great, as to make sure there will be people aplenty for all migration purposes in both directions.

"The southerly movement is still in its beginnings; whether it is to continue indefinitely nobody yet knows. Florida, however, is experiencing a development such as never before has come to any



Pease

GETTING IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY

—Pease in the Newark News.

of the States. Miami, a city of 10,000 twenty years ago, now claims 150,000, and probably has them. It is planning for 1,000,000 in less than another twenty years, and at the rate at which people have been going there in 1925, it may reach its goal in less than ten years. Incidentally, I notice that its better real-estate operators have recently saved it from a bubble crash. Prices of land have been forced down to more nearly a reasonable basis, and the speculative element is being held in check as far as practicable. It is confidently expecting 250,000 tourists during the coming winter season.

"To a previously unheard-of degree, what is taking place in Miami is taking place throughout the entire State. Never before has any State suddenly and in all its parts felt the wizard touch of prosperity in so compelling a fashion. It is estimated that

United States generally, remarks the *New York Commercial*, which goes on to explain:

"That State has become the Mekka for a large number of the citizens of other States, because they have become prosperous enough to move there to live. It should not be overlooked that many of our States have experienced an influx of people from distant points, but Florida is the first one to enjoy the incoming of hordes of persons, rich—generally speaking—in money and goods and chattels of many kinds. They constitute an unique type of 'pioneers.'"

In this connection it is interesting to note the statement of Roger W. Babson in *Forbes Magazine* that in the past sixty-five years every period of prosperity in the nation as a whole has been accompanied by a real-estate boom in one part of the country or another. Therefore, says this statistician, "the Florida boom is merely history repeating itself."

In some of her sister States, we are told, Florida's sensational burst of prosperity has aroused feelings of concern. "If I should point to any one thing that has hit the West harder than anything else, it would be the Florida land boom," says Clinton W. Gilbert in a Washington dispatch to the *New York Evening Post*; and he adds: "People are leaving from everywhere for Florida, either to make money by gambling in land or to settle there and raise fruit." In Virginia a conference of leaders urged Governor Trinkle to call an extra session of the Legislature to consider the problem of checking the flow of Virginia citizens and Virginia capital to Florida. In a dispatch from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to the *Chicago Tribune*, we read that "Florida, with its land boom and its bid for wealthy residents, through exemption from State inheritance taxes, has helped stir up a political revolt out in the Missouri valley that will be in evidence at Washington this winter." *The Manufacturers Record*, after describing an advertisement in a Columbus paper, the purpose of which was to check the tide of migration from Columbus to Florida, goes on to say:

"Somewhat similar advertisements are being found in newspapers all over the land. There is a definite effort by bankers, by State officials and by business men in many sections to do all in their power to head off the movement to Florida. They are using the newspapers of the East and the West freely in advertising against Florida and urging people to remain at home. They, too, like the Columbus bankers, do not seem to realize that advice of this kind only serves to intensify the desire of people to see Florida for themselves."

In some quarters Florida is being pictured as "a land of J. Rufus Wallingfords, where boobs and come-ons are daily fleeced by astute land-pirates," remarks the *New York World*, which, noting that "the gamble in Florida has largely replaced the gamble in oil," suggests that "the real 'plot' against Florida is the jazz and fireworks that Florida itself can best stop." "The best thing that could happen to Florida now would be for some one to ship a hundred train-loads of real-estate men back North and ship a hundred train-loads of Northern farmers South," is the opinion of State Commerce Director Cyrus Locher and Securities Commissioner Norman E. Beek, of Ohio, who have been investigating the Florida boom. They sum up the situation as "a speculators' debauch," and quote the estimates of Florida bankers and real-estate men that "the lots that are platted and staked out for sale, and the acreage that has been sold to be subdivided, amount to approximately 20,000,000 lots." To put a house on each lot and allow three persons to each house, they point out, would give Florida a population of 60,000,000, or more than half the population of the United States. The present population of Florida is one million, two hundred thousand. To quote these Ohio officials further:

"Riding through Florida on the east coast, the ridge country, and the west coast, and even in the lowlands, one is impressed with the large percentage of land that is being subdivided and offered for sale as building lots.



500,000 people have gone there this year, for the most part to remain permanently."

In an editorial in the *Baltimore Sun*, headed "The State of Miracles," we read:

"In all the history of this country there has been nothing approaching the situation which has developed in Florida in the last few years. The rush to California, to the Klondike and to earlier gold or silver fields of fortune, to oil districts in Texas, Oklahoma, and other States, attracted large numbers of people, and was inspired by much the same motive and was characterized by much of the same frenzy of delirious hope.

"But the migration to Florida differs in essential particulars from any preceding movement of population to any particular place. The rush to California and the Klondike was for a specific golden treasure, and the early wagon trains that rolled to the West had as their objectives an empire of rich farming lands which awaited settlers, and upon which reasonable calculations could be based. Florida, however, is not a new and hitherto unknown region just discovered. Nor is its lure gold or silver mines or oil-wells. What it offers are what it has had from the beginning—its soil and its climate. To these two assets may be added another element of attraction provided by recent legislation—certain exemptions from taxation."

A combined court-house and city hall is to be built in Miami at a cost of \$15,000,000, or three times what the United States paid for all of Florida when we bought it from Spain a hundred years ago, at sixty-two cents an acre. One Florida realty development project involved as an incidental cost an appropriation of \$2,000,000 for advertising for one year. Such indications of Florida's prosperity serve also to reveal the prosperity of the

"Thousands of orange groves on the ridge country are being allotted and the groves destroyed. From Jacksonville to Miami, along the Dixie Highway, new town sites and lots are offered for sale and staked off all the way, and the West Coast is the same.

"No one knows what property is worth. Most of the people who are buying property in Florida at present do not expect to work the land or to live in Florida. The conditions are abnormal because it is a boom. No one knows how a boom starts; when it gets started, no one can control it, and no one knows when it will stop.

"Real-estate men and bankers agree everywhere that the trick is to get out before the period of readjustment arrives. The fact is that land and building lots have been made the medium for gambling, and it has resulted in a speculator's debauch."

After a tour and investigation of Florida for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, Harold Keats sums up his main conclusions as follows:

"1. The boom has reached the peak in some places, and indications of a break are evident.

"2. Fortunes have been made in Florida, but opportunities for quick returns for the individual investor are limited and soon will reach the vanishing point.

"3. Florida faces a serious financial condition due to curtailing of credits, unwarranted speculation, imminent foreclosure of mortgages, and tightening of sales methods.

"4. Swindlers, confidence men, irresponsible promoters and the like are in all sections of the State, despite recent attempts by legitimate dealers to drive them out.

"5. Florida's hope of permanent prosperity which will give value to her real estate lies not in her resorts but in developing the infinite possibilities of her soil and feasible industries.

"6. This fundamentally sound and necessary development is being retarded by land speculation, high prices, poor transportation, high labor charges, and other incidents of the boom.

"7. Florida citizens will be burdened for years by high prices, high taxes, uncomfortable living conditions and unfavorable opinion caused by overexploitation and inflation.

"8. Present living conditions in most centers are worse than in the congested camp towns during the World War.

"9. No man should go to Florida unless he is well financed, able to pay the high living costs, and either considering some actual use for the land he may buy or, if speculating, willing to face the same chances that he would in any other gamble.

"10. Florida again this winter will flood the press of the country with advertising by the State, municipalities and individual real-estate concerns in an effort to keep the stream of tourists and investors flowing.

"11. No man in Florida to-day can guarantee the permanence of high prices of real estate, and no standard of value can be finally reached until the speculative stage has passed and given way to actual use of the land for farm, residence, resort, industrial, and business purposes."

"The situation in Florida is now one that attracts the crooks and the schemers of the entire world," says the *Atlanta Constitution*, which declares that "it is now imperative to divide the wheat from the chaff without delay." Says the *Charleston (W. Va.) Mail*: "Man is always looking for Eldorados. A few seem to find them every now and then, while the large bulk of the later comers pay the freight and hold the bag." The *Albany Knickerbocker Press* describes Florida as "a State of the Union which by perversion has become a state of mind."

But on the other hand there is no lack of cheerful voices to assure us that what Florida is experiencing is not a "boom," but merely her legitimate and delayed development. To the question, "How long will the Florida boom last?" Willis B. Powell, of the Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce, replies confidently: "As long as the sun shines, the birds sing, and the children laugh and play." "Florida is substantial; Florida is safe," declares the *Jacksonville Florida Times-Union*, which adds:

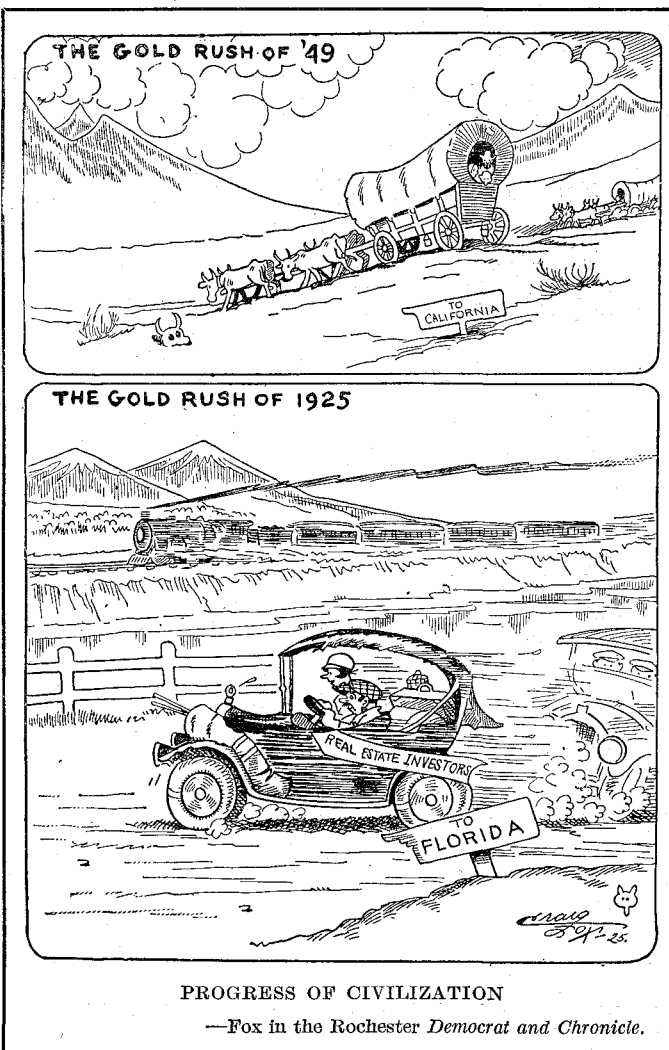
"The only danger is to people who plunge wildly and blindly and who themselves are unsafe. The fewer there are of these the better it will be for the people and for Florida. Being fair to themselves means being fair to Florida."

The same Florida paper quotes with approval the following conclusions reached by the Standard Daily Trade Service,

of New York and Washington, after a study of the Florida boom:

"1. The Florida boom is founded on a belated recognition of the economic possibilities of the tropical climate and exceptional soil—factors which leave no doubt that Florida will ultimately become an agricultural State of the first magnitude and a winter resort center of similar importance.

"2. Realization of the foregoing probabilities has already led



to the marking up of realty values to fantastic levels in many sections. Realty values must first stabilize before business development can be pushed as it should be. In this phase of the boom, further amateur speculation in land is dangerous. But the boom—so far as it applies to business rather than real estate—has only started.

"3. As the business and agricultural development of Florida gains force, real-estate speculation will be superseded by speculation in business and agricultural ventures, by heavy building-construction programs, and by rapid growth of almost every type of business and industry necessary to the maintenance of a greatly augmented population.

"4. It is this final phase of the boom to which the attention of business men should now be directed. It offers possibilities of large-scale profits in many lines of business endeavor, but early action in getting on a sound basis is counseled."

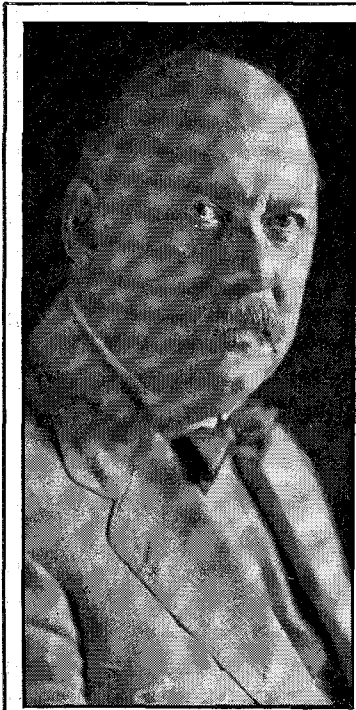
"We have a population of one million two hundred thousand, but we can support forty million," says Governor Martin, who adds this prediction: "In five years the population will double or treble, and in the next ten or fifteen years we will have eight or ten million people within our borders." In 1924, says the Governor, "more than \$450,000,000 of Northern capital was put into Florida holdings." The *Florida Times-Union*, describing a cartoon which represents "Miss Florida" blowing bubbles from a large bowl labeled "real estate," remarks: "The only thing wrong about the picture is that the Florida bubbles are not the bursting kind."

A CHANGING CABINET SHIFTS AGAIN

MEMORIES OF THE "TENNIS CABINET" of President Roosevelt were revived among old-time Washington correspondents on October 13 by the appointment of Dwight F. Davis, Assistant Secretary of War since 1922, former national doubles tennis champion and donor of the Davis cup, as Secretary of War to succeed John W. Weeks. This marks the sixth change in the Cabinet since President Coolidge entered the White House, and again directs attention to the President's policy of "promoting from the ranks." While "the Army loses one of the best friends it has ever

had," to quote the New York *Evening Post*, and the country "one of its ablest Cabinet members," the neighboring *Times* is certain that "Mr. Coolidge could not have made a better appointment than that of Mr. Davis. In more than one emergency in the past six months he has done the right thing, when he might easily have blundered."

Secretary Weeks, a former Representative and Senator from Massachusetts, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, was selected by President Harding for the difficult and complex task of readjusting the military establishment, disposing of billions of dollars' worth of war equipment, adjusting contractors' claims, and bringing to a close thousands of activities which his predecessor had initiated. "His knowledge



Underwood & Underwood photograph

"A DISTINCT LOSS"

of banking enabled him to save many a dollar for his Department," adds *The American Banker* (New York). "His retirement," to the Providence *News*, "means that President Coolidge has lost an able and loyal adviser, but to Mr. Weeks it means the abandonment of his ambition to be President."

Secretary Weeks, says the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, was stricken last April with thrombosis. This affliction, in turn, is traced back to Armistice Day, 1921, when Mr. Weeks, against his physician's orders, marched from the Capitol to the White House in the cortège of the Unknown Soldier. Since April he has been unable to attend to the duties of the Secretary of War. As he said in a statement after his resignation had finally been accepted:

"Due to the very kind consideration of President Coolidge, I have remained in office in the hope that I could soon return to the Department. I have come to the conclusion, however, that the nation is entitled to a better performance of this important public duty than I am able to give at this time and, therefore, I have resigned."

Said President Coolidge in reply to the Cabinet official's letter of resignation:

"I value your ability so much, and appreciate so highly the familiarity that your long experience in Washington has given you with the affairs of government, that I feel your retirement to be a distinct loss.

"Your wise conduct of the office of Secretary of War has been a great satisfaction to me, and in the well-earned leisure that private life will afford you I trust you will fully regain your strength and find time to continue your interest in the well-being of our country."

What of the new Secretary of War? His job "will not be an easy one," predicts Robert Barry, Washington correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*. The Air Service controversy is by no means ended, we are told. Colonel Mitchell is yet to be tried, and the findings of the Army court martial reviewed by the new Secretary of War. A coming battle with the General Staff, Director of the Budget, and Congress over the Army's needs is in the offing. But Mr. Davis "gives promise of unusual capacity for the work to be done," thinks the New York *World*, and the Boston *Transcript* looks upon the Cabinet change as an instance where "one strong and loyal supporter of the President is replaced with another."

The new Assistant Secretary of War, it was announced on October 15, will be Hanford MacNider, of Iowa, who was Commander of the American Legion in 1921. "This," we are told by Clinton W. Gilbert, Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "is another illustration of President Coolidge's tendency to appoint Westerners to Cabinet and important department positions." Mr. Davis, incidentally, is a Missourian.

Of all the Cabinet, the new Secretary of War is the youngest—forty-six. He went into the World War as a private, and came out a Lieutenant-Colonel with two citations for bravery. "He has never been a self-advertiser," declares Ashmun Brown, Washington correspondent of the Providence *Journal*, and in the Washington news of the Baltimore *Sun* we find this additional information:

"The new Secretary of War is the grandson of a pioneer wholesale dry goods merchant of St. Louis. His father inherited the business, but it was later sold. Mr. Davis has been the chief administrator of the large family estate. He has also functioned as a director of banks and other corporations. He is strictly for efficiency, and was primarily responsible for the investigation by the President's Air Board of Inquiry.

"After the renewal of Col. William Mitchell's attack upon the aviation policies of the Army and Navy, Acting Secretary Davis insisted upon a showdown. Secretary Wilbur of the Navy opined there was nothing to investigate, but the Davis program went through and since then the aircraft inquiry has held public attention. . . .

"Entering the primary at the eleventh hour, Mr. Davis almost won the Republican Senatorial nomination in Missouri in 1920. He was defeated by the late Senator Selden Spencer. After his return to the United States and his Senatorial nomination campaign Mr. Davis was appointed a member of the War Finance Corporation by the late President Harding. He served there about two years. In 1922, when Assistant Secretary Wainwright resigned to become a candidate for Congress from New York, Mr. Davis was appointed Assistant Secretary of War."



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"INTELLIGENCE"

"Has marked the administration of the War Department by Assistant Secretary of War Dwight F. Davis," said Secretary Weeks of his successor. Mr. Davis is 46 years of age.

SHALL WE, OR OUR CHILDREN, PAY FOR THE WAR?

IF WE ARE GOING to allow our foreign debtors sixty-two years to pay up their war debts to the United States, why should we insist on making our own taxpayers clean up our national debt in less than half that time? That is the question raised by Senator Swanson, and it opens up a pretty argument over the proper way of paying war bills. Of course, the matter comes up in the increasingly lively discussion over tax-reduction. Correspondents and editors agree that there will be a big tax cut effected by the next session of Congress. There is talk of cutting down the rate on incomes great and small, of repealing the "gold-fish" publicity clause, of reducing the "death" taxes, and of cutting out some of the "nuisance" taxes. Opinions vary even among the best financial minds on Capitol Hill as to how much of a reduction can be made in the total tax bill, estimates running anywhere from \$200,000,000 to \$600,000,000. The largest figure is Senator Swanson's. He thinks we are overburdening the taxpayer of to-day by devoting so much of the Government's income to paying off our war debt. The present policy is to put around \$500,000,000 a year into the sinking-fund, and add to it any unexpected surplus each year, and at this rate to pay off the whole \$20,000,000,000 debt in twenty or thirty years. President Coolidge is said to plan paying it off in fifteen years. The Virginia Senator objects to such promptness and would relieve the taxpayers of this generation by stretching out the liquidation of the war debt and putting some of the burden on another generation. Correspondents say that the Swanson argument will be made much of by the Democrats in the tax debate. A Washington dispatch to the *New York World* quotes Senator Swanson as follows:

"If a sinking-fund is created to retire the public debt in twenty-five years, as advocated by many, it would require, upon a 3 per cent. basis, the annual payment of \$560,000,000. If the existing debt is extinguished in fifty years, the annual payment will amount to \$181,000,000. Thus, if we should determine to extinguish our debt in fifty years, instead of twenty-five years, we could have an annual reduction of taxes amounting to \$379,000,000 for this change alone. As we have a large surplus under existing taxation, a change of this nature in the sinking-fund requirement can be had without embarrassment to the Treasury and would enable us to reduce taxes between \$500,000,000 and \$600,000,000."

Representative Garner, famous for the "Garner plan," who is ranking Democrat member of the House Ways and Means Committee, would go Senator Swanson one better by "reducing the speed with which the national bonded indebtedness is paid so the period will be extended over sixty-two years, instead of twenty-five, in accordance with the British debt-funding term, and permitting tax-reduction this year about \$300,000,000, or \$400,000,000 more than is planned by the Treasury." And so important a newspaper as the *Washington Post* declares that Senator Swanson's proposal "can not be thoughtlessly thrust

aside," that "there are many people in this country, members of both political parties, careful students of economic questions, and experts in finance, who are in thorough sympathy with the Senator's views." To *The Post*, the arguments in favor of the Swanson idea are obvious enough:

"A part of the debt burden would thus be passed on to the coming generation which will reap the rewards of the suffering and the sacrifices made to win the World War, just as the payment of the cost of the Civil War was passed on, in part, to millions not yet born when that debt was contracted."

"If foreign nations are to be granted sixty-two years, the question may well be asked why our own taxpayers may not be afforded some similar measure of relief from the existing heavy burden of taxation. That question will be asked over and over again in Congress, and an answer far more convincing than any yet given must be forthcoming."

"Extension of the time for the liquidation of this debt would make it possible immediately to reduce the annual tax burden. This would turn more funds into productive enterprises, and add to the prosperity of the country. Taxable wealth would be increased, thus affording greater revenue without increasing the burden borne by individuals."

But the Swanson proposal will be opposed by Secretary Mellon and the Treasury Department, we learn from a Washington dispatch to the *New York Evening Post*, in which Under-Secretary of the Treasury Winston is quoted as saying:

"It is argued that the present generation should pass the debt on to a later one. Taking the people as a whole, there is nothing in that argument. The money represented by the debt was spent for the war. The evidence of the

debt, the bonds, are all held in this country."

"If the first generation passed on to the second generation the burden of paying, the second generation inherits also the bonds representing the debt, so that the second generation would receive both a liability and its equivalent asset. No burden would pass."

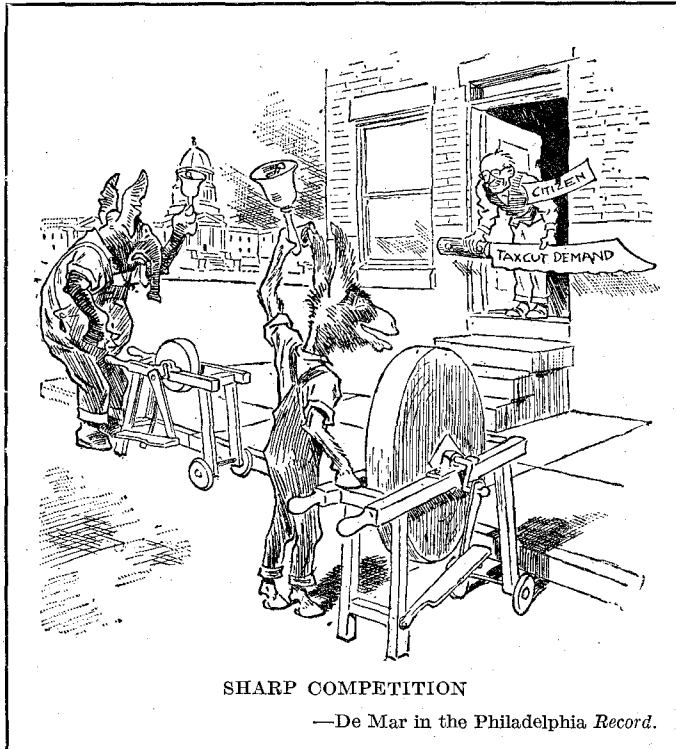
As "Senator Swanson is talking for political effect," remarks the somewhat critical *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, "he omits to say anything about the increased cost to the country of carrying the bonds for twenty-five years longer, a cost which would be approximately equal to the face of the bonds themselves." And the *Newark News* thus objects to Senator Swanson's "seeking to load the war debt on generations unborn":

"The richest and most prosperous country on earth would do neither its own generation nor its posterity justice if it deliberately pushed back over needless years the care of this obligation."

"Sufficiently extend the principle, and that way lies moral and financial bankruptcy, the unbalanced budget of a day to come, the need for borrowing to pay debts, and a steadily increasing grand total of debt."

The Swanson proposal seems no less unwise to the *Baltimore Sun*, which says:

"If we were suffering depression, if taxes were so heavy that they were sapping the nation's vitality, there would be some reason to cast about for relief. But that is not the case. A nation, like a prudent business man, should be rid of debt as rapidly as conditions permit. Other evil days may come, war may come again, when the Government will need all its financial resources,



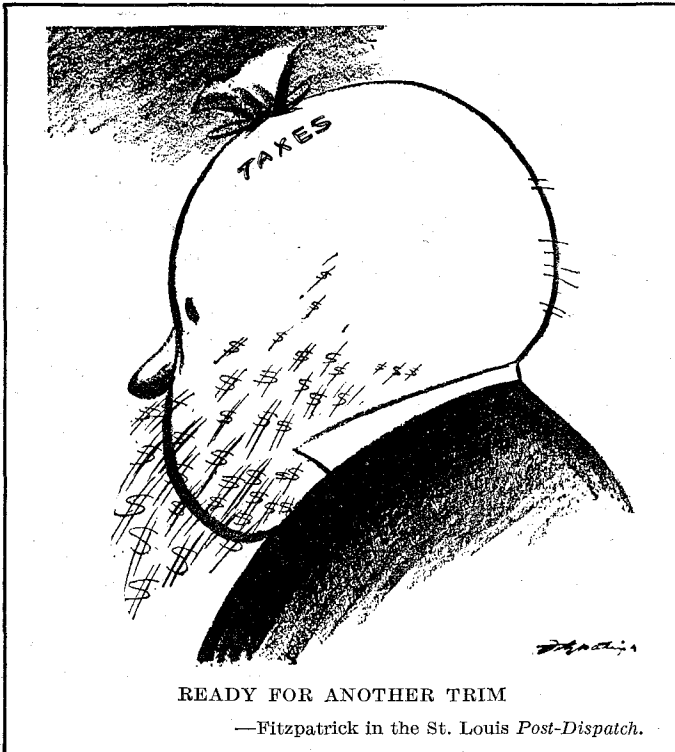
SHARP COMPETITION

—De Mar in the *Philadelphia Record*.

and the way to prepare for such an emergency is to pay off its financial obligations, reduce interest and sinking-fund charges, live economically, and safeguard the future."

And *Labor* (Washington, D. C.), arguing against the plans to make large reductions in surtax rates on the incomes of the rich, asks the question in conclusion: "Why not use the tax on big incomes and inheritances to wipe out the \$20,500,000,000 war debt? Why not let some of those who profited by the war pay some of the cost?"

Instead of reducing the annual sum set aside to wipe out the funded national debt, or approximately \$11,000,000,000 of the \$20,500,000,000 outstanding, President Coolidge, in the opinion



of William P. Helm, Jr., will recommend that it be increased slightly. As Mr. Helm tells us in one of a series of articles on government finance, written for the *Baltimore Evening Sun*:

"During the term of his Presidency, and that of Harding, the public debt has been reduced at a rate twice as fast as the law demands. Sinking-fund obligations for those four years have run to the total of \$1,755,000,000, but actual payments to retire the debt have run to \$3,426,000,000. Every dollar set aside by Congress to reduce the debt has been matched, almost in full, with another dollar from the Treasury produced by a combination of a high tax-rate and a stiff check on all public expenditures.

"As a result of this policy, it now seems likely that the funded national debt, or about \$11,000,000,000 of the \$20,500,000,000 outstanding, will be retired much earlier than recently anticipated. That would leave as the national debt only a sum equivalent to what Europe owes us. Figure in the interest from the European account, counting each debt owed by Europe as good, and we have to-day only \$8,500,000,000 outstanding and to be paid out of taxes."

President Coolidge does not expect to continue to apply large surpluses to debt-reduction, we read further, but he does expect to increase the sums set aside by Congress for debt-reduction out of ordinary revenues. For the last six years sinking-fund appropriations have been gradually mounting toward \$500,000,000 annually. For the fiscal year 1927, the President, according to Mr. Helm, is expected to ask Congress at the session beginning next December for not less than \$500,000,000 for retirement of the public debt, and for even larger sums in subsequent years, so that it will take only fifteen years "to make the United States free of all debt whatsoever, except a sum represented by the obligations of Europe."

ITALY TURNS TO CLASS RULE

WITH ITALY, SPAIN, AND RUSSIA all abandoning the theory of democratic government, the future of that system in Europe can no longer be called a matter of academic interest. Not since Caesar's day has such a revolutionary change in government been proposed as that recently outlined by Premier Mussolini's Fascist party, according to Rome dispatches. Like a bolt of lightning from a clear sky comes the cabled announcement of what the conservative Associated Press terms "the most revolutionary step in the treatment of labor problems in Italy in the present generation." This is nothing more nor less than an agreement between the General Federation of Industry, representing almost the whole of the Italian employers of labor, and the Confederation of Fascist Labor Unions, with its 2,000,000 organized workers. Each organization agrees to deal exclusively with the other in all questions affecting wages, general labor, and employment. Another important point in recent developments is the abolition of the internal shop committees, which hitherto have been elected by secret vote of the workers in each factory, and the substitution of committees appointed by Fascist union leaders. Both steps have the approval of the Mussolini Administration, which maintains that the State has the sole right to control both capital and labor, and to see to it that both sides get a square deal.

Nor is this all. Municipal self-government in Rome has been supplanted by a régime having at its head a Governor, "nominated by royal decree," and having the powers hitherto possessed by the Mayor, the Board of Aldermen, and the Municipal Council. Last, but not least, local self-government is to be abolished throughout Italy in all municipalities under 5,000 inhabitants, and the local administration placed in the hands of a government appointee "nominated by royal decree." According to Rome dispatches to the *New York Times*:

"The effect of these measures will be to strengthen immensely the powers of the central Government, which thus will be able to control not only the State machinery but also the machinery of the local administrations through its own appointees.

"The Italian Chamber, at its last session, passed a series of laws conferring upon the Fascist Government more power than that ever enjoyed by a Government before. The law against secret societies empowers the Administration to discharge any government employee belonging to Freemasonry or other secret organization. Another law gives the Administration the right to discharge any government employee whose political activities are out of tune with the Cabinet's political program, which is merely another way of saying that those who are not in favor of the Fascist régime are not to enjoy government offices. Other laws grant the Cabinet a free hand to amend the Italian civil and penal codes, and to legalize the exceptional régime to which the press is now subjected."

Altho some of the measures are not yet in force, points out Hiram K. Moderwell in a Rome dispatch to the *Chicago Daily News*, "it is certain that these will be the chief characteristics of the reorganized political and social structure of Italy":

"1. The monopoly in wage negotiations for unions and employers associations is recognized as belonging to the Government, with compulsory awards by governmental wage tribunals.

"2. The Senate will be elected partially—and eventually entirely—by the recognized trades unions employers associations, and professional and other societies. Present Senators, however, will continue to hold office for life.

"3. Complete suppression of local self-government for municipal townships under 5,000 inhabitants will be effected. The national Government will appoint town managers for terms of five years, and with full powers, responsible only to it. Larger cities may receive the same system at the discretion of the Government. In any event, their town councils will be elected in part by the trades unions.

"4. All cooperative societies—which are tremendously important in Italy—will be consolidated under governmental control.

"5. The Chamber of Deputies will be deprived of its authority to initiate legislation, and its powers to provoke a Cabinet crisis will be limited or abolished.

"6. The judiciary and legislative branches of the Government will be completely subordinated to the executive.

"7. All societies actively opposing or disturbing the work of the Government will be dissolved or placed under government supervision and control. Italians abroad agitating against the Government will suffer cancellation of their citizenship and confiscation of their property."

This last sentence is of particular interest to Italians in the United States who own property in their home land. For "these contemplated steps are not mere rumors," explains the Columbus (Ohio) *Dispatch*:

"They are the sum and substance of formal recommendations, made by the Grand Council of the Fascisti organization and formally adopted by the Mussolini Cabinet. This change is to be submitted to Parliament at its approaching session for formal adoption, but this is well known to be only a formality. The existing Parliament does not discuss recommendations coming from the dictator's chamber; it adopts them."

This means, to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that "millions of Italian workers can no longer present grievances except through a Fascist official, who will pay little attention to them unless they join the Fascist union." The labor agreement, say Italian papers, will be the death of Socialism in Italy, which for more than thirty years has monopolized the right to speak for the worker. Under the plan proposed by the Fascisti Grand Council, notes the Newark *News*:

"Arbitration of industrial disputes is to be made compulsory before a judicial body presided over by a new set of officials to be known as labor magistrates. The decisions of these magistrates will be binding on both sides, and the magistrates will be empowered to use force to enforce their decisions.

"Politically, also, the individual is submerged beneath the corporation. In each Province three provincial corporations will be formed, one representing agriculture, another industry and commerce, and the third the intellectual professions. Each of these corporations is to have two parts, one composed of employers and the other of workers. The corporations will elect the members of the councils governing the larger municipalities—Mussolini will appoint commissioners to govern those under 5,000—and also elect representatives to Parliament.

"Parliament will be reorganized. The Chamber will not be altered, but the Senate will become elective and be composed



of representatives of the provincial corporations. The number of Senators is to be increased, but the powers of Parliament are to be curtailed, while the powers of the Government are to be strengthened by the formation of a new Presiding Council, of which the Premier aided by a Legislative Council nominated by himself, is to be the head with control over the machinery of the provincial corporations."

The proposed changes indicate to the Baltimore *Sun* that "Mussolini's real objective seems to be the permanent overthrow of the idea of self-government." In the Baltimore paper's opinion:

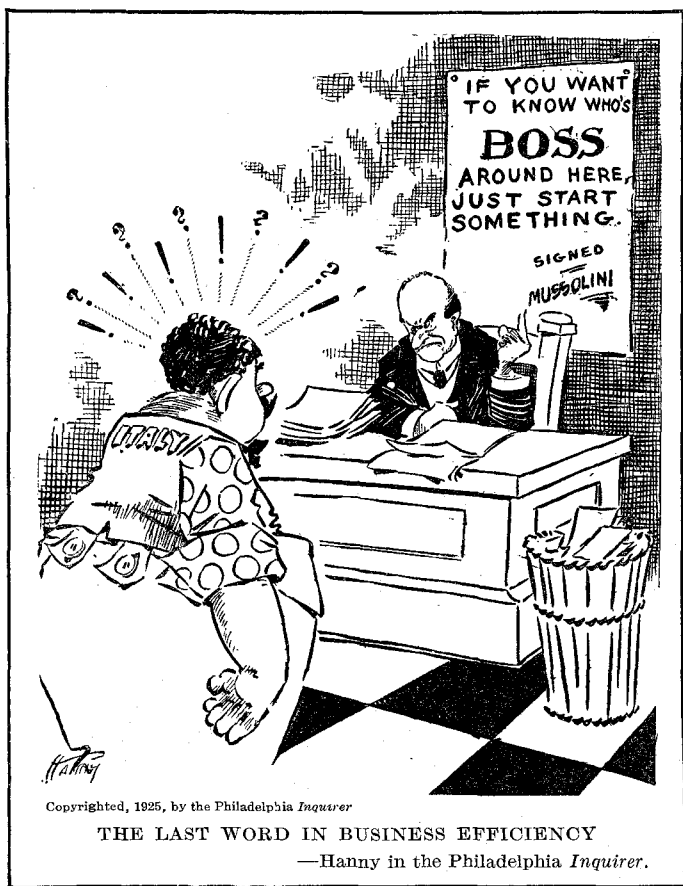
"This centralization program is strongly reminiscent of the Napoleonic reforms in France. The idea of occupational, rather than geographical representation, on the other hand, is in basis borrowed from Soviet Russia, with the enormous difference that labor will be represented in the occupational 'corporations' only so far as it joins the Fascist trade unions, thereby abandoning Communistic ideas.

"The significance of the proposed change is enormous. The Senate of the Irish Free State has a few members chosen to represent professions rather than districts, and post-war Germany has an Economic Council, representing industry, with certain important constitutional powers. But the Italian proposals go much further. For revolutionary character they can only be compared with the constitutional overturn in Russia."

"Mussolini and his Grand Council have been drinking Lenin's wine," agrees the Newark *News*, while the Boston *Christian Science Monitor* interprets recent events in Italy as an attempt to set up "a thinly disguised form of Sovietism which is neither Socialism, republicanism, nor democracy, as democracy is generally understood." We read on:

"The trend in Italy, as it has been in Russia, is toward class domination. It is unimportant, in the long run, whether the structure which sustains and supports such a movement is called a Soviet, a Fascist, or a bloc system. The dangerous aspect is that in all these the tendency is away from strictly representative government and in the direction of class rule, a perilous expedient more to be shunned than a return or surrender to absolutism."

"Step by step," asserts the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "Mussolini is establishing an imperial system as ruthless and oppressive as that of Julius Caesar." "He has paralyzed parliamentary government, reduced the King of Italy to a cipher, destroyed the freedom of the press, and mercilessly repressed every whisper of opposition," declares the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. "Now,"



adds *The Ledger*, "he is even stripping Italians of local self-government. This is despotism." His dictatorship, adds the *New York Herald Tribune*, "is now so complete that he can ignore the opposition. As Premier, Foreign Minister, Secretary of War, Navy, and Aviation, and temporarily in charge of the Finance Department, he is a Cabinet in himself." The *Philadelphia Record*, in fact, asserts that "a new Cæsar sits upon the imperial throne in Rome." Continues *The Record*:

"The King of Italy remains, but so did the Roman Senate remain long after the Republic fell. It exercised the function of approving the decrees of the Emperor. The Italian Parliament remains to assist the King in performing the same solemn duty. But Cæsar issued his decrees, and the Senate went through a legal form. The new Cæsar issues his decrees, and the Parliament and the King go through the necessary official routine and perform the motions of a constitutional monarchy.

"But Cæsars are a little out of date. There is considerable opposition to the newest one. There are indications of insurrection. The original Cæsar fell before he had fully established himself in power. The latest Cæsar may have no better luck. The world is rather too far advanced for the perpetuation of Cæsars or Soviets."

On the other hand, the *New York Times* believes that "Mussolini's project for welding labor and capital into the corporate life of the nation contains possibilities of economic gain, and also points to a constitutional development needed in all industrial countries." The unions of England and the United States, points out *The Times*, "are arrayed against the employing class. They have the power to paralyze industry. Mussolini, however, has built up a system of Fascist unions and employers which are to be converted into an integral department of the Government." While the agreement may be bad in principle, because it means a mutual closed shop, observes the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, "the end in view is commendable. Italy has repudiated the idea of the class war, and substituted the idea of cooperation between capital and labor." This is also the view of the *Chicago Evening Post*. "The immensely valuable idea" in the arrangement, thinks the *New Haven Register*, "is the protection of the rights of the public by the Government in all matters of negotiation and dispute between capital and labor." Of course, admits this *New England daily*:

"It can not be said with any degree of certainty what this all will mean to the industrial world in Italy until after the experiment has been in operation for a sufficient time to demonstrate its value. Much of its effectiveness, of course, will be dependent upon the spirit with which the men accept the revolutionary scheme.

"Whether the strengthening of the hand of the Government on the control of capital will cause a withdrawal of capital from industry or not time alone can tell. Capital is just as skeptical as labor when it comes to permitting governments to handle the latchstrings of the industrial purse."

GREEN VS. RED IN THE A. F. OF L.

THE SPIRIT OF SAMUEL GOMPERS seemed to pervade the forty-fifth annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, according to correspondents "covering" the gathering, particularly when William Green, successor to Mr. Gompers, scathingly rejected an appeal by a visiting British fraternal delegate that the Federation establish the "closest fraternal relations" with the Soviet workers of Russia. A week before more than a thousand delegates of the British Labor party, in convention at Liverpool, voted, 9 to 1, against affiliation of the Communist party with British

Labor, and now a sponsor for the Russian Soviet adherents is "squelched" in America. "It was a great opportunity, and Mr. Green rose to it like a man and a leader of men," remarks the *Newark News*, which believes "his words gave the country the best measure it has had of the man who, at the head of a great labor organization, must be a force for good or ill in a period of accumulating industrial problems." Furthermore, observes the *New York Times*, "the cheers from the floor of the convention, following the rebuke, plainly testified that he was expressing the opinion of organized labor in the United States."

American Federation of Labor conventions, we are reminded, are usually remembered for their "great moments," when some dominating issue is disposed of. The great moment of the 1925 meeting, which began

at Atlantic City October 5, thinks the *Newark News* correspondent at the convention, came when President Green went on record in opposition to Communism and recognition of Soviet Russia, and pledged the labor organization anew to the principles of Americanism embodied in the principles of Samuel Gompers.

While this was the "high light" of the convention, resolutions also were passed opposing the World Court; asking for Congressional investigation of the textile industry; opposing a ship-subsidy bill; approving the Japanese exclusion clause of the Immigration Act; opposing "company unions" as "subterfuges," and demanding a cut in the textile tariff. Mr. Green's address, moreover, contained an attack on "unwarranted court interference in labor disputes," and an announcement that the Federation was "just beginning to fight" for the proposed Child Labor Amendment. But the "great moment" which "took the convention's breath away," to quote one correspondent, came when Hon. Arthur A. Purcell, M. P., visiting British fraternal delegate, rose, and said in part:

"Americans . . . have been most slow in accepting new social and political ideas. We must not be afraid of new ideas. You workers have much to learn from Russia. I have been there, and am proud of the genius for organization which Russian workers have displayed.

"The times we live in are too big, too fraught with fate, to



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GREEN

"I hope the workers of America will establish the closest fraternal relations with those of Russia," said the Hon. Arthur A. Purcell, Labor Member of the British Parliament, at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor. But William Green, president of the Federation, replied, in effect: "We are not ready to accept the philosophy of Communism."



Keystone View photograph

"RED"



THE BRITISH BULL ISN'T COLOR BLIND

—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.



EXITSKI

—Ball in the Newark Ledger.

"SEEING RED"

permit of little prejudices, barring the way to human relationship. Russia is a very big place. It is an enormous factor in the world—a tremendously powerful factor. The Russian people are a great people—strong, patient, hard-working, and clever; they are building up a new economy and a new life. I do hope that from now on the organized workers of America will establish the closest fraternal relations with the organized workers of Russia."

"But the radicals and Communists who have been seeking for years to 'bore from within' reckoned without their host, William Green," notes the *Albany News*. "If they thought that the death of Samuel Gompers would help them, they were mistaken." For the President of the A. F. of L. said, extemporaneously:

"We in America know something about the teachings of Communism and the control the Communist party exercises over the so-called Russian International.

"We know, here in America, that influence emanating from Moscow is seeking, as it has always sought, not to cooperate with us, but to capture and control us.

"Well, the working-people of America are not easily led by these strange utterances. They demand something substantial. We are not ready to accept Communism and we wish that our friend might take back to the Russian Red International this message: That the American labor movement will not affiliate with an organization which preaches that doctrine or stands for that philosophy."

To the *Providence Journal* the Purcell incident "illustrates anew how insidiously the Russian Reds spread their propaganda all over the world." The American labor movement, believes this paper, "should congratulate itself that it has as its present chief one who has the courage to say frankly that his organization will have nothing to do with a group that embraces Bolshevik doctrines." This, it might be added, is also the view of the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Detroit Free Press*, *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, *Indianapolis News*, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *Chicago Evening Post*, *Pittsburgh Gazette Times*, *The Wall Street News*, *Washington Star*, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, *New York Herald Tribune*, *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, and a score of other widely read newspapers. Says the editor of the *Memphis paper*, for example:

"The bold stand taken by the president of the American Fed-

eration of Labor will be applauded by every patriotic American, whether he be capitalist or wage-earner. His words are a stinging rebuke that will give added prestige to the Federation.

"We are glad that Mr. Green did not mince words. Snakes are snakes wherever found, and should be killed, not merely scotched. Mr. Green's message is blunt, but there are times when plain language is best, and this is one of those occasions.

"Americans hold to different religious and political beliefs. Sometimes capital and labor fall out. With one exception, it seems there is nothing on which all of us can agree. That exception is America itself. Whenever an outsider begins spitting at the flag, we become a unit. We may have our family rows, but outsiders had better remain outside.

"Evidence multiplies that the American Federation of Labor acted wisely when it named William Green to succeed the late Samuel Gompers. It takes a big man to fill the chair Sam Gompers occupied for so many years, and President Green seems just about the right size."

To *The Daily Worker*, a Chicago Communist organ, however, "the Purcell incident will cause every honest trade unionist to hang his head in shame, for it serves to show the eunuch-like leadership of the American trade union movement." Continues *The Worker*:

"Green's attack on Purcell is followed by a broad hint from the *Washington Post*, organ of the Coolidge Administration, that he should be deported. The close connection between the officials of the American labor movement and the blackest forces of imperialist reaction is revealed clearly in this one incident.

"American imperialism dominates the world. The Federation officials, supported by the labor aristocracy, are carrying out the schemes of their masters.

Purcell spoke for world-trade unity. He urged unity with the Russian trade unions, and pointed out, in a manner that President Green could not and did not attempt to answer, the need for solidarity of the organized workers as against that of their exploiters.

"This is his crime. The German fraternal delegates—Social-Democrats who praised the Dawes plan and licked the boots of Wall Street—were welcomed by Green, and no proposal for their deportation comes from any source.

"The Purcell incident is an international scandal. The left wing of organized labor must arouse the workers to public demonstrations that will make clear to the ruling class and the labor traitors that it will permit the labor movement to be dragged no deeper into the mire."

MOPPING UP THE LITTLE WAR DEBTS

A MOST REFRESHING PICTURE" is presented by the new nation of Czecho-Slovakia, in the opinion of the *Washington News*: "she's so different! Different, because she is not "an adept in the gentle art of debt-dodging." For thus *The News* describes for its readers the "coming across of Czecho-Slovakia":

"Walking right up to the cashier without so much as batting a lash, she asked: 'How much?'"

"A little matter of \$115,000,000," replied Mr. Mellon. "With 3 per cent. for the first ten years and 3½ per cent. for fifty-two years more."

"O. K.," said she, cheerfully.

"Which will make," the cashier added, after doing a bit of figuring on the back of some European IOU's now used in Washington for scratch-paper, "that you will pay, during the whole sixty-two-year period, approximately \$300,000,000."

"Fair enough!" she answered. "You've been very kind. My regards to the folks and au revoir."

"Whereupon Miss Czecho-Slovakia gave a dimpled smile and flirted off home to Prague."

Similar high praise comes from many an American editor, doubtless the more enthusiastic because of the contrast with the failure of others to agree on a permanent settlement. And over in Prague the papers are just as well pleased with Uncle Sam, one of them cheerfully remarking that the instalments agreed on are "quite bearable." There was a difference of opinion over the exact amount of the sum owed by this debtor, but a compromise figure of \$115,000,000 was quickly reached. The Czechs will pay us \$3,000,000 a year for 18 years and then about \$6,000,000 a year for 44 years. The rate of interest will be 3 per cent. for ten years and after that 3½ per cent. When the 62 years are up the Czechs will have paid us in all around \$300,000,000. This settlement was reached on October 9 by the commissions representing the respective countries.

On September 24, Secretary Mellon had quietly announced that a settlement had been made of the \$5,775,000 owed us by the little nation of Latvia. Debt missions from Italy, Roumania and Jugo-Slavia are expected before the end of autumn. So, as a member of the American Commission puts it, "from now on debt negotiations will be a continuous performance."

Six nations owe the United States more than Czecho-Slovakia does. On the other hand, some thirteen countries owe smaller sums, according to the *Pittsburgh Sun*. So the Czecho-Slovak debt is not the least important one on our books. Indeed, continues the *Pittsburgh daily*,

"It is quite important in the eyes of this energetic debtor State, and its settlement sets a useful example, not only from our selfish standpoint, but from the view-point of international financial stability."

"The liberal terms that have been accorded Prague are in keeping with the two-fold policy of the Washington Administration: first, to accord substantially the same terms to every debtor; and, second, to take notice of capacity to pay."

Czecho-Slovakia is quite able to meet the payments, we read in a Washington dispatch to the *Baltimore Sun*:

"Czecho-Slovakia is rich agriculturally, with an important sugar-beet crop. It possesses valuable coal-lands, formerly belonging to Austria, and produces about 1,000,000 tons of coal a month and about 1,125,000,000 tons of lignite. In the last four years the foreign trade of the country has resulted in a favorable balance, averaging \$70,000,000 a year. The Government of Czecho-Slovakia reports a surplus for last year of \$39,000,000 and the expenditures for military purposes have been reduced from \$67,000,000 to \$55,000,000 during the past two years."

"The trade balance with the United States is unfavorable to the extent of about \$3,000,000, which presents a problem in transfer of funds in connection with the funding of the debt, but experts believe that the favorable balance on all the foreign trade of Czecho-Slovakia would absorb the sums due this country."

It is a not unnatural coincidence, remarks *The Sun* editorially,

"that the credit of nations which have funded their war debts stands high in America, while that of nations which still hold off is low. And for many years the status of their credit over here is going to be an all-important subject to every European country." And there are reports that Wall Street institutions will soon float a \$25,000,000 loan to Czecho-Slovakia.

The nations which have now made arrangements with the United States to pay their war and post-war debts are, as the *Washington Star* notes, Great Britain, Belgium, Hungary, Latvia, Lithuania, Finland, Poland, and Czecho-Slovakia. Adds *The Star*:

"Cuba, which borrowed \$10,000,000, paid its debt in full in August, 1922. Austria, under the terms of the so-called Lodge resolution, will be accorded special privileges with regard to the postponement of payments. Nicaragua, which owes the United States a small debt for materials obtained from this country since the war, is paying it off regularly. The other foreign nations which owe this country, and whose debts have not yet been funded or paid, are France, Italy, Greece, Roumania, Russia, Esthonia, Liberia, Jugo-Slavia and Armenia."

Altogether the war debts owed to the United States amount to about \$12,000,000,000, including accrued interest. Of this about \$5,000,000,000 has been funded. The French debt of \$4,210,000,000 and the Italian debt of \$2,138,000,000 are the largest unfunded obligations. Roumania's debt amounts to \$46,000,000, and Jugo-Slavia's to \$35,000,000.

The Czecho-Slovakian settlement leads the *New York Journal of Commerce* to comment on the different ways nations have of trying to appeal to American investors. Not long ago it was reported that new financing was in prospect for the Czecho-Slovakian Government, the City of Tokyo, the German Potash Syndicate, and several German municipalities. And so—

"Simultaneously with the announcement concerning Czecho-Slovakia came the news that that country had reached a funding agreement with the American Debt Commissioners. The Czechs have a reputation for possessing excellent business sense, and they have lived up to their reputation most satisfactorily. They have refused to become demoralized by the French incident and have had the wisdom not to haggle overlong with creditors from whom they want good treatment in the future."

"The Japanese loan has been long and carefully prepared for with a certain Oriental deliberation. First, the American public hears that Japan intends to return before very long to the gold standard. Japan is discouraging foreign loans that might unfavorably affect exchange stability. The American investor therefore has a chance to profit not only from current interest but from the increases in capital value of Japanese securities which will certainly follow a return to gold parity."

"Germany requires loans at wholesale, not on the retail scale preferred by Japan. Consequently recognition is given to this fact by sending the president of the Reichsbank as a sort of general emissary to plead the needs of many and diverse would-be borrowers. At any rate, that is the way in which his visit to this country is being interpreted. It, too, is characteristic of the German habit of centralizing responsibility and systematizing business operations. The method undoubtedly tends to prevent overbidding by various contenders for foreign funds and encourages their more equitable distribution among borrowers."

In this connection it is interesting to find in the Washington dispatches a reaffirmation of the Administration's attitude against putting its seal of approval on the public flotation of private loans to nations which have not funded their war debts to the United States. Not that the Government has any legal power in such cases, but when loans are subscribed, inquiry is always made of the State Department as to whether there is any objection to flotation, and any objections offered usually have the effect of causing the loan to be refused. As we read in a Washington dispatch to the *New York Times*:

"In the opinion of President Coolidge, it is for foreign Governments to determine whether the settlement of their debt-repayment terms here would make their credit better. It has been the belief of this Government, it is declared, that the liquidation of foreign debts makes the credit better in this country of those Governments which make settlements."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

AIR flivver will no doubt have balloon tires.—*Wall Street Journal*.

BEING on the right track is correct. But if you just stop there you'll get run over.—*Columbia Record*.

MIDDLE age is the time when the average man is going to begin saving next month.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

SENATOR BORAH has a positive genius for standing alone without being lonesome.—*Cleveland Times-Commercial*.

PEACE in Europe seems to be well assured so long as no nation has more than enough energy to just talk.—*Boston Transcript*.

A MAN in Kansas City can lay 36,000 bricks a day. Go out and read this to your hens.—*Columbia Record*.

MAYBE in time evolution will produce men too civilized to quarrel about it.—*North Adams Herald*.

STILL, a woman never makes a fool of a man without his whole-hearted cooperation.—*Davenport Times*.

ANOTHER good substitute for anthracite is a ticket with the word Florida printed on it.—*Detroit Free Press*.

PROSPEROUS times: Those in which you pay installments on ten things instead of one.—*Springfield State Register*.

STILL, your parents knew nothing of child psychology, and look how wonderful you are.—*Cedar Falls Record*.

THAT North Pole must be a barber's pole. Every explorer who goes near it has a close shave.—*Columbia Record*.

ALL you can know for certain about a new national policy is that Borah won't approve.—*Hagerstown Herald*.

It looks as if we shall have to lend France more money so as to enable her to pay us what she owes us.—*Cleveland Times*.

AND now all those Senators and Congressmen who never call to talk politics will just run over to see the President's vacation snapshots.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

You don't get a sheepskin in the school of experience. You just have your own removed.—*Dubuque American-Tribune*.

ECONOMY in government has to trot in double harness with efficiency in government in order to justify itself.—*Chicago Daily News*.

MOST of our common sayings are very old, and doubtless "You can't keep a good man down" was coined by the whale.—*La Grange Reporter*.

STATISTICS are said to prove that brainy people are the poorest automobile-drivers. There is some consolation in statistics, after all.—*Boston Transcript*.

AMERICA is fool's paradise, says a prominent European visitor. Maybe that is why so many of his fellow Europeans like to come over here.—*Southern Lumberman*.

FORTY ships stranded in the Welland Canal because of low water. We had no idea Canada was making so much of that "four-by-four" stuff.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

THE next toll to be abolished from our roads is the death-toll.—*Columbia Record*.

ALL prayers are answered. Usually the all-wise answer is "No."—*La Porte (Ind.) Argus*.

OUR idea of the zenith in soft snaps is to be press agent for Colonel Mitchell.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"You," said Adam, "are the first girl I ever loved." That's the way it got started.—*Peru (Ind.) Tribune*.

LONG life is attainable through auto-suggestion—providing the suggester keeps clear of the auto.—*Wall Street Journal*.

It isn't a genuine boom if anybody buys real estate with the intention of keeping it.—*Vincennes (Ind.) Sun*.

A LOYAL American is one who gets mad when an alien cusses the institutions he cusses.—*Huntington Herald*.

NATURE is cruel. How many muskrats and minks and cats must die to make one sealskin.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye*.

In the old days all the money gravitated to New York, but that was before Florida was discovered.—*Boston Post*.

THE reason it is difficult for a man to marry his ideal is because she is after her ideal, also.—*Colorado Springs Gazette*.

At any rate it gives you a safe feeling to discover that all branches of the Service enjoy a good fight.—*Associated Editors (Chicago)*.

PUBLISHED reports of income taxes show that Wilbur Glenn Voliva of Zion City pays \$15,100. No wonder the world is flat.—*Life*.

SCIENTISTS have about come to the conclusion that the mounds in the Middle West were built by the mound-builders.—*Florida Times-Union*.

DUE to the uncertainty of their return alive, mountain climbers in the Alps are required to pay their hotel bills

in advance. For the same reason bootleggers never extend credit.—*The Thos. E. Pickerill Service*.

THE only thing that worries us is that England may retaliate by making us keep our Congressmen at home.—*The New Yorker*.

THE objection to learning one new thing each day is the difficulty of remembering what you learned last month.—*Saginaw Star*.

EUROPE could easily pay its debt to us by raising the income taxes of lecturers who come over here to tell us what dollar-chasers we are.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

AN Indiana man paid \$500 for a bee, and there have been nights when we would have almost paid that for a certain mosquito.—*American Lumberman*.

It appears that Admiral-General Andrews is trying to get honest men for the Prohibition unit. But why corrupt another bunch of our citizens?—*Columbia Record*.

FOLKS who used to tell the conductor their children were six and entitled to half-fare now boost them up to sixteen so they can operate the family car.—*Albany News*.



A CHANCE FOR ANOTHER AIR INVESTIGATION
—Brown in the New York Herald Tribune.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

EUROPE'S NEED OF GERMAN KULTUR

IF GERMANY NEEDS the good-will and cooperation of countries in Europe which were formerly her foes, and the Germans concede this, these countries also need Germany—and need her badly, according to German authorities. While such thoughts as these are abroad, it is recalled that before the opening of the Locarno Security Conference, Germany's Foreign Minister, Stresemann, spoke significantly, in a talk with foreign press correspondents, of what they describe as "the European idea." The purpose of the conference, he said in the usual strain of talk of foreign leaders at such a meeting, was to work for the revival of Europe, the replacement of the losses of the war, and the reorganization of the entire equipment of peaceful effort. But it seems that he gave this familiar line of thought a new and deeper meaning when he added: "I will not say that Europe is to be brought back to what might be called its world hegemony, but it must at least be brought back to its equality with the other parts of the world." In this remark some see a German intimation to European countries that the time has come for them to strive against their continued dependence on the United States. However this may be, the thought gives particular point to the

argument of a German contributor to the *Berlin Woche* that Germans "must and shall see the day when the world will understand that Europe can not live without its German backbone." To attain this end, it is urged that Germans "develop, propagate and spread German thought," and the writer, Friedrich Hussong, declares Germans must do it "for our own sake as well as for the sake of all mankind." He adds that all Germans must be its "exponents and preachers," and he "thanks the Lord" that there exists weighty evidence to prove a "moral, cultural and historical justification" of the German people. We read then:

"In the panorama which the progress of mankind presents for thousands of years, German thought and the German mind are of such importance that one may set forth the following thesis: 'The Indo-European world will live with Germany and will thrive on German thought; but without it, will perish.' If, after the horrible disasters of the war and of the years that followed it, a congress of representatives of Germanism, a sort of pan-German

conclave, were to gather from all corners of the world, its spokesmen might, in order to justify German aspirations, quote finer English authorities than the ex-Premier, Lloyd George, who, possessed by war frenzy, stooped at no calumny, however stupid or ignoble, to stigmatize Germany."

Mr. Hussong avers that in war days Lloyd George preached

that "our planet is peopled by beings of two different species, by the human race and by Germans." But Mr. Hussong reminds his readers that Lloyd George has changed his mind long since and has proven this in "a very lucrative way to him" in the columns he has written for German newspapers during recent years to show that "Germans also are human beings, so to speak."

It is further stated in this contribution to *Die Woche*:

"German thought, that fundamental thought in the history of mankind, has found its admirers among all nations. It has been praised in all languages. In all ages even its enemies have extolled it. Nothing loftier can be said of German thought than has been said by the best minds of France and England—much higher intelligences than those of Lloyd George and Clemenceau, the knock-out Premiers, who were inspired by hatred and ambition. The louder the shouts of calumny

against Germany, the more resonant will become praise of her, sung by a great chorus of spirits, announcing to the world the rights of Germany, the necessity of Germany to mankind, the great mission of Germany.

"We can still hear the hue and cry: 'Huns, Boches, barbarians, baby-killers, bandits, disturbers of world peace, assassins!' But we can recall also the testimony of great personages before whom petty liars withdraw silenced. Who is Lloyd George by comparison with Lord Lansdowne, who prophesied the salvation of Europe through the German spirit? What is the weight of the lies of the madmen of war-time compared with the enthusiastic utterance of Dickens that 'the Germans are the elect of the earth!' What is the value of the assertion that it was England's duty to rectify the 'injustice of 1870-1871' as against the judgment of the best English minds, who hailed the return of Alsace to Germany as the recovery of a right mortally wounded? Let us remember Thomas Carlyle, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, and George Meredith. These names will carry English thought and conscience through centuries to come, whereas Lloyd George will be forgotten as a time-serving liar."



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GERMANY'S PRESIDENT AS A GRANDFATHER

The famous German Field Marshal, seen here in a domestic setting, is hailed by some in Germany as so great an influence toward order and stabilization that only future historians will be able to pronounce a true verdict on it.

If Mr. Hussong handles Lloyd George untenderly, he is not less rough with the French "aged Clémenceau, whose body and soul are still kept together only by hatred." Altho he may be held up to schoolboys as "an example of the tremendous power a lie sometimes bears," still we are assured that:

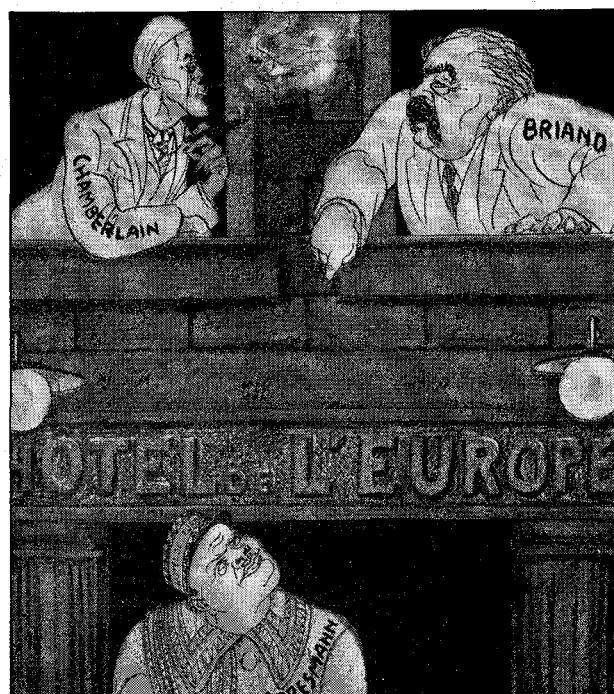
"There will again shine forth true French dicta on the German mind, as spoken by Montaigne, Mirabeau, Madame De Staël, Stendhal, Michelet, Hugo, Berlioz, Gobineau, Renan, Taine, Barrès. Their praise of Germany is more significant because it came from passionate patriots and haters of the victorious Germans. Has there ever been a more ardent Frenchman than Victor Hugo? Yet he wrote of Germany: 'I have an almost filial feeling for this noble and sacred fatherland of thinkers. Were I not a Frenchman I should be a German.' But, it may be retorted that Hugo wrote thus in 1832. Well, here is what he wrote in 1870 when his war rage against Germany actually made him ill: 'Germany is the India of the West. All is comprised in her—she possesses everything. She shares Charlemagne with France, and Shakespeare with England. She has an Olympus of her own—Valhalla. She wished to have her own chirography, and Ulfilas gave it to her. Like China, Germany invented the art of printing. She replaced the temple of Tanfana, demolished by Germanicus, with the Cathedral of Cologne. Germany is the mother of our history and the great-grandmother of our legends and lays. From all sides, from the Rhine as well as from the Danube, fairytales and sagas reached her and were assimilated by her national spirit. A number of languages were born of the German language—Swedish and Danish in the North, Dutch and Flemish in the West. The German language had also crossed the Channel and transmuted itself into the English. In the realm of the mind, German genius has further boundaries than German soil. Some peoples resist German strength, but yield to the German spirit. The German spirit seems to spread and reign over the peoples. It can be compared with a vaporous cloud through which stars shine to us. But the highest expression of Germany can be given perhaps only in music, and her music reaches just as far as the German spirit.'"

This German writer contends that such testimony from so indisputable a French source will live to outweigh the falsehoods about Germany, "propagated by the corrupt press on both sides of the Atlantic." Meanwhile he concedes that:



A DUTCH THRUST

GERMANY: "Welcome back, oh, Clothes of the Fighting Man!"
—De Groene (Amsterdam).



THE HOTEL OF TOO MUCH TROUBLE

STRESEMANN: "I have my troubles, I know. But what about your own up there?"
—Ulk (Berlin).

"As a State, as an organized Power, Germany is shattered. Hundreds of years will be required to make up external losses through internal transformation. Yet the German spirit abides in millions of Germans. To-day more than ever appears the truth of the following words of Bismarck: 'Germans can not doubt that what holds them together is not government institutions, but the essential unity of all German territories, the unity of science, art, poetry. The real exponents of this unity are not officials of the Government, but the teachers of the rising generation.'"

This allusion to German schools assumes an unexpected time-liness when considered beside a Berlin dispatch to the London *Daily Chronicle* from its correspondent, George Renwick. He tells us that a Berlin newspaper gives some remarkable extracts from the schoolbooks of Republican Germany, and he advises us further as follows:

"One of these extraordinary volumes—they are all, of course, official publications—'teaches the young idea' that 'William II has ruled over our land since 1888. After him, the Crown Prince, his son, will reign.' The date of publication on the title-page of the books is—1925!

"In another 1925 schoolbook a poem is included, which calls upon the scholar never to allow the hosts of the enemies of Germany to make him afraid, because 'above you soars the Prussian eagle. The noise of his wings is heard by all the globe; to his voice all the peoples of the world listen.'

"Then, in yet another schoolbook, we are told how the war came about: 'Frankly and honorably, Germany sought an understanding and peace with her English cousin, but her efforts were of no avail. England's commercial jealousy was too great. Under the pretence of protecting the neutrality of Belgium, England declared war on Germany on August 4, 1914.'

"The previous violation of the neutrality of Belgium by Germany is a historic fact, not, apparently, worth mention. This volume is also dated 1925.

"The Republican education authorities appear, indeed, to regard facts in general as being worthy of just as little consideration as the existence of the Republic in particular."

Of interest also is the fact that President von Hindenburg has abrogated the decree of the late President Ebert which forbade indiscriminate wearing of regimental uniforms by war veterans. At last the President has done something to rejoice the hearts of the retired officers who launched his candidature and were his

most zealous electioneering agents, says the Berlin correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. He points out that about four years ago, after the murder of Erzberger, the late President Ebert prohibited the wearing of military uniforms by persons not members of the Reichswehr, except on special occasions, such as church festivals, and "important family fêtes," funerals of comrades, and non-political celebrations in association with active officers.

A splendid tribute is paid to President von Hindenburg in an article in *Transatlantic Trade* (Berlin) by Arthur E. Dunning,



A GERMAN JIBE

"As a hunter of high prices, Chancellor Luther is not much of a shot."
—*Lustige Blaetter* (Berlin).

who speaks of him as being "more than a man; he is a national institution." In the eyes of the masses, we are told, he is the embodiment of many characteristics of the old régime, namely, "dignity and stability at the head of the Government, love of order, proper functioning of all Governmental machinery, and a somewhat sentimental reestablishment of legitimate traditions." This writer adds that, "the importance of his election as head of the German Republic will be appreciated only in history." Incidentally, it is pointed out in Berlin press dispatches that President von Hindenburg's order about uniforms will have validity only until the Reichstag has given it approval. Meanwhile, there is a feeling of perturbation among German democratic circles, as appears from the Berlin *Vorwaerts*, which characterizes the President's action as an abuse of his prerogatives and a "provocation of the Reichstag and all the republicans in the country." This newspaper says also:

"We have a gratifying prospect of a brisk boom in the trade in military uniforms, for it will not be long before the Frontbann, Steelhelmet, Wehrwolf, and Young Germany (reactionary militarist organizations) will joyfully replace their tunics and head-dress substitutes by the thoroughgoing Imperial, Royal, Grand Ducal, Ducal, and Princely uniforms of the departed Hohenzollern Army."

HIGH COSTS PINCH GERMANS

PUBLIC DISAPPOINTMENT that the German Government's promise to bring living prices down showed no sign of being fulfilled, impelled the Reich Economic Council, we are told, to set up a commission of its members to inquire into the cost of production and distribution. The object of this inquiry, it appears, is to find the way to a necessary basis for a well-organized policy with regard to German trade and prices. The Minister for Economic Affairs, Mr. Neuhaus, announced the measures already taken by the Government to reduce prices, we learn from the Berlin Correspondent of the London *Times*, who mentions the reform of the currency, the adjustment of taxation, the reduction of the turn-over tax, and the negotiation of commercial treaties. But this informant tells us that Mr. Neuhaus admitted that:

"The new tariff, since it had come into force before the commercial treaties had been completed, had had the effect of raising prices at least by the amount of the new duties before the lower rates resulting from the treaties could take effect. Should it happen however, that the treaties did not have the desired effect, it still was within the power of the Government to lower the autonomous tariff rates for Germany's own benefit.

"Meanwhile all the great trading organizations, as well as the trade unions and the cooperative societies, had been informed as to the seriousness of the position, and they had agreed to do their best to assist the Government to bring prices down. He protested that the Government's declaration must not be regarded as an economic program but rather as a manifestation of goodwill to create more favorable conditions and, in particular, not to allow the tariffs to be exploited by selfish traders for their own interests. The Government intended to proceed with its action against the trusts, and especially against those which violated the regulations by introducing into common-form contracts clauses with regard to conditions and payments which tended to raise prices without reason. He could not avoid the conclusion that certain classes of traders in Germany were determined to escape sacrifice on their own part and to demand every concession from others."

Count Kanitz, the German Food Minister, is reported by this Berlin correspondent as having declared that the wholesale prices of certain foods had been brought down, but the difficulty was to bring the reduction to the consumer. Meat remained needlessly high, and the discrepancies between the cost of production and the price to the consumer were very marked, according to Count Kanitz, who is cited as explaining that:

"This is in great measure due to the fact that, while there is a smaller consumption of goods, the number of persons handling them on the way from the producer to the consumer has greatly increased. At the same time it is manifestly impossible to eliminate unnecessary middlemen from the apparatus of distribution all at once."

In *Transatlantic Trade*, official organ of the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany (Berlin), that organization's executive secretary, Arthur E. Dunning, advises us that the present crisis in Germany is a natural result of a forced reconstruction process in certain phases of economic life. Public treasuries have been prematurely swelled to overflowing by an excessive rate of taxation, principally at the expense and serious disadvantage of industry and commerce, according to this authority, who continues:

"The shortage of liquid capital and the cry for cheaper credit have settled down on the entire country like a blight. That Germany during the past eighteen months has been enjoying a borrowed prosperity, such as it was, and due to foreign loans, is generally known. But that so many economic problems should present themselves for solution all at once was not foreseen. While the change is great and its causes many, none of the problems appear unsurmountable, and there are substantial evidences that present difficulties will be solved.

"In a greater measure than at any time since Germany became a republic, the Federal Government is showing a stronger hand in economic affairs. Conspicuous indications that the central Government feels itself strong, are its entire taxation

policy and rigid tax-collecting machinery, its recent steps toward price-control and stiffening attitude toward the cartels. The present crisis has been taken in hand by the German Cabinet itself, and there are frequent productive conferences with industrial groups with the object in view of finding early and practical means of relief.

"Reports from every corner of the Reich complain of lack of marketing possibilities, both at home and abroad, shortage of operative capital, credit difficulties, taxation burdens, labor troubles and general high cost of living. Price-reduction is the direct method chosen by the Government as the indispensable remedy for the present situation."

The success of the Government's fight for price-reduction, says Mr. Dunning, will depend largely upon what cooperation the Government can secure from the cartels, trade organizations, and labor unions. Certain sections of the German press, it seems, question the sincerity of the Government's action for price-reduction, claiming that it is taken to divert attention of the masses from the present unbearable taxation policy. In any case, observes Mr. Dunning, the masses can not reap any substantial benefit for some time to come, as retailers throughout the country have already stocked up at high prices for the winter. It is further remarked by this writer that:

"The word 'inflation' is obnoxious to a German, and rightly so. The chances of Germany again resorting to currency inflation are extremely remote; to-day the money is good. But the question arises whether the German with a gold mark and highly inflated prices is any better off than with a paper mark. Under certain circumstances he would be unable to purchase anything with either mark."

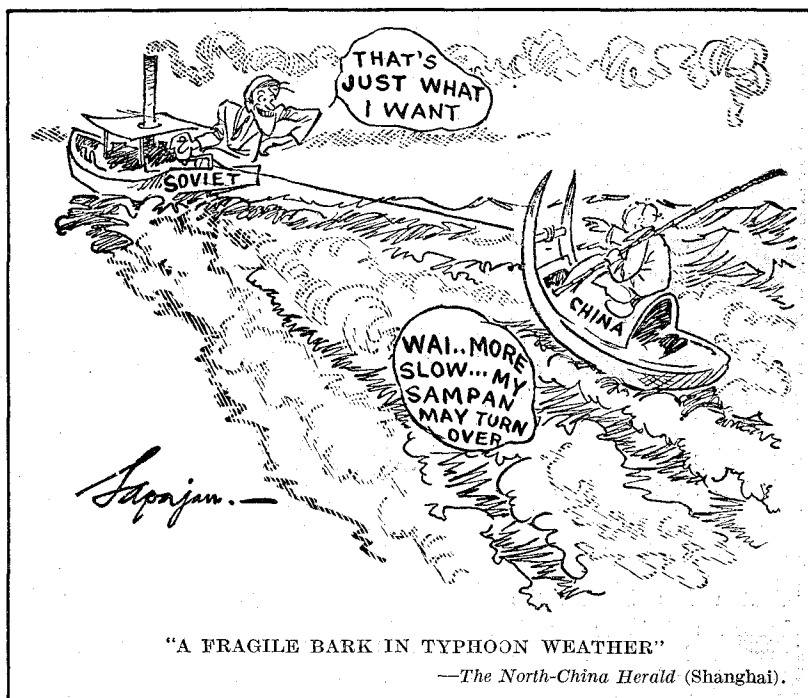
The exorbitant cost of raw material from the United States, which is caused by American "gold inflation," is the chief obstacle to the stability of Germany currency, it is alleged in addresses made at the Sixth Congress of German bankers, assembled at Berlin. But these financial authorities concur in the conviction that the stability of German currency is permanent. According to Franz Urbig, president of the Disconto Gesellschaft, as reported in Berlin press dispatches, the sure foundation for Germany's prosperity must be sought in increased trade and not through foreign credits, which merely augment the need for foreign gold-currency reserves. The great problem facing Germany's finance, he said, is Europe's debts to America, and he is further quoted as follows:

"America has solidified her independence behind high-tariff walls, whereas European dependence upon American raw materials and other products continues, and pressure of this dependency is increased by American gold inflation and the consequent rise in all prices in the United States. If even wealthy England seeks greater independence from the American raw-material market through costly developments in the Sudan, then assuredly opportunity must not be denied to Germany, fighting as she is for very existence, to obtain the raw materials she needs in overseas colonies developed by her own strength and money. Otherwise she can not long pay rising prices in the American dollars demanded of her, together with the reparational burdens."

One of the recognized causes of the high cost of living in Germany, writes the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, is the waste of public money—largely borrowed abroad—on unproductive or unessential undertakings. This extravagance on the part of municipalities and other public bodies, it is related, has been mentioned at the many congresses of financial, commercial, and industrial organizations. This Berlin correspondent quotes Dr. August Weber of that city, a prominent member of the Reich Federation of Industries, as saying that no modification of taxation can be expected "until the Reich itself, the States, and other public bodies practise thrift on a large scale."

COMMUNISM IN CANTON

FOR NEARLY A YEAR, or ever since the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen went to North China, we are told, Canton has been under the control of Chinese Communists, who are "thoroughly infected with the virus of Bolshevism." But this is a very different fact from an "all-Bolshevik China," say certain Chinese writers, who admit, nevertheless, that the Bolshevism hold on Canton is of grave importance. Their leader at present is said to be General Cheng, Commandant of the Whampao cadets from the Red military school of that name. Russian anti-Bolshevik editors, who publish their journals in Europe at a safe distance from their homeland, are particularly emphatic about the grip that the Bolsheviks have on Canton and the province of Kwantung, in which it is located. They maintain that the Government of South China, as it is usually called, has always



shown sympathy for the Russian Soviet Government and the Russian Communist party. They charge that ever since this Government was founded by the late Sun Yat Sen, famous chief of the Kuomintang party, it has been undergoing a slow evolution into radicalism. These Russian writers also remind us that in 1924 the army of the Southern Government was commanded by General Pavlov, a Bolshevik officer and a former adversary of General Denikin and of General Wrangel. This Southern Government of China, it is alleged, often resorts to "requisitions and expropriations" after the Bolshevik manner; and it is said that to improve its financial condition it sold religious properties at public auction.

It is charged, too, that this Government has organized various demonstrations of sympathy with Soviet Russia, and that the Canton region shelters all the Communist agitators in China. The military school of Whampao is said to be really a school of Communist propaganda, whose acting director is Borodin, a noted Russian Communist, who is described as an influential adviser of the Southern Government. What is meant by this charge is that besides military science, the young men at this school are taught social science according to the lights of Bolshevik theory. It is true, these anti-Bolshevik Russian journals admit, that the Canton Government is weak and controls only one-third of the Kwantung Province, while exerting no great influence on Chinese affairs in general. Yet the conclusion is drawn that because the Soviet Russian press always speaks of the Canton Government with such warmth, and always with such

indignation outlaws its enemies, the political importance of this pro-Bolshevik nucleus in China must not be underrated. A famous Bolshevik foreign agent, Karl Radek, writes in the official organ of the Russian-Communist party, the Moscow *Pravda*, that Canton has been "the center of the revolutionary movement in China ever since the Chinese revolution." And he speaks of the Government as "the first peasant and proletarian Government in China." Mr. Radek tells us further that the radical policy of the Canton Government has caused a split in the Kuomintang party, and he adds:

"The bourgeois elements of the Kuomintang have separated from the radical and revolutionary elements. While the latter have sought the support of the workers, peasants, small traders and artisans, the former have turned to the big industrialists and business men. The radicals preach a pitiless struggle against international imperialism, but the moderates dream of forming an alliance with it. However, this division of the party can not be completed in a brief space of time, and it is still under way."

The very fact that Canton has become the center of the most revolutionary group in China, Mr. Radek goes on to say, explains why it excites such hatred on the part of the British imperialists, and he informs us also that:

"Canton has become the headquarters of labor organizations and of the labor movement in all the islands of the Pacific. In Canton took place the first conference of seamen of the Pacific, in which sailors of China, of the Philippines, of Hawaii, and of British and Dutch Pacific colonies took part. Moreover, the strategic position of Canton and its proximity to Hongkong, a center of important British interests, make the existence of the Southern Government dangerous to British imperialism."

The Peking *Daily News* advises us that as Gen. Chen Chiung-ming is trying to dislodge the Bolsheviks from Canton, the sympathy of the authorities in Peking are naturally with him, and it goes on to say:

"Reports have been current lately in the vernacular press to the effect that in order to give support to General Chen's campaign against the Canton Bolsheviks, the Government will issue a mandate, proclaiming the crimes of the Canton Reds and announcing the decision of the Government to start a punitive expedition against them. According to the *World Evening Post*, the report is not exactly correct.

"Since the ascendancy of the Bolsheviks in Kwangtung, the Government has received petitions from different quarters, asking the authorities to start a punitive expedition against the Kwangtung Reds, but the authorities do not consider such a step advisable, because it would involve the Government in further factional strife, which is going on between the parties in Kwangtung. The Government, however, has fully realized the gravity of the situation in the country created by the presence of Bolshevik agents, who have been responsible for all the disturbances and labor unrest throughout the country. In order to put an effective stop to the pernicious activities of the Bolshevik agents, the Government is contemplating the promulgation of a set of regulations relating to the suppression of Bolshevik activities in the country."

THE SPECTER OF WAR RESPONSIBILITY

GERMAN PERSISTENCE in conjuring up the specter of war responsibility, especially in connection with discussions of a security pact, is said to be an ominous effort that might result in a renewal of all the international passions of the war period. That, at least, is the opinion of certain British journals, which feel that the controversy is not worth pursuing. As the London *New Statesman* sees it, in

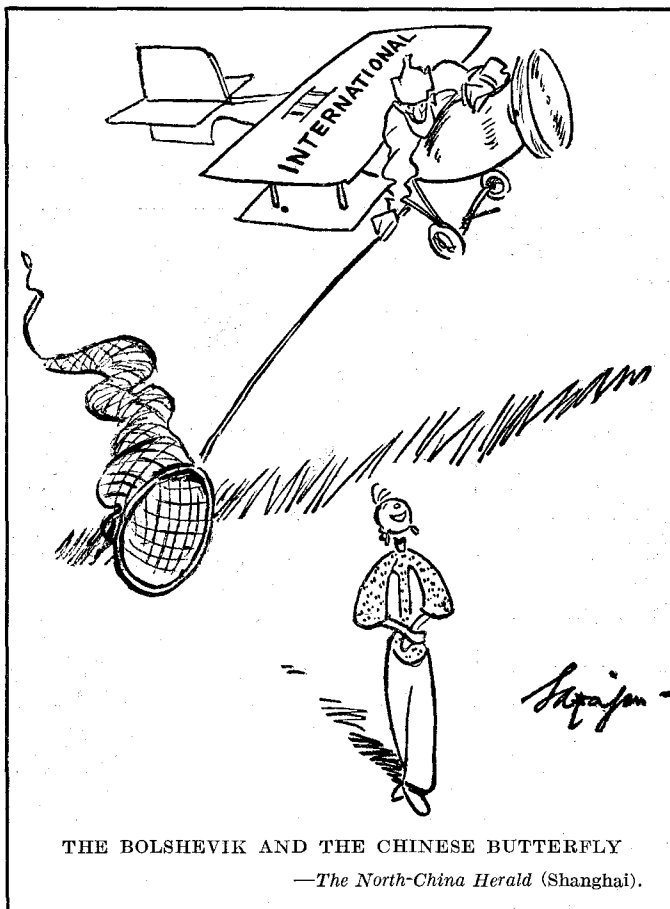
speaking of this or that country in relation to responsibility for the war, it is necessary to think not of the general trend of public opinion, but of the attitude of those who were actually permitted to exercise power, and it goes on to say:

"England—in relation to any Continental war—was utterly pacifist. France was half pacifist, half militarist. Russia was an unknown quantity, but the Czar at any rate was most pacifically inclined. The Kaiser, on the other hand, was a militarist from top to toe, and tho he was a fool, for whom even his own Ministers had no serious respect, his influence was necessarily enormous and, probably, in the event decisive. The publication by Kautsky of the records of the German Foreign Office show conclusively how energetic and how provocative was the rôle the Kaiser played in the negotiations of the fatal 'twelve days.' He refused the conference proposed by Sir Edward Grey 'unless Austria expressly asks me to, which is not likely.' He enthusiastically indorsed Austria's

ultimatum to Serbia. He definitely opposed any moderation of Austria's demands. In so far as he was responsible for the policy of the German Government at that moment—and certainly his word was almost, if not quite, decisive—he was the maker of the war.

"There has been an attempt to suggest that Russia was really responsible, because the order for the mobilization of the Russian Army was issued before the corresponding German order. But this suggestion seems to be conclusively disposed of by the reports of the German military attaché in St. Petersburg. On July 29, 1914, he reported that the Russian military authorities 'do not want any war and would like to be able to avoid it,' and on the next day he telegraphed his impression that the Russians were mobilizing 'from a dread of coming events without any aggressive intentions and are now frightened at what they have brought about.'"

If any man or Government in Europe was "responsible" for the war, declares *The New Statesman*, it was "that irresponsible militarist monomaniac, the Emperor Wilhelm II." The "guilt" of the German people is said to consist in the fact that they allowed their destinies to be guided by such a man and by the generals with whom he surrounded himself. This weekly then avers that the French were as "foolish and as culpable" when they surrendered their fortunes into the hands of the Emperor Napoleon III and "suffered accordingly in the war of 1870." The Kaiser and his military friends were supreme, and the German people allowed them to be supreme, argues this weekly, which adds that this charge against Germany can not be rebutted.



THE BOLSHEVIK AND THE CHINESE BUTTERFLY

—The North-China Herald (Shanghai).

SCIENCE • AND • INVENTION

TO FINGERPRINT US ALL

THAT A SYSTEM of universal registration would benefit especially those who were recorded is asserted by Richard E. Enright, Police Commissioner of New York City, in an article contributed to *The Scientific American* (New York). It is not alone in cases of crime, he says, that fingerprint records are useful to the police. They are of great value in other problems. Missing persons could be traced more easily if we had a record of their fingerprints. Every once in a while we come across a person suffering from asphasia or amnesia with no clue to his identity. If that person had been fingerprinted, we could learn who he was without difficulty. If all infants at birth were fingerprinted, our problem would be solved in the case of foundlings. Doctors could make the fingerprint or a footprint a part of their record in reporting the birth to the Bureau of Vital Statistics. The Commissioner goes on:

"While fingerprints are of inestimable value to the law-enforcement organizations, it is unfortunate that everybody associates them so exclusively with the police. As a matter of fact, fingerprints could be used far more effectively in commercial life than in criminal matters. Take the case of a legacy, for example. A man would find it necessary to establish his identity in order to inherit a certain piece of property. It could be done easily if there were complete fingerprint records.

"Or take a case involving the life-insurance companies. A man is found dead. The question arises as to whether or not he was the man who held an insurance policy with a certain company. His heirs say that he was. The company says that he was not. If he had placed his fingerprints on the policy at the time it was issued to him there could be no question as to his identity.

"One of the big advantages to business in having fingerprint records is that it would reduce the tremendous losses through crime. The toll that the crooks of this country exact from business has been variously estimated at from \$1,000,000,000 to \$3,000,000,000 a year. I am inclined to believe the lower figure is the more nearly correct. But even this sum is approximately the amount of money it cost the Government to carry on for a year up to as late as 1910.

If we had adequate fingerprint records readily available, even if we had assembled in one central place only those fingerprints which already have been made by the police, the toll of life, property and injuries could be reduced from twenty-five to fifty per cent.

"That is what we could accomplish if we had only the fingerprints of all our known criminals assembled in one centrally located readily accessible place. Imagine what we could do if we had the prints of every man, woman and child in the country, the good citizens as well as the bad ones, the innocent who need protection, as well as the vicious ones.

"I strongly recommend the inauguration of a system of universal fingerprinting. This should have nothing to do with the police. The records should be kept in some centrally located place, perhaps under the jurisdiction of the Department of the Interior at Washington. The police, of course, might have access to it in cases of necessity, but should have no voice in its operation and control.

"There really is no sound objection to universal fingerprinting. The only objection which has yet arisen appears

to be one of prejudice. In other countries universal fingerprinting has been a pronounced success. In Buenos Aires voluntary but universal fingerprinting is the practise. It is significant that the persons who are most enthusiastic over this system are the Americans who live in the country. The aim is not to identify the whole of the population on the supposition that all are bad. On the contrary, the object is to distinguish more easily the law-abiding citizens to whom the police are obliged to render help.

"As a matter of fact, records of fingerprints would be a distinct advantage to innocent citizens. They might often amount to a guaranty of safety. Suppose a man were unjustly accused of a crime. He could prove his innocence by means of his fingerprints.

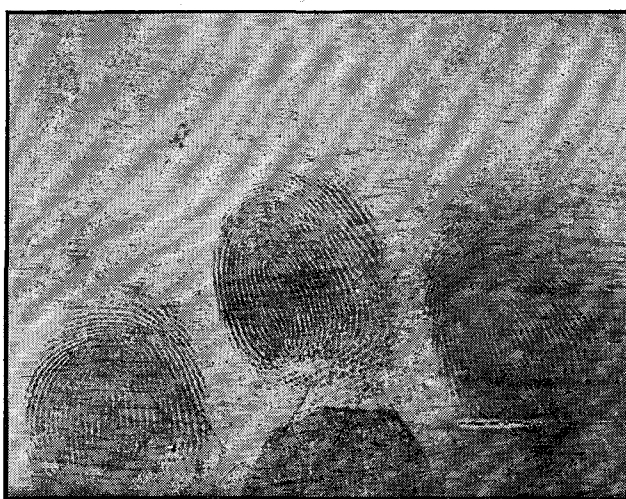
"Such a system provides a first-class identification for the man who is privileged to carry one of the certificates. It is invaluable to him when he is traveling outside his own city. It is positive identification at the post-office, at the express office and at the polls, when he goes to register. It is identification when he is apprehended by a police officer. The policeman can serve such a man with a summons instead of arresting him, or he can warn him. This often is as effective as an arrest.

"The day when we will have universal fingerprinting probably is a distant one, altho we



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

WE ARE HEADED FOR UNIVERSAL FINGERPRINTING
Asserts New York's Police Commissioner, Richard E. Enright.

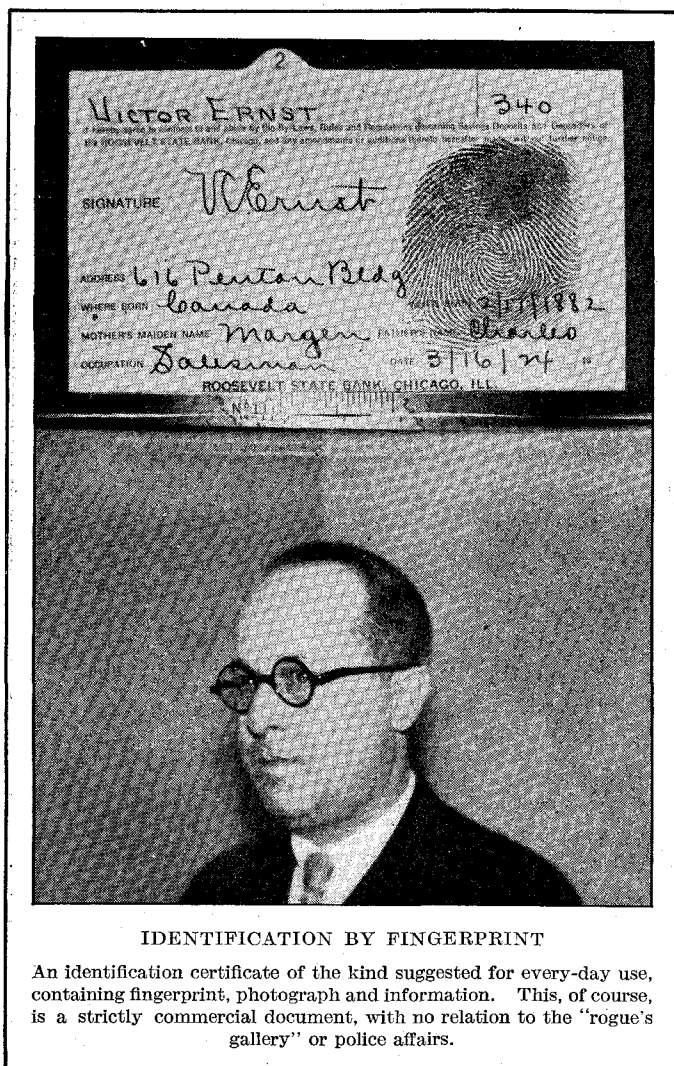


TELL-TALE PRINTS ON THE WINDSHIELD

Fingerprints on a motor-car windshield that led to the execution of three New York murderers.

are headed for it. President Coolidge has recommended to Congress the creation of a national police bureau. The most important feature of such an institution would be the collection of fingerprints from all parts of the country. I have every reason to believe the bill will pass.

"Capt. John A. Golden, head of the Bureau of Criminal Identification in the New York Police Department, suggests that a start toward universal printing be made by having prints



of school-children taken at the age of twelve years. At the end of twenty-five years, he estimates, the fingerprints of practically everybody in the United States would be on record."

SANITARY-EVOLUTION—The course of sanitation, as outlined by Pierre Van Paassen in his "World's Window," has been slow and the point reached by present progress simply marvelous, says *The Medical Times* (New York). Adds this paper:

"In the case of the Puritan-Calvinist Dutch it was good hygienic form to wash one's hands frequently, one's feet very seldom, one's head never. The washing of his feet was so extraordinary an event in the life of Pepys that he marked it down in his diary as having occurred on May 30, 1663. A great event in 1649 was the coming to Paris of a Russian Prince to have his teeth cleaned.

"The Kings of France had no bathrooms or washtables, and seldom washed at all. In 1780 a student in the theological school of Leipzig University was not allowed to pass his examinations for the doctor's degree because of his modernism, which consisted in washing his whole body; it was whispered that the miscreant actually took baths. A Belgian medical authority, in the eighteenth century, advised that if bathing is too difficult an undertaking, people ought to put on clean linen at least once every six weeks. It will be seen from the foregoing that we are in an advanced state of sanitary evolution to-day and that there is no reason for pessimism regarding the matter of public hygiene."

WILD BIDDING ON PUBLIC WORK

IMAGINATION AND NOT FACTS would seem to be the basis of a good deal of the bidding on construction work. This is especially noticeable in bids on public contracts. In an editorial entitled "Frivolous Bidding," *The Engineering News-Record* (New York) calls attention to recent bidding on a subway contract in New York City, in which the lowest bid was roughly \$5,890,000 and the highest \$8,415,000, with two other bidders between. This wide discrepancy, we are told, is not peculiar to this contract. In ten contracts for the New York subways this year alone, with an average of 6.4 bidders per contract, the sum of the low bids is \$48,000,000 and of the high \$61,000,000, an average difference of 27 per cent. between low and high. In each one the high bid is nearly a third more than the low, a matter of \$1,225,000 per contract. The writer goes on:

"Such bidding plainly shows that something more than the desire to do work is behind some of the contractors who bid. Subway work in New York is occasionally hazardous, but it is always repetitious. Hundreds of miles have been built, most of them by the same men who are now bidding, tho they have not always been the principals in the earlier work. The low bids, as a rule, are fairly near the engineer's estimate, and since no contractor would dare utter the heresy that an engineer is a better estimator than a contractor, there is no legitimate reason why any contractor should run up to the absurdly high figures that mark the higher range of all the bids.

"Nor is this condition peculiar to the New York subway bidding. It is common and has been common for years in all contract awards. Special emphasis might be laid on the subway work because all the contracts are large ones, running into the \$3,000,000 to \$8,000,000 class, and percentages of difference in bids ought to drop with increase in the size of the bids. But every opening of bids shows a number of contractors submitting proposals which are obviously 'complimentary.' They are put in for various reasons: Because the awarding body asks for them in order to have the publicity of competition; because a high bid may make a friendly competitor's low bid look extraordinarily attractive; because of the long-shot gamble that maybe every one else will try the same trick, and one of them being low, will get an easy-money contract."

Such careless bidding—not made in good faith nor with any expectation of getting the contract—is common; but that, *The News-Record* reasonably says, is no excuse for it. It is leading to the increase of day-labor work by some of our public bodies. The essence of the contract system is the competitive bid. If it were not that the public expects to get the very best effort of constructors toward lowering cost, it would be just as well protected by getting some experienced constructor to supervise the work at the public's expense, in other words by day labor. We read further:

"But the competitive bid puts the contractor on his mettle and assures the benefit of his efforts to the public. Private owners can, and very frequently successfully do let contracts to a favored bidder merely on his past record and his assurance that he will do the work as cheaply as he can do it with a fair fee for the service.

"But public contracts from their very nature can not be awarded this way, so if bids cease to be competitive, if a number of the bidders make proposals that are obviously frivolous, like some of the New York subway bids are, the public loses the protection of the competitive effort to get work, and sooner or later this begins to impress public works officers and through them the public itself with the desirability of conducting work without the intervention of the contractor.

"A recent circular of a surety bond company urges its contractor clients to be careful to avoid the complimentary bids. Its interest is based on the possibility of the contractor thereby destroying his own reputation for responsibility with the surety company, but the contractor might well consider when he is about to submit a bid, the success of which would be a distinct shock to him, whether in so doing he is not adding one more brick to the edifice which may some day come down to overwhelm him."

NEW LIGHT ON THE MOUND BUILDERS

THE PREHISTORIC MOUND BUILDERS are in the news again. Near the town of Bainbridge, in southern Ohio, excavators have discovered what is probably the most remarkable tomb of this vanished race that has ever come to light, writes Dr. E. E. Free, editor of *The Scientific American*, in the *New York Times*. In it lie, he tells us, the skeletons of four persons, evidently nobles or chieftains of distinction. Two of these skeletons wear helmets of hammered copper, among the most precious of all objects to the warriors of the Mound Builder days. Fragments of cloth also have been found in the tombs, an experience extremely rare in uncovering such burials. There are ornaments of silver and of tortoise-shell, as well as some composed of bears' teeth, a prehistoric forerunner of the familiar elk's tooth of to-day. Most remarkable of all, the Bainbridge graves contain a great profusion of pearls, some of them reported to be as much as a half-inch in diameter. Evidently the great men who were buried here so many centuries ago went to their graves surrounded by all the greatest gifts which their compatriots could provide. Even from the partial preliminary accounts of the burial which have been published so far, it is apparent that American historical science has been enriched by a discovery of high interest and importance. Dr. Free goes on:

"Racially the Mound Builders were merely Indians. The majority of the pipes, pots, tools or weapons found in the Mound Builder graves might have come from any Indian workshop.

"But in some of their arts and customs the Mound Builders were very different from the Indians of Columbian days. These Indians built no mounds; they worked metals very crudely, if at all; they had no great liking either for gold or for pearls; they did not carve stone. The Mound Builders did, and liked all these things. Furthermore, there are facts which suggest that they had a religious ritual and a political organization quite different from that of the Columbian Indians. How are we to account for these traits and customs? Whence came the engineering skill and the constructive enterprise which led an Indian race to build all those thousands of mounds?

"It is probable that both the customs and the enterprise came into the country as the possession of a class of foreign rulers. These rulers were probably never very numerous. In the beginning they were not especially warlike. Yet they had much power over the native Indian population; enough power to command the labor of many men to erect the mounds and to gather the treasures which have been found in the tombs like that newly discovered one at Bainbridge.

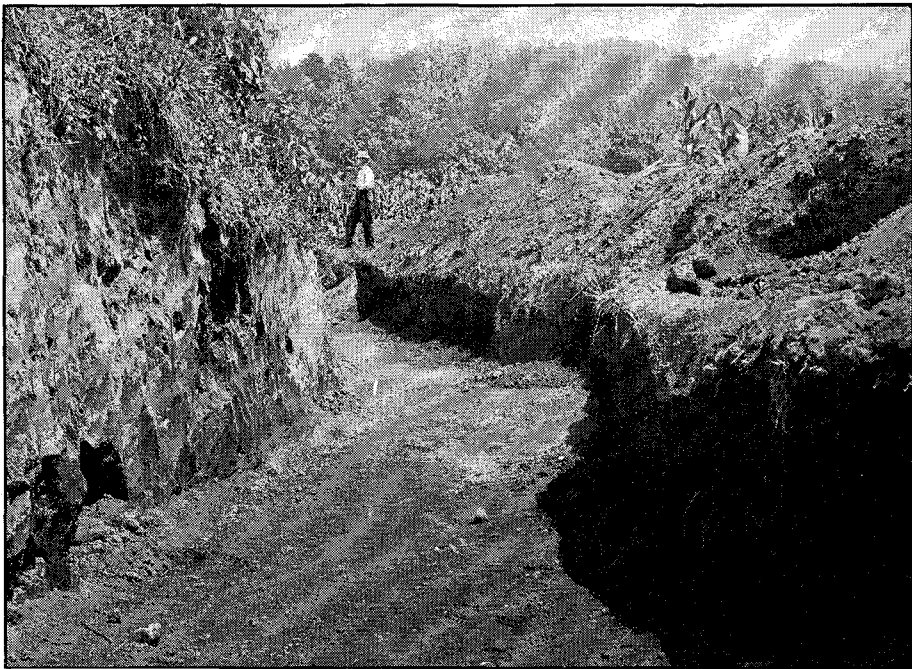
"This power was won and held, we may believe, by what the Indians remembered as 'magic.' We would call it science or engineering. These mound-building rulers from outside the Indian country knew things—useful things—which their Indian subjects did not know. They knew, for example, how to predict the seasons; that is, they had a calendar which fitted the motions of the stars and of the sun. They knew of Indian corn and how to grow it best. They understood irrigation and the use of fertilizers. It is probable that they had knowledge of medicinal herbs and of a rude kind of surgery. No wider basis would be necessary for a reputation of possessing magic power. It is probably four of these ruler-scientist-magicians who lie buried amid their copper and their pearls in the grave at Bainbridge."

From what country did these rulers come? In all probability, thinks Dr. Free, they came from the great Empire of the Mayas,

once a highly civilized and well-organized power in what is now southern Mexico and Guatemala. Why did they come? It is suspected, he says, that they came as adventurers, as mining engineers, as merchants. They were seeking gold and copper, turquoise and mica and pearls—always, and everywhere, the pearls. He continues:

"The presence of pearls in the Bainbridge graves and in other Mound Builder tombs is no accident. It was the reason, many scientists think, for the mound-building Mayan rulers being there at all.

"In the rivers and streams of the eastern two-thirds of the United States there lived, in prehistoric times, a vast profusion of the pearl-bearing mussel. Prof. W. J. Perry, the distinguished



By courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian

DIGGING FOR MORE RELICS OF THE MOUND BUILDERS

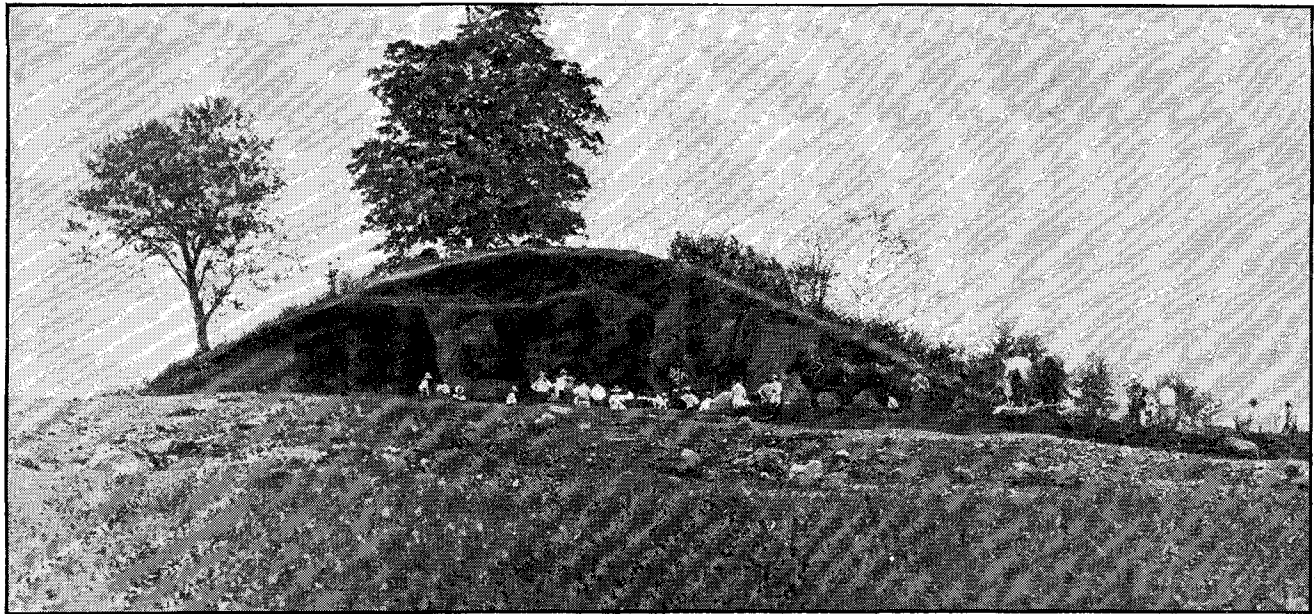
Excavators' cut in a mound at Nacoochee, Georgia.

British anthropologist, is chiefly responsible for the suggestion that in these mussel beds of the streams of Eastern North America was one of the great pearl fisheries of the ancient American world, an industry quite comparable in magnitude with the present-day pearling of the South Seas.

"Directing these ancient fisheries, organizing the trade in pearls with the home cities of Maya land, equipping and conducting mining expeditions to the copper deposits of the Lake Superior country or to the mica mines of western Tennessee were scores of promoters, captains and engineers who came, Professor Perry believes, from the Mayan cities. These were the rulers whose traces we find, who trained and directed the Indian population, whose magic kept them safe from redskin hostility, whose rituals of worship or of burial caused the erection of the famous mounds.

"Gradually the Indian country was made a colonial empire of the Mayas, just as it became, between 1500 and 1700, a colonial empire of the European Powers. From the multitude of mounds that have been left to us we must imagine that it was a great empire and a busy one. Some of the mounds were erected, we know, as tombs. Doubtless most of the Mayan colonists and rulers were buried thus. Other mounds appear to have been ceremonial places or temples, similar to the stone pyramids which existed in every Maya city, and many of which have been preserved. Still other mounds appear to have served as forts or protected places, in much the same way, no doubt, as did the later block-houses of our own pioneers.

"If we are right in accepting Professor Perry's idea that the Mayas colonized Eastern North America for the sake of the pearl fisheries, these colonists must have retained, for a time at least, a certain degree of contact with home. Pearls gathered at the present site of Louisville or of Columbus would be shipped back to the Mayan cities. Copper ore, or even smelted copper, would go along. In return would come knives of obsidian, objects of



By courtesy of the New York Times

WHERE PEARLS WERE FOUND IN THE TOMBS OF THE MOUND BUILDERS

Scene of the remarkable discoveries near Bainbridge, Ohio. From the profusion of pearls found here with the skeletons of chieftains, Dr. E. E. Free deduces that the Mayan rulers, who were the Mound Builders, carried on a traffic in jewels between their home land and the North American streams which once abounded in the pearl-bearing mussel.

hammered copper like the two helmets of the Bainbridge graves, beads of turquoise, fine cloth from the Mexican looms, probably a hundred other articles so perishable that we have not yet found any trace of them.

"It is even possible, indeed, that some Mayan Marco Polo may have made this trip and left an account of it. But, unfortunately for science, the Spanish priests who came into Mexico and Yucatan after the conquest believed that the Bible was the only book necessary or desirable in promoting Christian missions. The Mayas then living in the country had books of their own, which they seemed to prize rather highly. The Spanish priests could not read these books, but that did not deter them. They burned up every one that they could find.

"Thus perished, in the fires of intolerance, some of the most valuable historical records ever made and ever lost; among them, it is quite possible, documents which would have enabled us to verify from actual histories the deductions made from the contents and character of the North American mounds. We might have had, in the words of some Mound Builder captain himself, an account of how he had civilized the Indians of the pearl rivers and had offered sacrifices to his Mayan gods on top of some sacred mound which we now know quite well."

CARBON MELTED AT LAST—The long-sought process of melting carbon, whose lack has stood in the way of the manufacture of genuine diamonds, has been discovered by a group of German chemists, Drs. Alterthum, Fehse, and Pirani, we are told in Science Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin*:

"Carbon has been one of the most heat-resistant substances known, and for that reason it has been used in arc-lights and carbon filament lamps where a powerful current sent through this substance found such resistance that it raised it to white heat without melting. But the existence of diamonds, which are pure crystallized carbon, tantalized chemists for years, because it proved that at some time in the past carbon had been in a molten state before it formed the transparent eight-faced diamond crystal. Graphite has been known for a long time and can be made artificially, but unlike the diamond, it is softer, opaque, and forms six-faced crystals. Dr. Alterthum and his coworkers heated a graphite cylinder, about five and a half inches in length and an inch and a half in diameter, the thickened ends of which were set in copper electrodes, by means of an electric current. The various temperatures attained were measured at the middle of the cylinder through an opening. It was definitely determined that some degree of melting actually occurred within the bore of the carbon cylinder, and the melting point was determined as about 6,300 degrees Fahrenheit."

ATLANTIC COAST EARTHQUAKES

INDIFFERENCE TO THE POSSIBILITY of destructive earthquakes on the eastern coast of the United States is deprecated, in a letter to *The Engineering News-Record* (New York) by Walter E. Spear, Department Engineer of the New York Board of Water Supply. He writes:

"New England has had many earthquakes, some in the eighteenth century of considerable intensity that severely damaged the comparatively low but substantial buildings of that period. It has been suggested that the most severe of these earthquakes, that of 1755, was of approximately the same intensity as that in San Francisco of 1906. The great earthquake of 1663 along the St. Lawrence River in the Province of Quebec did considerable damage in New England and must have been felt in New York as was the small disturbance in the same region last January. The destructive earthquake of 1886 in Charleston, South Carolina, is considered by the geologists to have been due to a displacement in the same mountain system that lies only a few miles west of New York City. In the highlands, 100 miles north of New York City, the geologists point out evidence of slight post-glacial faulting on the glaciated rock surfaces that indicates geologically recent movements. The probability of a slight warping of the earth's crust, as evidenced by the apparent subsidence of the Atlantic coast that is now going on in this vicinity, should not be overlooked, as such warpings may create stresses in the earth's crust and lead to readjustments that will severely shake this region.

"Professor Jaggard points out that on a scale of seismicity in which the frequency of small earthquakes in such regions as Japan is 10, that of New York and New England is 8. We need not take as serious a view of the earthquake hazard in New York as does Professor Jaggard in his somewhat sensational article in *Scribner's* of last October, but the best geological opinion is that earthquakes of moderate intensity may be expected, and steps should be taken to minimize property damage and loss of life.

"The elimination of flimsy types of construction and provision for a small measure of resistance to earthquake movement may be sufficient in building construction of moderate height in small communities and in the residential districts of our large cities, but is it wise in face of the earthquake history of the Atlantic seaboard to design high buildings and other important structures for only a minimum of resistance to seismic disturbances? Should we not design, for example, the important features of our water-works to resist the maximum earth movement that may be anticipated and provide for the duplication of other features such as the trunk distribution mains that may not be built to resist such movements?"

SNARES FOR INVENTORS

WHAT IS A PATENT? Most inventors appear not to know, says Frank Parker Stockbridge, writing in the *Popular Science Monthly* (New York). Their paths are thus full of pitfalls, some of which are enumerated and described by Mr. Stockbridge in his article, with directions showing how they may be avoided. Writes Mr. Stockbridge:

"What good is a patent anyway?" I asked an attorney who had been practising before the Patent Office for thirty years.

"If you've got a good invention, a patent is a protection—until somebody else proves that he invented it before you did," he said. A patent has been described as 'a license to sue and to be sued.' If your invention is good, somebody else is going to claim that he saw it first. And if he can make that claim good, you're sunk.

"It sometimes happens that a valuable invention is not patentable because it has been described in print so that any one could do the same thing. That happened when Morgan Robertson, writer of sea-stories, applied for a patent on the submarine periscope. Mr. Robertson went one day with Lewis Nixon, shipbuilder, who was constructing the first Holland submarines for the Navy, to see the new craft. 'We've been trying to work out a scheme whereby the captain can see where he is going without coming to the surface,' said Mr. Nixon. Mr. Robertson immediately suggested a telescoping tube with mirrors set at the proper angles, that could be shoved up to the surface when the submarine was submerged—practically the periscope, now an essential part of every submarine's equipment.

"You've got it!" Mr. Nixon exclaimed. 'I'll have one made and we'll get it patented in your name, and we'll pay you so much for every one made.'

"Robertson saw a fortune coming his way; but at the Patent Office, the examiners turned to a copy of Jules Verne's 'Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea,' published years earlier, in which an entirely mythical submarine was equipped with an equally mythical periscope, worked just as Robertson had imagined it. The description was so detailed that the device was obvious, the Patent Office held.

"It is not at all unusual for two or more persons to invent the same thing about the same time. Where two or more persons have applications pending for patents covering the same ground, the one who can produce proof of the earliest date of invention gets the patent. Often, however, after a patent is granted, it is challenged on the ground that the same thing was being done in industry before the inventor's application was filed. Then proof often is not easy to get.

"In contrast to the inventor who loses because his claims are not sufficiently specific, one of the largest amounts ever involved in any litigation of a single patent was lost by the inventor because his claim was too specific! This was the famous Selden patent on the automobile. On the face of it, the Selden patent, issued in 1895, covered any kind of an automobile propelled by a gasoline-engine. From 1901 every automobile manufacturer but one paid royalties to Selden. Henry Ford was not granted a license, and when he began shipping machines in 1903, he went ahead without paying royalties.

"Selden sued, and the first court decision sustained the patent. On an appeal, the decision held that the principal claim was limited to a two-cycle gasoline-engine. The four-cycle engine

had not been in general commercial use when the patent was applied for. Ford and most of the other manufacturers had used a four-cycle engine from the beginning, and the Federal courts decided that the Selden patent didn't cover that in the combination. Half a million dollars was spent in this litigation."

Most patents, Mr. Stockbridge tells us, are issued on combination claims, in which the invention consists of a new way of combining old elements. It is only rarely that anybody discovers something absolutely new. And a patent based on combination claims is no protection to the inventor if the device can be made to work by omitting any single element of the combination. He goes on:

"An inventor got a patent on a device to use in coal-stoves to enable them to burn kerosene as fuel. It was a new idea and should have made him a fortune. Unfortunately, in drawing up the claims he had included in all of them a groove to catch any dripping of oil. As soon as the device was on the market and making money, a clever young man bought one, filled up the groove and found it would work just as well. Then he duplicated the device, all but the groove, and the courts held that the inventor had no redress. He had claimed more than he needed.

"However, most of the pitfalls that confront the inventor are of his own digging," said one of the foremost of American patent attorneys. 'I am speaking now of the amateur inventor, and nearly all inventors are amateurs.

"The amateur is full of fear that somebody will steal his invention. He need have no such fear if he protects himself with documentary evidence of the date of the original conception of his invention and of each stage of its development. He should also have a reliable attorney search Patent-office records to see if the invention is really new. And, most important, he ought to make sure that there is a possible market for the device.

"That is the way the professional inventor works. He usually discovers the demand and then sets to work to supply it. Nine times out of ten he

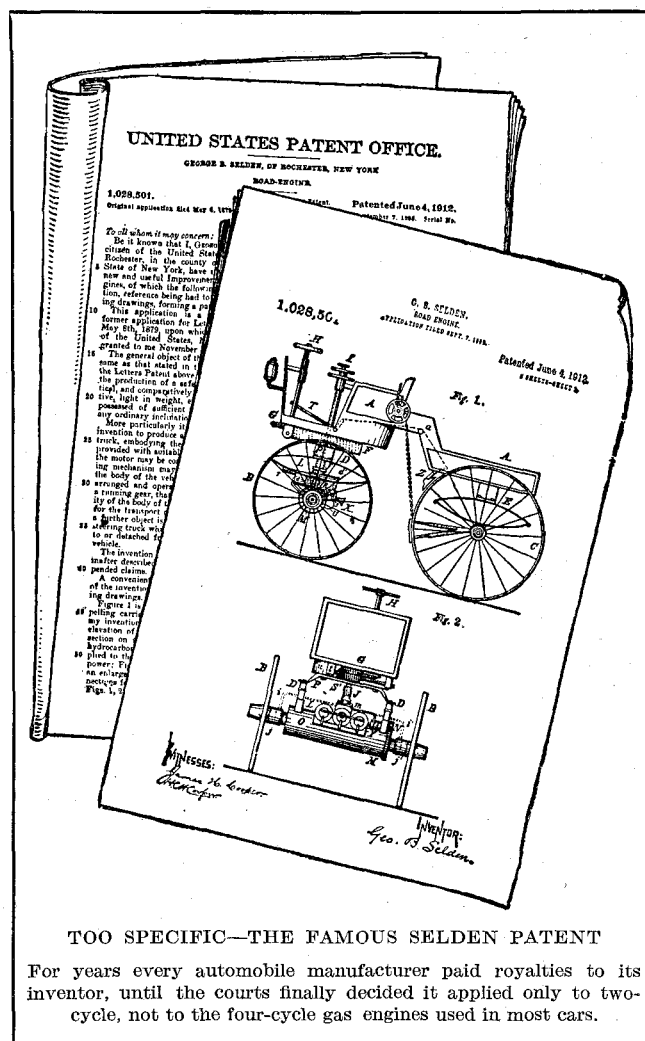
sells his invention before he applies for his patent, letting the purchaser get the patent while he turns his mind to another problem.

"The amateur nearly always demands a flat sum in cash—a million dollars is a favorite amount to ask. The professional, on the other hand, knows that an invention, no matter how useful, must be developed and commercialized, and generally sells on a royalty basis, with a stipulation that his invention must be put on the market within a specified time, or it reverts to him.

"Marketing an invention, even a good one, isn't always easy. Usually the market exists in the industry to which the invention pertains, but not always. The inventor of a new kind of soft collar, made of a special weave, met nothing but rebuffs from the collar industry. He finally interested some outside capital. Now the collar people all are making soft collars and already have had to pay several millions in royalties.

"Every railroad man, almost, has an invention or two to improve railroading, but few ever are adopted, because to do so would mean rebuilding an entire railway system.

"Revolutionary basic inventions are the hardest to sell, tho they bring the best prices when sold. Let the inventor beware, however, of selling to an irresponsible or under-capitalized company."



TOO SPECIFIC—THE FAMOUS SELDEN PATENT

For years every automobile manufacturer paid royalties to its inventor, until the courts finally decided it applied only to two-cycle, not to the four-cycle gas engines used in most cars.

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

OUR ABSENTEE SCULPTOR

ABSENTEE ARTISTS AND AUTHORS have been common to every country. Some have claimed that they could express better their thoughts, even of their own land, when living at a distance from it. Of late we are seeing a protest against this view, inspired, perhaps, by our growing self-

"Mr. Bartlett was never able to find in his native country the conditions which favored his best production. Perhaps that meant that he could not obtain here that contentment in and satisfaction with daily surroundings which greatly favors artistic endeavor. It is desirable that an artist's life and environment shall work with him rather than against him. That is no doubt the reason why so many American painters and sculptors have preferred to live abroad. Some of them, no doubt, have been no less American for their European residence, but surely that can not be said of them all. Hiram Powers and W. W. Story became Italians rather than Americans. Whistler was and must have been himself, no matter where he lived, but certainly there was nothing characteristically American in his art. Sargent's genius transcended nationality—but one likes to dream of what his work would have been if he had spent his productive years in his native country. All Americans must feel that it was a happy thing for American culture that Winslow Homer preferred to live, as well as to find his subjects, in his own country; and we feel that American art is the better and the artists themselves none the worse for the fact that Hunt, Inness, Remington and Saint-Gaudens found residence in America through the larger part of their lives not inconsistent with their great work. After all, the greatest art work is national, and the man who spends his life abroad can not be quite an American artist. It is undeniable that certain artists of foreign birth who have chosen to live and work here have done more for the advancement of American art than some eminent born Americans have done who have lived abroad."

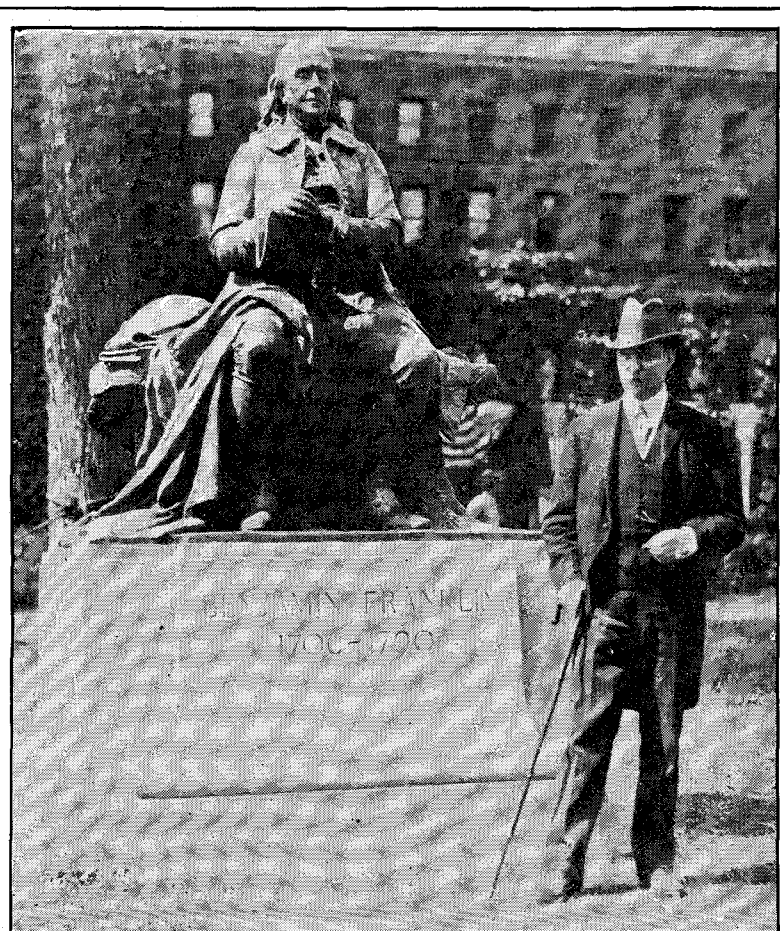
As a youth, Bartlett began with a deep interest in animals, and it was his first labors with these for models that attracted to him his first teacher. The story is told by the critic of the *New York Times* in its *Magazine* for October 4:

"In his home at Marly, Bartlett began to model whatever came under his selective eye. It is said that his first effort was spent upon a young goat, devotedly held in the arms of a lady, who afterward proudly claimed the honor of having thus aided the sculptor's debut in his chosen profession. Whatever the goat episode amounted to, he must have been genuinely in earnest over his modeling, since working at it in the Marly garden he attracted the attention of the French sculptor Frémiet and stirred

his interest, later becoming his pupil. Through diligence and talent the pupil was able at the age of 14 to exhibit at the Salon of that year. At about the same time he entered the Beaux Arts.

"Frémiet could understand the interest in animals that kept him wandering about the Jardin des Plantes studying every kind of creature represented there and plunging deep into animal anatomy. For some time animal sculpture claimed him, beautifully executed small statuary and monumental pieces, such as his well-known 'Dying Lion.' In the Metropolitan Museum is the 'Bohemian Bear Tamer,' the work of his early twenties. The original cast is in the Chicago Institute. It stands comparison with his most accomplished later work, pushing its way into the consciousness with a peculiar natural force. The slight rudeness of the modeling is appropriate to the subject, and the artist seems to have been entirely possessed by his idea and youthfully delighted with it. At twenty his spontaneity was unslackened by second thoughts.

"Second thoughts trooped upon him in his later years, matured his style, enriched his technical methods, but took away something from the sharpness of the impression made by his early work. He invariably, however, made an impression and his



THE WORKER AND HIS WORK. PAUL WAYLAND BARTLETT
Beside his statue of Benjamin Franklin, erected in Waterbury, Connecticut.

consciousness. Mr. Van Wyck Brooks has written a book on the subject of "The Pilgrimage of Henry James" to show that James met with final failure because he renounced his native land as a place of residence. Paul Wayland Bartlett, the sculptor, who recently died in Paris, was another expatriate, and the *Boston Transcript* finds in his career something to point the same homily about an artist sticking to his native soil in order to attain the highest in his chosen field. Bartlett was born in New Haven and achieved the early part of his education in Boston, but after removing to Paris while still quite young, to study art, he found life in France more congenial and remained there to work to the end, tho this, as the *Transcript* says, "never prevented him from having an American outlook. By far the greatest number of his public works, which were numerous, had an American inspiration." But upon the question of residence apart from one's native soil, the writer has something to abate, at least in implication:

American commissions have been eagerly discussed, violently criticized, loyally praised. By more than one eminent critic he is supposed to have reached his highest level in the statue of Columbus for the Congressional Library at Washington. His pediment groups for the House of Representatives wing of the National Capitol, 'Peace Protecting Genius,' very well represent the mingled realism and symbolism of his later style and also the natural vivacity of his well-disciplined mind."

The six figures in the attic story of the New York Public Library are his chief New York works, "tho it is difficult," says the writer, "from any point of view, unless from the roof of one of the Fifth Avenue stages, to gain a definite impression of them."

"In her book, 'A Loiterer in New York,' Helen W. Henderson explains some of the difficulties under which he worked in the case of these figures. The effect of high relief is extraordinary, she says, when one considers that the plinth upon which they stand is but one foot wide and the figures 10 feet 6 inches in height by 1 foot 6 inches at their greatest depth, some additional space having been made for the draperies that blow against the wall behind them by cutting into the face of that wall. She also explains that in the original design the two end figures were placed as they are now seen, but the other four were linked together in two effective compositions to give variety. This, however, proved too great a departure from tradition and the six figures finally were placed in their present position, carrying out the lines of their supporting columns. Unquestionably it is unfortunate that any arrangement designed to add to the grace and originality of the work had to be omitted.

"That Mr. Bartlett was a valiant and accomplished craftsman is not the least of his claims to a long remembrance. He was not afraid to use his own chisel, work in his own foundry, do his own experimenting with patines. Jean Carries is quoted as saying of him: 'He reminds me of one of those artists of the Renaissance who had nothing but art in view and in mind, of those artists who, jealous of the perfection of their work, would not think of leaving any of it, however minute, to be done by other hands, who were masters of a foundry as well as of a studio, and to whom the smallest details to ennoble a work of art were as important as the conception.' Praise not less enviable than deserved.

"This fastidious concern for technical perfection makes naturally for delays. To such artists art is long in the most obvious sense, and it is not surprising, in reviewing Mr. Bartlett's work, to come upon periods of years during which his conception ripened, was revised, reformed, retouched and brought at last to a state of physical perfection rare in modern sculpture.

"His equestrian statue of Lafayette, for which the funds were raised by American school children, and which stands now on the Place du Carroussel in the Tuileries Gardens, is a conspicuous instance of such laudable delay, and to recognize and celebrate it he placed a classic tortoise by the side of the horse. It was a Gallic touch in tune with the French cast of his mind and play of his humor. The Lafayette was completed in its trial state in 1899, and in 1908 was erected in the Gardens in its final state. Mr. Walton, in *Scribner's Magazine*, was at pains to trace the evolution of the work. Finding the type of horse not satisfying, Bartlett bought a magnificent Percheron stallion and kept it for a number of years to serve as his model. Finding the costume of the hero somewhat too picturesque, he wrapt him in an overcoat which made the defining of the figure difficult, and it was by a very gradual development that the overcoat came to be buttoned at the waist, thus permitting the youthful lines of the form to be seen. Finding the head better without the hat of the first study, he did not hesitate to abandon the hat and put himself to the trouble of completely remodeling the head. Thus he arranged for permanence.

"His care for patines was an exacting ardor. In the case of the Lafayette, designed for outdoor exposure, he made special studies to avoid the blackening stain of weather, and in process of casting tried the effect of an alloy of metals to make and keep it 'brilliant as a jewel against the background of the Louvre.' The little torso of a seated woman which is in the Metropolitan Museum hints at the gleaming possibilities of a patine at once light and rich, as far as possible from the commercial surface choked with applications of powder. His bronzes are beautiful with precious craftsmanship.

"If he was eager in well-doing he was eager also in rebuke, and some of the benefits he conferred upon his native land consisted of vigorous protest against banalities, there executed in the name of art. It was owing to such protest that the first lot of Distinguished Service Crosses and medals to be bestowed upon the soldiers in the late war were recalled."

WANTED: NEW BABIES FOR THE FILM

THE MOVIE-BABIES have grown up, and more are required—especially any of the million-dollar caliber. What more natural in America than that an advertisement should proclaim the fact? But that isn't the way it strikes a contemporary. "The advantages of being born an American have

never yet been sufficiently recognized," says the London *Daily Telegraph*, with, we imagine, a tongue thrust in the cheek. The movies being a sore subject in Britain, there is a chance for irony, so we are not surprised to read that "the benefits which the movies have conferred upon humanity are not yet honored as they should be." And *The Telegraph* spreads the call for babies, together with its own accompanying feelings:

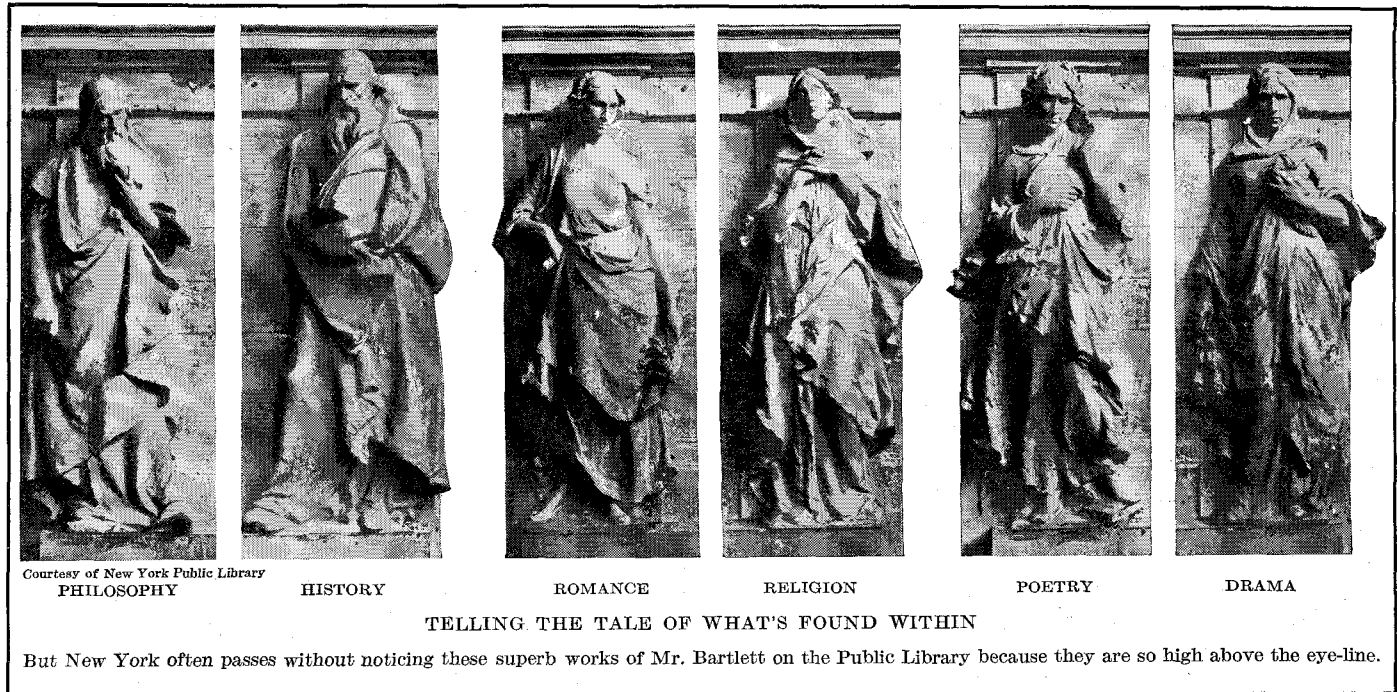
"The free and independent citizen of America has just been asked in type which shouts it, 'Is your baby worth a million dollars?' There may be parents who would resent this inquiry from a perfect stranger, but the newspaper means business, which, frequently at all events, covers a multitude of sins. 'Another Jackie Coogan or Baby Peggy needed at once,' the excited parents are informed; 'it may be your child.' What prouder honor has this world to offer to man or woman than an equal share in producing such a child as Jackie Coogan? We can well imagine humble-minded folk saying that there can not be another, the thing can not be done again. But that is not the point of view of the newspaper, which is quite clear and positive about it; 'the new child movie-star will be found,' and found among the families of its readers. 'The new child movie-star,' it declares, and we make no apology for the repetition which is necessary to maintain the right hectic atmosphere, 'may be your own boy or girl; within a few weeks your own child may be on the way to California to start its motion-picture career.' We can not think that is quite nicely put. Many parents may feel that an instant journey to California, or even farther, would be just the thing for their boys and girls, but they will hardly like it put to them by an outsider. A child on the film, it appears, must not be under two or over seven, but there are no other restrictions. 'Race, religion, or parentage have no bearing on your child's chances of winning.' These have, in fact, nothing to do with his parents. The infant is wholly responsible. 'Beauty alone will not win.' This, from our own observation, we had long suspected. 'The Million Dollar Baby must possess talent and personality,' and he must also 'be an amateur, without previous screen or stage experience,' which ought not to be difficult for him at two. The happy child who is chosen will have \$1,000 down, an engagement at \$200 a week, and an option for a two-years' contract at a minimum of \$10,000 the first, and \$15,000 the second year. This it is to be a child movie-star, even before your name, like Jackie Coogan's or Baby Peggy's, is a household word from China to Peru. And we see no reason why the movies should not have their infant prodigies."



Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art

BOHEMIAN BEAR TAMER

Mr. Bartlett's early love was for animal sculpture and this is one of the most distinguished of his works in that genre.



AMERICA'S CAPTURE OF A GREAT BRITISH COLLECTION

NOT SATISFIED WITH PICKING A MASTERPIECE here and there from the English country house, America now has taken a whole collection of pictures and art objects right away from the doors of a London auction-room. Lord Leverhulme's large collection in his house at Hampstead was scheduled for public sale, and even the catalog was prepared, when an offer was made by the Anderson Galleries of New York, and some of the works of art were on their way here before the London public were apprized of the change. The London press has been bearing its chagrin as best it could, some of them, like *The Morning Post*, declaring, in effect, that the collection was "not so much, after all." *The Times* also remarks that "Lord Leverhulme had a large and in many respects a fine collection in his house at Hampstead, tho probably the best pictures he ever bought are in the gallery at Port Sunlight." This latter collection, about which we published an article in our issue for July 11, is the memorial to the late wife of Lord Leverhulme, called the Lady Lever Art Gallery, situated near Liverpool.

The history of English auctions, so far as art and literary objects are concerned, says *The Times*, "is fruitful in surprises, but none of them is comparable to this one respecting the late Lord Leverhulme's collection." Its dismay is thus expressed:

"Here is a collection of books, pictures, drawings, furniture, and so forth, formed by a well-known man of great wealth, cataloged and advertised for a sale extending over fifteen days by an eminent firm of London auctioneers, suddenly withdrawn and, in effect, on the way to New York for public auction sale at the Anderson Galleries in that city. It can not be that the London fine-art trade is unable to bear the financial strain of the Leverhulme sales, for both during and ever since the Great War far more important art sales have been held in London without any apparent strain on the financial resources of the London dealers; during last season the Carnarvon and Sargent sales were evidence of this. It is, of course, no secret that American collectors are to-day Europe's biggest customers for objects of art, just as England was practically the only market in the world for such things during the latter part of the eighteenth and for the first half of the nineteenth century. American dollars are now the magnet where English guineas once ruled."

Editorially speaking, *The Times* finds an explanation of the coup in the contrasting methods of English and American auction sales:

"If vendors, on whom rests the duty of obtaining the highest

prices, are satisfied that conditions are more favorable to them there than here, they can not be blamed if they take steps to avail themselves of them, even if their action tends, as it must, to lower the prestige of the English market. But the fact is that, whereas in England art auctions appeal almost exclusively to dealers, they appeal in America mainly to real buyers. The scene at a great auction of art treasures in New York is much more of a social function than it is here; the sales are arranged with due regard to psychology to begin after dinner, when buyers are in a comfortable and perhaps emulous frame of mind; they are better stage-managed; and, as the dealer element is small, purses are all the more readily opened. In the long run, as long as free international competition for works of art continues, the richest nation will get the pictures; but it makes a difference to the vendor whether the price he receives is the buyer's or an intermediary's. The undeniable merit of many of Lord Leverhulme's pictures, and the *réclame* which his name will confer upon them, will probably have the effect of attracting bidders to the Anderson Galleries from all parts of the United States. Important as the sale would have been here, it is likely to be an even greater event in New York. But the precedent, it is to be feared, may be a bad one for the home market."

The London *Evening Standard* undertakes to mediate between the view that the transference of the Leverhulme sale to New York is a "blow to the credit of London as a capital of connoisseurship," and the implication of "a subtle reflection on the discrimination of American art patrons, many of whom, apparently, like the late Lord Leverhulme, 'know what they like,' and will have it, experts notwithstanding." The collecting instinct is thus debated:

"Now, America is certainly far more backward than Europe in matters of thought, and may also lag behind in art fashions, but whether that is a good or a bad thing is a question for individual judgment or prejudice. But surely it is a very limited point of view which casts a sort of censure on the late Lord Leverhulme's adventurous disposition. Had he always permitted himself to be guided by the best advice, had he disregarded his own promptings, he might perhaps have avoided some errors, or what the taste of the moment regards as errors. But would he have enjoyed himself as much? What, after all, is the fun of acquiring what other people like? What is the use of spending a great deal of money in buying objects of art, and a great deal more in housing them, unless one really expresses one's individuality in doing so?"

"There is a good deal to be said for the man who says, 'I know what I like,' and is willing to take the risk, if he is rich enough to satisfy his yearnings, of buying at prices which will probably involve some loss to himself or his heirs. Mr. Birrell once said that he preferred the man or woman who honestly enjoyed Miss Gabblegoose, the popular novelist, to the man or woman who dishonestly profest a non-existent enjoyment of Jane Austen.

There is such a thing as taking literature, even the very best literature, too solemnly; the Germans offer us an awful example in the way in which they discuss, say, *Hamlet*, not as a character in a play, but as a man. Art, also, can be taken too seriously; and the result of treating it as some deep mystery concerning which it is an impertinence for the ordinary man to hold an opinion is that a vast number of people do not say what they think, but only what they think they ought to think. The very men who are least disposed to accept authority in matters of theology are the readiest to defer to authority in matters of connoisseurship."

JOYS OF SCHOOL COMPOSITION

SCHOOL COMPOSITION EVADES THE CLASS of bugbears. Will it be adopted like song by children who formerly wept over it as a task? A well-known German teacher noted for his innovations in the art of pedagogy, Prof. Paul Georg Muench, has devised a method of making children actually enjoy the writing of composition—a task which mothers and teachers, as a rule, know only too well is found extremely irksome by pupils. Professor Muench holds that if this task be so treated as to rouse the creative spirit in children, it will become an eagerly sought and joyous exercise. Moreover, he has proved his theory in practise. In an article in a recent number of the *Illustrierte Zeitung* (Leipzig), Professor Muench utters some pungent criticisms of the methods long customary among teachers with respect to such work, saying:

"There were actually teachers who reduced the children in their charge to mere phonographs; they would read a story aloud three times and require the children to reproduce it. This offers, perhaps, a useful form of sharpening the memory but such a process of chewing the cud has nothing in the world to do with creative composition. Or they would set down sentences with missing words to be completed. I actually once saw upon the blackboard the following truly precious missing-word riddle: 'Swine. Dungheap. Dirty. But I . . .' Other teachers have made a practise of requiring poems to be rewritten in prose form—or rather in a prosaic form, thus making themselves responsible for a shameful mistreatment of literature . . . but such exercises as these are utterly unfitted for the development of the creative powers."

The first novelty in Professor Muench's method of teaching essay-writing is in the age at which the child begins it. Instead of waiting till several school years have passed, as is the usual custom, he has the child start composition before he is able to read or write! Apropos of this, he observes:

"The most singular custom of the teachers of the old school was their habit of postponing essay writing to the third or fourth school year. They did not know how to make use of the fact that a healthy six-year-old child possesses all the faculties required for the writing of a composition vividly true to life—mother wit, curiosity about things, joy in talking, ideas, and that precious thing, a freshly creative imagination. This being true, ought we to postpone composition for three years? No, we should make use of the child's joy in talking from the very first week in school! But since the child at this time is not yet able to write we must allow him to dictate as Goethe dictated and as nearly all modern authors dictate."

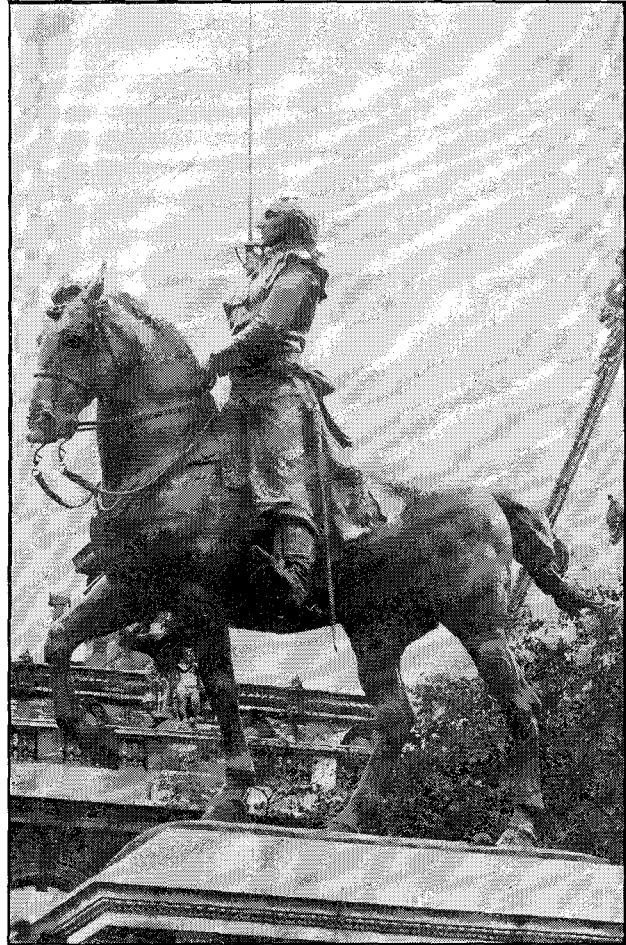
The teacher, to be sure, makes his copy a slight improvement upon what the child has actually said, so that when it is read aloud to him his style is gradually improved. But a vital point in the method is that the process of correction, instead of being a matter of blame and fault-finding, is so managed as to make the child take a personal joy in correcting his own mistakes. For:

"After the teacher has exercised this function of stenographer for two or three years, the children, meanwhile, being instructed in writing and spelling, there grows in the minds of the boys and girls the desire to be independent in the production of their compositions. It is really a festival day when the teacher at last announces 'To-day you may write your own compositions!'"

The next feature of this method is that the group system of composition is employed, the author remarking that a spirit of

competition is the teacher's best help, but that ambition must be kept wholesome by being associated with comradeship:

"When the little groups make their first attempts at composition-writing, I say to them, 'You can write what you please,' but before very long I give them a definite topic taken from their course of general instruction. If, for instance, I wish to talk about house-building, I could take the whole class to visit a new



Courtesy of John Flanagan

AMERICAN SCHOOL CHILDREN'S GIFT

Bartlett's statue of Lafayette set up in the Tuileries Gardens, Paris, secured by school children's pennies.

building. But if I did that I would leave unused valuable opportunities for teaching composition. First, I send out my scouts to survey the building territory; then the new material is investigated by a committee of writers . . . the children sent out as scouts take notebooks with them and jot down brief observations. When they get back to the class-room they choose one among themselves (the choice falling upon each in turn) to write the essay in the 'group book' . . . They put their heads together, visualize the new building they have seen and clothe the bare bones of their meager notes with flesh and blood. This working in groups inspires the flow of thought. It keeps them awake and keen. . . . Not for a moment do they have the feeling that here is a task to be accomplished *volens volens*, they sing as the bird sings. They create as the artist creates.

"It is quite a thrilling moment when the group reads its completed work before its classmates. To stand before an intently listening public on the stage, to impress their fellows with their own efforts and, perhaps, to be complimented by the teacher into the bargain! To those who have had this thrilling experience and shared this joy and honor, the composition hours will remain the happiest among their lives, provided the thirty little hearers do not reveal themselves as thirty little devils keener to blame than to praise!"

Professor Muench closes his article with glowing words as to the teacher's own pride and satisfaction in seeing the penetration of the young minds by an appreciation of the beauties of speech.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

HOW TO MAKE PROHIBITION SUCCEED

THE SUCCESS OF PROHIBITION enforcement depends, in the last analysis, not so much on legislation and force, as on education and moral suasion, concludes the Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, who wrote the recently published report of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches on Prohibition, and now gives his personal views on the situation of Prohibition enforcement. After the Federal Government has done its part in effectually drying up the sources of supply which come within its jurisdiction, the rest depends upon the education of the people in the moral and economic significance of Prohibition. This opinion is shared by Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, general secretary of the Federal Council, and other "dry" leaders, who find in the much-discussed report not an invitation to modify the Volstead Law, but a challenge to the friends of the Eighteenth Amendment to redouble their efforts for its successful enforcement. But there are other "dry" leaders to whom that report is but a sly truckling to "wet" opinion, ill-timed and ill-founded, and the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church disclaims it altogether.

To return to Dr. Johnson's personal conclusions, appearing in *The Survey* (New York) under the head, "What's To Be Done About It?" he makes the point that "we are now, as far as it is humanly possible to judge, at the most critical point in the history of the experiment," and that "now is the time to organize moral support for the Federal enforcement program." This, he believes, is a personal task. "Prohibition," says Mr. Johnson, "is an experimental social policy; it should not be regarded as ultimate or sacrosanct." Those who believe it wrong should be respected for their convictions, and reasoned with. In place of the intemperate use of epithets, Mr. Johnson says:

"I would like to see a frank appeal made to unconvinced and unfriendly minds to give support to a great demonstration as to the value of Prohibition as a social measure. If they can not assist in the rescue of the experiment, they can at least 'stand by.' What we want now is less emphasis upon force and more emphasis upon cooperative citizenship.

"The limitations of the Federal Government with reference to this task must be frankly recognized. Any effort to magnify Federal authority to the point where it takes the place of the local policeman is contrary to our constitutional system and out of joint with the times. It should be freely admitted, for example, that in New York we can not demand nor expect an effective Prohibition régime until the people of the commonwealth want it badly enough to cooperate with the Federal Government in securing it. Our huge retail trade in liquors is our own concern, and we must deal with it, if at all, by means of a State law; there is no power at Washington to stop it if we are not willing to do so. Whatever the past delinquencies of the national Government with respect to Prohibition, President Coolidge is performing a timely public service in reminding the American people that if they value their liberty they must be the custodians of their own morality. The success of Prohibition requires that it be conceived henceforth not as a means of doing for communities what they will not do for themselves, but as a device for aiding them in doing what they have clearly and unequivocally determined to do. If that determination is lacking, a Federal law is gratuitous and in the long run probably useless."

It is equally true, of course, continues Mr. Johnson, that without Federal cooperation in stopping smuggling and breaking up rum-rings, effective Prohibition is an idle dream. But if the Federal Government is to accomplish its share of the whole people's obligation, "it must have a stronger mandate and firmer support from the country than it now has." As to the question

of changing the Volstead Law, Mr. Johnson would change it—but "in the direction of administrative efficiency, not in the direction of 'liberalization.'" He suggests, however, that—

"Most of all, we need a new educational program with two distinct objectives. One is individual, the other social. That is to say, we see more clearly than ever that the legislative phase of the battle against intoxicating liquors is but an incident in the unending task of the building of moral character and the regeneration of the human spirit."

Noting first that the Federal Council's report on the status of Prohibition comes from "staunch friends of Prohibition," Dr. Samuel McCrea Cavert, General Secretary of the Federal Council of Churches, declares that—

"The hour has struck for following up these steps by means of a constructive program for temperance education in all churches. With the coming of national Prohibition there has been a tendency to rely on legislation alone and to relax educational efforts as to the evils of alcohol and the moral meaning of temperance. A survey of the methods of religious education now in use in the churches shows that training and habits of temperate living have made little or no progress in recent years. Such a situation, if long continued, would be fatal. It is believed that one of the results of the report will be a movement to reinstate a program of thorough temperance education in the Sunday schools, adult classes, and other organizations of the church."

Similarly, the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) thinks "it is time for the churches to awaken to their responsibility in teaching the young and admonishing the old." While they are of the opinion that the Johnson report underestimates the benefits and overestimates the weaknesses of Prohibition, Bishop Thomas Nicholson, president of the Anti-Saloon League of America, F. Scott McBride, general superintendent; Dr. Howard H. Russell, founder of the League, and Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the League, say in a joint statement published in the *Baltimore Southern Methodist*:

"Wherever there is a partial failure in law enforcement, with accompanying bad results, it simply proves the necessity for the friends of Prohibition to redouble their efforts to enforce the law. When the church was ready to demand Prohibition, the Eighteenth Amendment and the enforcement laws were written. When likewise the Church with equal emphasis demands Prohibition enforcement, it will be secured.

"We challenge the majority which wrote the Eighteenth Amendment into the Constitution, to continue the fight, arouse public sentiment, cure existing defects, stop the leaks, and enlist the people for law observance and law enforcement."

But the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Church, which says that it alone may speak for the Methodist Church on Prohibition between sessions of the General Conference, formally abjures the report, saying, according to press dispatches, that it is not "justified by the statistical content." And Bishop Clarence True Wilson, corresponding secretary of the Methodist Board, is quoted in *Zion's Herald* (Methodist) as saying that "the dry propagandist whose efforts are not even damned with faint praise will be chasing this report around the world for the next ten years in order to undo some of the damage it has done." Some see—and wish—that the report will mean the beginning of the downfall of the Federal Council. *The Presbyterian and Herald and Presbyterian* (Philadelphia), which is among the Council's critics, quotes Dr. W. B. Riley, a well-known Baptist minister of Minneapolis, as predicting "that one year more will see a repudiation of the Federal

Council in some of the largest denominations in America. . . . It will go the way of the Interchurch Movement, and on the same ground. It is disloyal to the Gospel interests and to Christ."

A no less harsh opinion of the value of the Federal Council of Churches, and therefore of its reports, is held by *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore), a strong advocate of Prohibition. In reply to THE LITERARY DIGEST's request for his views on the Johnson report, the editor of *The Record* writes that he regards the Council "as thoroughly inimical to the religious life of this country, akin in its methods to the Interchurch Movement, which was honeycombed with socialism, and the death of which left behind it a stench that can not be wiped out." Except to a limited extent, he says, the Council does not speak for the Protestant churches of America, and he notes that the Southern Baptist Church, with a white membership of more than 3,000,000, has always refused to affiliate with, or to recognize, the Federal Council. At the time the editor of *The Record* had not seen the full report, but he goes on:

"I have no doubt but what there will be some points worthy of favorable consideration in the report, but so far as I have been able to read the report its influence as a whole, it seems to me, will be directly contrary to the position which all the moral forces of the country should take in demanding that the Prohibition law should be enforced without regard to whether men believe in that law or not. It is a part of our national Constitution. Upon its enforcement depends the question as to whether the nation or the criminal element in the nation is the stronger. If the criminals could by any means destroy the ability of the nation to enforce its own laws, then our Government would cease to exist. This is simply a desperate fight on the part of criminality of the bootlegger and the buyer of bootleg whisky to break down a national law. If they could succeed, no law pertaining to the safeguarding of property or life would be worth the paper on which it is written."

But *The Christian Century* (Undenominational), a liberal organ of church opinion, looks upon the Johnson report as a "demonstration in fact-gathering and fact-disseminating," and accounts it "as the finest service" the Council has yet rendered, a service that "gives reality to its claim of representation." Continuing, the Chicago journal says:

"The department of research and education of the Federal Council has, by this act, established itself as a social factor of importance in the republic, and Mr. Johnson, its executive secretary, merits acclaim as a pioneer in finding a better way of social action. The wets who have been jubilating over this report have cheered too soon. When its contents percolate through the churches, as they will, there is going to be an uprising that will make the enforcement of Prohibition laws as much of a fighting issue as the enactment of those laws once was. To that fight there can be but one outcome."

"GOD'S CRANBERRIES"

GOD'S CRANBERRY BOG, dedicated four months ago toward the support of the Baptist Church in Carver, Massachusetts, has been harvested, we read in press reports, and has yielded its finest crop for thirty years. With a yield that is said to be more than 100 per cent. above the average, the proceeds will net a tidy sum for needed repairs to the church and Sunday school. Local cranberry-growers are said to be amazed at this wonderful answer to prayer, while the Rev. Charles W. Hidden, pastor of the church, sees in it the visible

proof of his faith. The "prayer experiment," as the pastor calls it, was conceived early in the year, when he was faced with the necessity of providing funds for church improvements. He appealed to the local cranberry-growers to set aside sections of their bogs, the proceeds of which should be given to the church. Mrs. Annie Shurtleff Boardway, the first to respond, gave a quarter-section of one of her bogs on which the berries were grown as a tithe offering. After a self-imposed fast of three days and nights, during which he prayed for God's blessing on the bog, Mr. Hidden dedicated it in the latter part of May. When the harvest was ready, he offered up thanks. With a large crate of "God's cranberries" at his feet and with both hands filled with berries, we read in the *Boston Herald*, he stood with bared head and uttered a simple prayer which concluded with these words: "Help, O Father, this manifestation of Thy divine power to impress the world that I am Thy servant and that Thou canst and wilt answer prayer."

Remarkable as it may seem, we read further, the dedicated bog withstood most of the usual ravages suffered by the cranberry plant every season:

"Early in the summer a terrific windstorm swept over Carver, uprooting trees and damaging many of the cranberry bogs in its path. Altho 'God's Bog' lay in the direct line of the storm, it came through unharmed. Then came the ravages of the fire worm and other bog pests; again the quarter-acre section was spared."

"During the first week in September sharp frosts descended on the district and, coupled with the previous unprecedented drouth and a government prediction of more killing frosts, caused genuine fear among the cranberry-growers. This state of mind can hardly be conceived outside the region where failure of the cranberry crop spells heavy financial loss to many. The first frost did considerable damage."

"Because of the drouth, nearly all of the streams had dried up and it was impossible to flood the bogs, the only available method of saving the berries. Badly scared, the cranberry-growers started in early to salvage as many of the berries as was possible. One man, Pastor Hidden, remained calm and advised the growers not to worry, that God would provide the means for saving the crop."

"And what happened? The following day there was a heavy



Photograph from the Boston Herald News Bureau

"GOD'S CRANBERRY BOG"

The Rev. Charles W. Hidden is offering up thanks for the answer to his prayer, furnished by the best crop of cranberries this bog produced in thirty years. The bog was dedicated to God that funds might be raised for the Baptist Church in Carver, Massachusetts.

rain and the downpour continued until all the streams and adjacent ponds were again filled. 'It just happened so,' remarked several persons to Pastor Hidden, but he quietly replied,

"No, it was God's answer to prayer."

"When Mrs. Boardway tendered this quarter-acre section to me last February, she said: 'I don't know that I ought to do it, for it is really the poorest part of my whole bog. Sometimes it bears well, but most of the time the crop is poor.' I told her that I would rather accept this part of the bog as a gift to God than to receive a well-bearing portion. In the latter instance the skeptics might sneer that, as the section had always been fruitful, the experiment would prove nothing. By accepting the poorest part, God would be given a real opportunity to reveal His power."

"I had no fear of making this test. It was made in absolute faith, and the results show clearly, to me at least, that God has not failed His believing servant. God's bog has yielded this year 100 per cent. more berries, and better and bigger berries, than it has ever yielded before."

The fame of the bog spread far. A missionary in India read of the dedication, and wrote that her "mouth watered" for some of the berries. A State Senator has promised to see that she is supplied for the next Thanksgiving. Many requests for supplies of "God's cranberries" have been received. One brought an offer of double the market rate, this coming from a Boston insurance broker, a member, Mr. Hidden noted, "of the firm of Lord and Company." We read again:

"Hundreds of persons have visited the dedicated bog throughout the summer, many stopping at the parsonage to call on the pastor and see 'The Little White Church by the Wayside.' Through the mails, the pastor has received thousands of inquiries relating to his prayer experiment. Many of the writers express a desire to know how to pray and get closer to God. To all these Pastor Hidden replies:

"This is my one answer to all who seek knowledge of the way prayers reach God. When the radio announcer speaks into the microphone at a broadcasting station, his message is heard through the apparatus attuned to his particular station. Every believing Christian heart constitutes a broadcasting station with which heaven is forever in tune. If we live right and keep our hearts right with God, we may rest assured that He will receive the prayers which we radio up to heaven."

"We must love and trust God fully and serve Him faithfully and unselfishly in order to become a successful pleader at the bar of heaven. God answers the prayers of those who give to and plead for others. He answers the prayers of those who care little for the applause of the world, but much for the uplift of mankind."

"THIN" SERMONS—Thin churches, thin congregations. This, put tersely, is the warning of the Archbishop of Canterbury to the British clergy assembled at the Church of England Congress in Eastbourne. The warning will not be amiss in this country, which has not been without its complaints that some of the pulpiteers are "thin" in their thoughts. The Archbishop was drawing a comparison between the public worship of to-day and that of half a century ago, when his ministry began. Symbolism in popular religion, he thinks, as he is quoted in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, has taken on new life, beauty has been added to devotion, and the outward form of religion is now a worthier thing. But there remains the question of teaching, and on this the great British ecclesiastic says:

"Beyond question the preacher's place is often very poorly filled. Complaints of the inadequacy of our sermons are rife, and the fact of their inadequacy is beyond dispute. Clerical meetings harp on our sparser congregations. Bicycles, motors and charabancs contribute to the decreased attendance. So do golf and Sunday newspapers. Personally, I put among the first causes the fact of the average man's wider interest in all sorts of human knowledge and world affairs."

"But there is no doubt at all that the average preaching of to-day is less thoughtful and less painstaking than in our fathers' days. For meeting this lack we need more midnight oil, or what is better, more forenoon hours with closed doors, instead

of miscellaneous study and big notebooks. With all my soul, I urge those whose ministry is still young and plastic to turn, not their thoughts only, but their efforts, that way. In the old days a preacher as an educated man stood naturally on a higher level than his hearers. That is so no longer, and disheartened priests fall back naturally into what seems an easier task than talking about the Gospel or the Church's message in perhaps the very simplest words. If they are merely simple without much behind them, they may degenerate into the very thinnest thought, which the educated hearer not unfairly resents. All this forces upon us the clamant duty to see that the ministry is rightly manned."

RELIGION AMONG LEPERS

UNFORTUNATE THEMSELVES, the lepers at the government institution at Carville, Louisiana, are not so intent upon their own plight as to be unable to give thought to others who, in other parts of the world, are victims of the same disease. Indeed, it appears that they are bearing up under their ills with a Christian fortitude and patience that may well serve as an example to those in less affliction. An interesting account of the leper colony at Carville appears in the *Boston Transcript*. Those belonging to the Protestant congregation at Hospital Sixty-six are organizing, we read, into a real church body, under their new chaplain, the Rev. W. Myles Phillips. With the increased capacity of the hospital, 400 patients from all parts of the country soon will be cared for, and a large proportion, we are told, attend services at the Protestant chapel. Of this we read:

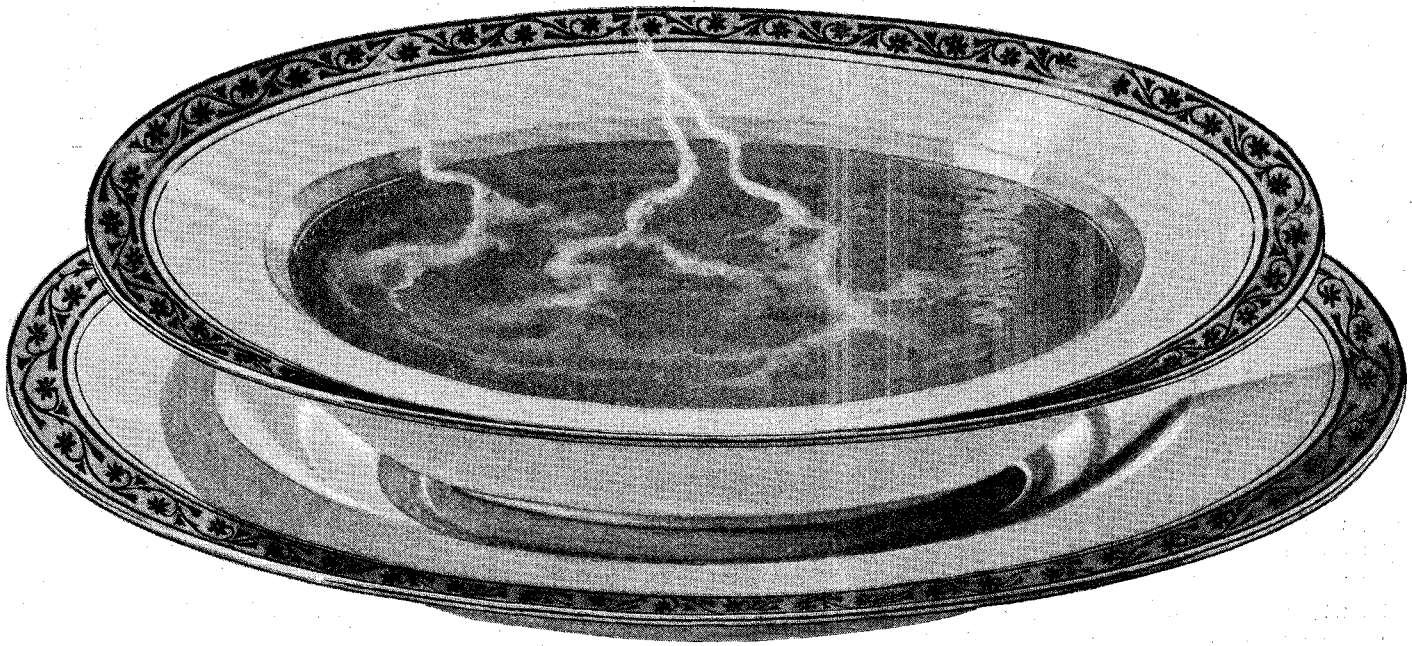
"Six elders have been elected to act as a council with the pastor, and six ushers, to distribute and collect the books and keep up the appearance of the building, which was dedicated last winter. Simple articles of faith have been drawn up, requiring for membership in the church 'personal acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord, and a life consistent with such a profession,' and almost every Sunday new members are being received. A group of six who were baptized was composed, Dr. Phillips writes, of 'two fine young fellows, veterans of the World War, a Jewess, two Chinamen and a negro.' An orderly and dignified ritual has been introduced in the Sunday morning services. Dr. Phillips says, 'A deeply devotional spirit, inspiring and encouraging, pervades, and at the midweek prayer-meetings the most beautiful prayers and testimonies are offered.'"

The Catholic chaplain, who has been on duty for several years, and Dr. Phillips cooperate in every way, we read:

"Both clergymen are on the executive committee of a recreational association, managed by the patients themselves, and called the 'What Cheer Club,' and the Catholic priest leads a brass band, made up of the patients. The Government provides food, clothing, and many kinds of entertainment, while many 'extras,' such as food delicacies, instruments for games and special Christmas presents are given through the Catholic priest or through the American Mission to Lepers, New York, which superintends Protestant work for lepers throughout the world."

"Because they are the recipients of kindnesses from others, the patients give generously from their usually meager funds to sufferers from the same disease throughout the world. Those who are able to do so perform light duties, or even carry on small businesses for their community, and earn small amounts of money, from which they make their gifts. Those who do light hospital duties are paid by the Government, and others supply community needs by doing truck farming in cool weather, or sewing, in the case of the women. One patient mends watches and clocks, and two well-patronized clothes-pressing shops are run by patients, also a Greek restaurant and two drygoods shops. From such sources the lepers gave \$163 within the past seven months through the Protestant Church to the 800-patient colony at Sheklung, China, and members of the congregation also have adopted on their own initiative four untainted children of lepers in South China, paying \$100 a year for their support."

"Truly, I love these folk," says Dr. Phillips, "with all their peculiarities, more and more each day. I do not think I have ever loved a congregation more than this one. It is strange how the leper can get into one's heart more easily and deeply than the normal, healthy person."



People know good Tomato Soup when they taste it !

Whenever any one mentions tomato soup, what name comes instinctively into your mind? You think of Campbell's because practically all the tomato soup you have ever eaten has been Campbell's and because it has a delicious flavor that makes you remember it always.

Campbell's has taught people what good tomato soup is. It is a standard of quality known and recognized everywhere. It would be difficult to imagine how any food product could enjoy a greater reputation.

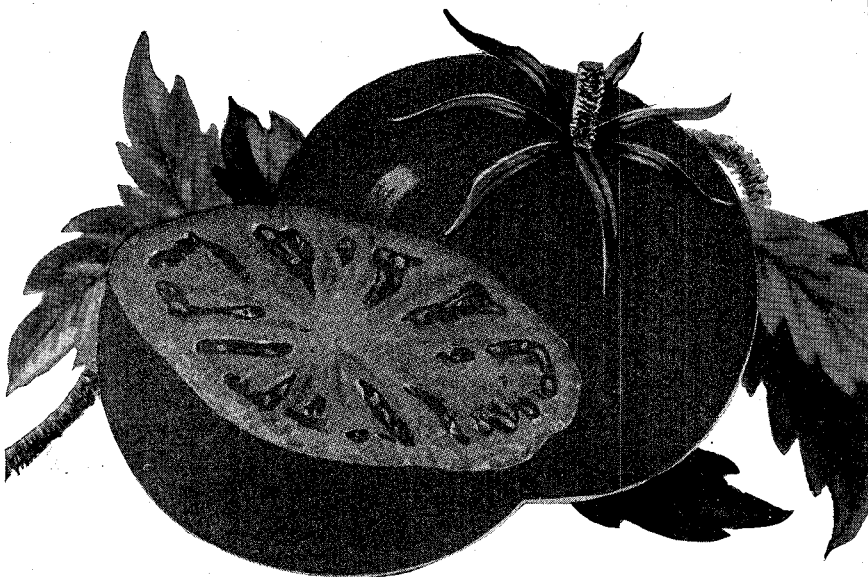
Puree of the finest tomatoes that grow. Country butter, fresh and golden. Deft seasoning by skillful French chefs. Taste it tonight. You'll understand its fame!

And it makes a wonderful Cream of Tomato. Read on the label how easily it can be prepared.

21 kinds
12 cents a can



I'm called the "flash," my speed and dash
Electrify the Bowl.
I'm made of fire, I never tire
For Campbell's is my goal!



CURRENT • POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

IF poets had to depend solely on critics' approval, they might often feel like the confession here offered from *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin). The writer here has poetic personality assuming Protean shapes, but none of them recommend themselves to the editor of an anthology. Mr. Squire is editor of *The London Mercury*.

ME AND MY POEMS

By HERBERT E. PALMER

(Self-criticism by means of hyperbole. Dedicated without permission to Mr. J. C. Squire and his friends.)

I'm a thousand wandering moorside pipers,
I'm Dawn on a bloody-hued sea,
I'm the newest thing in old pen-wipers
To rub away sins. Ah me!
I'm the purest fount of English spoken,
I'm Pain in the bowels of Glee;
But my each little song seems somehow wrong
For a "Georgian" Anthologie.

I'm the latest freak of an old star's splendour
Crashed down on a glacier stream;
I'm Asperity growing rose-lipped and tender,
I'm Life in the clasp of a Dream.
I'm ting-a-ling-ling, hey-ding-a-ding-ding,
Then the butterfly worm on the tree;
But my each little song seems far too strong
For a "Georgian" Anthologie.

I'm a fluttering sample of old fly-papers,
A spider turned bumble bee.
I'm a sweet girl cutting her virgin capers
On a daffodil woodland lea.
I'm ting-a-ling-ling, hey-ding-a-ding-ding!
What makes the moon move and the sea.
But my each little song seems somehow wrong
For a "Georgian" Anthologie.

WE never leave off the circus, tho we
forswear the "big top" and the sawdust
ring. Something in life offers a substitute.
The Minaret brings this confirmation:

THE CIRCUS

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

Reaching along to the distance, monotonous blocks
on blocks,
These barriers to beauty and pleasure, the dreary,
grey fronts of the docks,
Stifle, oppress and excite me, sharpen my thirst
for the sort
Of three-ring show full of glamour and go, you
find in a bustling port.

The tight-sealed portals and windows, the walls
without loophole or chink,
With their stolid, insolent calm, enrage me and
make me think
Of the baffled quests of my boyhood when I turned
truant and went
Chink-hunting the sinuous, too continuous dreary,
grey circus tent.

And splashes of maddening music come filtering,
filtering through
To harrow my thirsting ears as the circus band
used to do;
Rude gusts of a mariner's chantey, winches that
rattle and thump.
Brass trumpets ablare on a liner out there, the
roar of her elephant's trump.

Now, sweet as the perfume of sawdust or monkeys
or pink lemonade,
Wild as the bouquet of lions or musk from the
lovely mermaid,
Is the smell that stings my nostrils, of ozone, of
tar and of brine,
And the cloying fume from a shuttered room of
spilt Canary wine.

At length a chink in the dock-wall, a hole in the
side-show tent,
Where giants from Ganges and Tigris and Volga
and Nile go bent
Under barrels of Bornean spices, the mellow baled
rugs of Tabriz,
Russian wolves in a cage apoplectic with rage,
and the trunks of mahogany trees.

At last, with the end of the dock-wall, the churn
of the sunlit Sound.
Now ho! for a jollier pageant than canvas could
ever surround!
Cordage and spars beat time to the song of the
unseen breakers,
While the romping hulls and the madcap gulls
keep pace with the music makers.

There's a welcome lump in my throat that says
I can take more joy
In the beauty of harboring ships than ever I
took as a boy
In the chariot race of the llamas, the dance of
the Siamese twins,
The learned mink or the missing link or the dame
with the multiple chins.

Oh, I like Pantaloon with the slapstick, but
funnier now to me
Is a fussy, officious tug, that clown of the three-
ring sea.
And fairer than pink silk riders or elephants
marching to war
Are miles on miles of barnacled piles and the
outbound liner's roar.

AN Old World reverie in *G. K.'s Weekly*
(London):

KENTISH CHURCHYARD

By PERCY RIPLEY

The church is old and lanterned yews
Amid the lichened tombstones stand,
Red-rimmed sinks down the misty sun,
The fields and trees together run,
While darkness folds the silent land.

They too in darkness lie whose graves
Within the dusk are faintly seen,
Like heavy dew on earth descends
Sorrow of lovers and of friends
That through the centuries has been.

Grief in the evening gathers grey,
Older than faith, the heritage
That none can lose steals on the mind,
As when through cranny comes a wind
To turn again some long passed page.

THE turmoil of world politics is at-
tempted in song in the *London Sphere*.
No author claims it:

THE INTERNATIONAL

ORANGES AND LEMONS

On Europe we'll fatten,
Say the Bells of Manhattan.

It sounds rather sinister,
Say the Bells of Westminster.

Cash up, cut the talk,
Say the Bells of New York.

We're paying you all,
Say the Bells of Whitehall.

We laugh, we don't owe,
Say the Bells of Moscow.

We'll pay when we can,
Say the Bells of Milan.

We hate being pressed,
Say the slow Bells of Brest.

An alleged ally, too,
Say the Bells of St. Cloud.

Let the Boche foot the bill,
Say the deep Bells of Lille.

We've had to begin,
Say the Bells of Berlin.

We're every dog's bone,
Say the Bells of Cologne.

Here comes a dun—
He's on business bent,
And here comes his bill,
With a mere five per cent.

The Commonweal is a Catholic journal
and as such is sponsor for this, which makes
an even wider appeal through its quality:

THE OLD NUN

By THEODORE MAYNARD

Bowed at her prie-dieu, fingering her beads,
She kneels, or quavering in the choir she sings
Sonorous Latin as the organ leads
Skywards the psalm. Though with it her spirit
wings,
She understands but vaguely the words she reads.

She has no learning save in the deep skies'
Profundities—in simple faith and hope
And candid love, that makes the simple wise,
And innocence that holds within its scope
Joy, and sheds tenderness upon the eyes.

Adoring at the altar in the dim
Light of the winter dawns, her soul goes free,
No longer bounded by the world's small rim,
But yearning to her approaching God as He
Kisses His bride, and draws her close to Him.

So waits she for her end—the happy night
When she will hear the singing round her bed
Of salve, as the darkening room grows bright,
And she goes forth, the youngest of the dead
To life eternal and eternal light.

THE British Trades Union Congress at
Scarborough voted down Communism;
but *The Morning Post* had provided them
with a marching song, ironically conceived,
but now seen to be quite beside the truth:

MARCHING SONG

(For Mr. Wheatley's proposed
"workers' defense corps.")

By E. L. R.

We are the workers' army,
They call us "Wheatley's Own,"
Full-fed with propaganda
Entirely Moscow-grown.
We dream of revolution,
Of loot and flying bricks. . . .
(When leaders get the kudos,
And followers the kicks!)

They lead us, so they tell us,
Towards the Promised Land,
Where everyone is equal
And Capital is banned.
And if they go too slowly
You bet your boots they'll find
That "Wheatley's Own" will help them
By shoving from behind.

We're mostly rather *doleful*,
Hard work is not our goal,
We want "the social structure"
Upset—and up the pole!
The leaders who have trained us
Will harvest what they've sown—
And what a crop they'll garner
In "Comrade Wheatley's Own!"

HUDSON
COACH
\$1195

The Brougham

\$1495

The 7-Pass. Sedan

\$1695

*All prices Freight and
Tax Extra*



Everywhere Hudson is known as the World's Greatest Buy

Quality Made its Large Volume Sales—Volume Makes it Lowest in Price

Hudson prices are lowest because tremendous volume has made possible economical methods of manufacture. The world's largest production of Sixes—Hudson and Essex—opens economies not possible in a smaller production.

Through increase of quality, greater sales and volume economies have resulted. That volume permits lower prices. There you have the reason for Hudson's leadership in value, in price, in sales.

It explains why Hudson with the patented Super Six principle has distinctive smoothness, long life, wide performance range, and why every Hudson owner is so enthusiastic.

There can be no better proof that Hudson is the World's Greatest Value than what owners say for it and that its sales leadership continues as it has now for years, the outstanding success of motordom.

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · DETROIT

Long Detour Ahead!

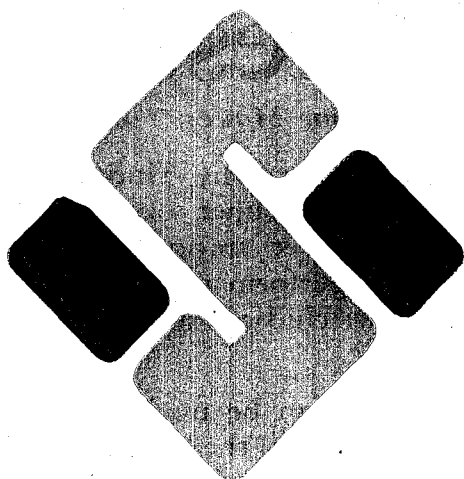
In another few weeks you'll be leaving the summer roads behind you to make the long detour through snow and slush and ice.

The tires you buy now must carry you over the winter into spring.

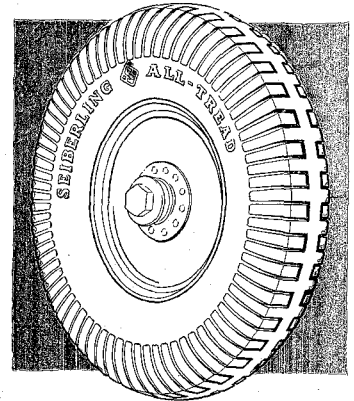
Before you buy, think of the driving ahead—then look at the Seiberling All-Tread; look at its tough tread stock extending from bead to bead—look at its reinforced side-walls—and its protective side-bars that guard against icy ruts and snow-hidden curbs—

Then you will buy with a fuller understanding of how well a tire can be fitted to the work it has to do.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

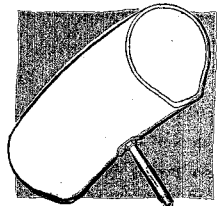


SEIBERLING



THE Seiberling All-Tread embodies the skill and knowledge developed in the design and manufacture of over 40,000,000 tires.

Its long tough side-bars not only protect the tire but also reinforce the ever flexing side-walls and provide added traction in mud, slush or sand.



THE Seiberling Tireshape Tube is molded in one piece to fit without stretch the space it is to occupy.

Ordinary tubes have to be stretched from 20 to 30% in order to fit the casing. This stretching, by distending the pores of the rubber, results in slow air leakage and develops blowouts from small punctures. And the extra frictional heat generated by the stretched rubber hastens deterioration in both tube and tire.

In the unstretched Tireshape Tube, however, punctures tend to close up rather than enlarge, and air leakage is further reduced to a negligible minimum, for this tube has neither seam nor splice, and the valve stem is vulcanized in place.

The elimination of excess heat pro-
longs the life of both tire and tube.

And no flap is necessary.

ALL-TREADS

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

"THE MAN THE PRESIDENT MUST RELY ON"

A REVOLUTIONARY CHANGE in our Government—or what amounts "in effect" to such a change—has brought it about, according to William Allen White, that President Coolidge's future will be influenced largely by his relations with Senator Charles Curtis, of Kansas. "For," argues the Emporia editor, "if the Senate wins its fight for leadership in American Government, the Presidential office must decline in prestige and power until it logically will become little better than the Presidency in France and in Germany—a figurehead in government." Analyzing the line-up of forces in Washington, Mr. White concludes that Calvin Coolidge's "pious determination" to be merely a constitutional President "made his tremendous majority a movie victory." For the Senate leads the Congress, he points out, "and the Congress defies the President and so rules the land." Capping which, he proclaims that the Senate leadership is nominally and actually in the hands of Charles Curtis, "a Senator of the United States since 1907, barring a lapse of two years when he fell among the Rooseveltian Philistines."

Before launching into a raucous account of Senator Curtis's career and personality, the Sage of Emporia presents, in *Collier's*, a brief historical sketch of the manner in which the "revolutionary change in our Government" came about. He tells us that America has been "led, if not governed," by the Senate since 1919, when Woodrow Wilson "lost the leadership of the world and of his own country." And he continues:

President Wilson, broken in health, struggled tragically to hold his leadership. Presidents Harding and Coolidge have striven as impotently if not so tragically to keep the hollow forms of leadership in the White House.

President Harding came from the Senate. He was nominated by a senatorial cabal which controlled the Republican National Convention of 1920. Out of courtesy the Senate let him save his Presidential face. In return for the senatorial kindness he allowed the Senate to entrench itself in power. Two senatorial blocs formed under him and continued to function under Coolidge for the first two years of his term—the agrarian bloc and the so-called irreconcilables; one bipartisan, the other for the most part Republican.

When President Coolidge came to the White House the Senate entente was broken. By resolution, the Senate demanded changes

in the President's Cabinet. Two members, Denby and Daugherty, left under senatorial pressure. The Senate then refused to confirm the appointment of Charles B. Warren to a place in the Cabinet. The blocs were unchecked.

The Vice-President coming in with the new Coolidge Administration in March, 1925, railed against the blocs; complained at the minority control of the Senate, which was in reality the soul of the senatorial cabal, and by reason of the Vice-Presidential clamor the people came to realize the situation.

Entering his first elective term, President Coolidge found the Senate organized, not against him, but quite independently of him.

Such is the prelude of Editor White's article on his formidable fellow-Kansan. And, since its publication, he has discoursed further to a correspondent of the *New York Times*, who tells us in a special dispatch from Topeka:

Looking over the returns from Wisconsin, and viewing other aspects of the political situation, William Allen White of Kansas, leader in the old Roosevelt Progressive forces, sees one hope that may save President Coolidge. If it can be done, he says, Senator Charles Curtis, Senate leader, is the man to do it.

With Senator Borah ready to make trouble, and Senator Watson reading young La Follette out of participation in Republican councils, Senator Curtis of Kansas has before him a big task, as Mr. White sees it. But

he believes Senator Curtis can stem the tide and save the day for the President. Mr. White wishes more power "to Calvin Coolidge's elbow, because he was elected by a vast majority of the people who wished him to solve the problem his way."

Mr. White for the instant becomes a mind-reader, expressing those thoughts which he believes are uppermost in the daily calculations of Calvin Coolidge:

"It doubtless seems to him that God gave to the world steam, electricity, the superb talent for organization which distinguishes us from 'lesser breeds without the law,' only that we might accumulate our yesterdays into a secure to-morrow through the institution of capital, and so save the world from chaos.

"To him it must seem that the whole era behind him was a mad era; when men sought to regulate capital, to restrict the activities of capital; when men questioned the wisdom of the benevolent plutocracy of the Coolidgean vision. The era of reform and reconstruction closed with the Treaty of Versailles. The leaders of that era are gone. Roosevelt, Bryan, Wilson, La Follette passed with their times."

At the end of this era stand three strong Americans—Curtis, Borah and Coolidge, says the Emporia editor. And the strongest



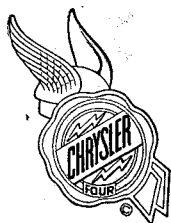
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CURTIS OF KANSAS, THE MAN "WHOM COOLIDGE MUST STUDY"

Only he can "stem the tide and save the day for the President," according to William Allen White.

CHRYSLER FOUR

Performance and Beauty That Appeal to Those Who Know



CHRYSLER FOUR

The Touring Car	\$ 895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
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Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.

CHRYSLER SIX

The Phaeton	\$1395
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The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

The nation-wide popularity of this new quality Four is due to the enthusiasm of men and women who say they have never seen its equal for comfort, beauty, ease of handling and performance.

Everywhere its continuous and dependable power, its effortless, flashing pick-up, its economy and durability are a marvel even to those who have driven cars of much higher price than this splendid Chrysler.

These characteristics, so uniquely Chrysler, are the result of the application for the first time of the proved scientific engineering of its famous companion car, the Chrysler Six, to four-cylinder practice. Linked to this is a degree of manufacturing skill and accuracy found only in Chrysler products.

Women who like fine things are captivated by the Chrysler Four beauty of line and coloring, by its restful riding and handling—the result of Chrysler-designed spring

suspension and pivotal steering, together with balloon tires.

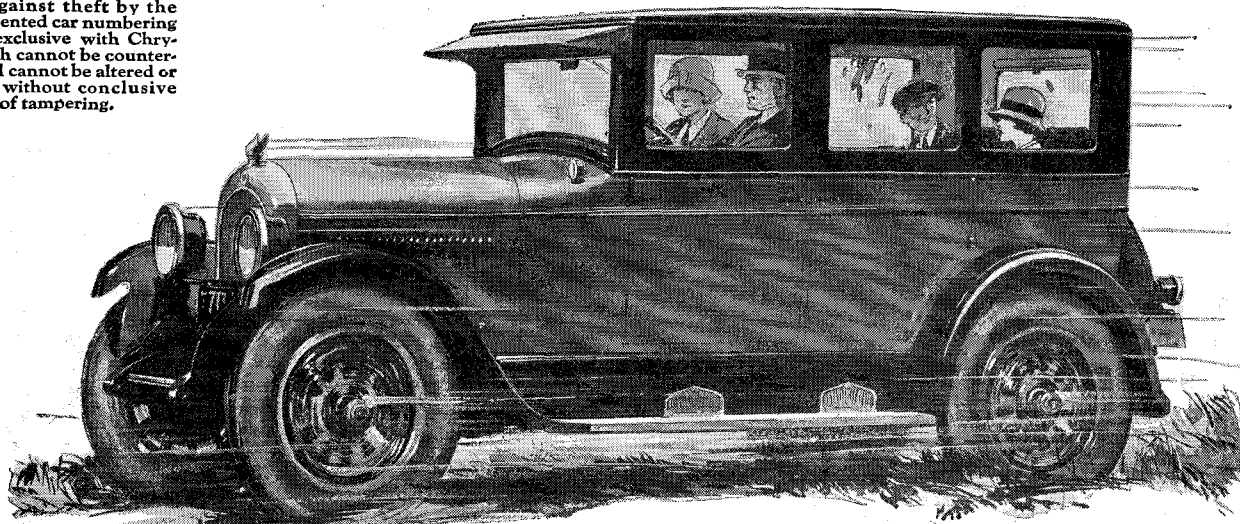
They appreciate in particular the greater safety of Chrysler hydraulic four-wheel brakes, furnished on this new Four at slight extra cost for the first time on any car of like price.

They enjoy its freedom from throb and rumble in the closed models. Sense of vibration is wiped out by specially-designed insulation of the motor from the frame.

Modish Fisher Bodies, planned and built for utmost comfort and roominess, are further cause for Chrysler's wide-spread popularity with men as well as with women—a popularity for which even a Chrysler production of 800 cars a day has proved inadequate.

Test these distinctive Chrysler Four advantages yourself. Your nearest dealer will welcome the opportunity of a demonstration.

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Every day Eversharp and Wahl Pen gain thousands of new users

[Eversharp and Wahl Pen already have more than twenty million users]

Eversharp Pencil* and Wahl Pen** are rapidly increasing a world wide following because they are simple, logical, practical—the finest writing instruments developed by the world's leading producer of fine writing equipment. They are not casual nor incidental inventions but the most dependable devices that man's five thousand years of writing history have produced — refined and perfected by specialists.

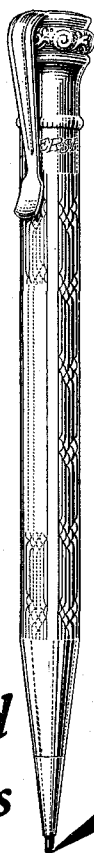
*Eversharp is the modern pencil. Always has a perfect point ready for instant use. The famous, patented, rifled tip grips the lead positively, so it cannot wobble nor turn. Therefore Eversharp is the smoothest writing pencil made. The new perfected model is not only ever sharp, non-clogging and quick loading, but also handy, handsome, and practically indestructible.

**Wahl Pen is the new idea in fountain pens. Cap and barrel are gold or silver—Wahl metal construction. This is the first important pen improvement since the self-filler was brought out. Wahl Pen is practically unbreakable, durable, beautiful as a fine watch, always in good taste. Holds more ink, perfectly balanced. Equipped with the smoothest writing iridium tipped points the jeweler's art can produce.

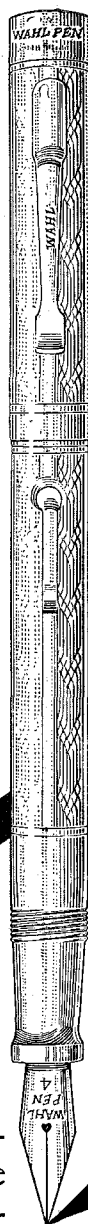
Wahl Eversharp and Wahl Pen • Made in U. S. A. by The Wahl Co., Chicago
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The New WAHL EVERSHARP PERFECTED and WAHL PEN

Red Top Eversharp Leads are now made in three thicknesses—four standard Eversharp—for "75's"—and for Eversharp checking pencils. All sizes in black, blue, red, green, yellow, and purple copying. Illustration shows approximate thickness of each variety.



Models for every need
50¢ to \$6
Also made in solid gold
This model \$5



Gold or silver filled or sterling
\$3 to \$10
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This model Wahl Pen, length 6 3/4 inches, cap and barrel silver filled—price \$5. Other silver filled models at \$3.



This model Eversharp, length 5 3/4 inches, gold filled or sterling, \$5. Also made in solid gold, \$25 to \$35.



Eversharp "75" — length 5 3/4 inches. "The big pencil with the big lead." Prices \$1 to \$3.

of these is Curtis of Kansas. Mr. White characterizes them as follows:

"Curtis is a Westerner who for thirty years has spent his life buffeting the waves of liberalism, under its various names and phases—Populism, Bryanism, anti-Cannon insurgency, the Rooseveltian Progressive and the Wilsonian democracy.

"Borah is leader of whatever liberalism is manifest at the close of a fifty-years' struggle, who, like Krishna McCree's dog, has gone a bit of the way with all of them—the Silverites, the agrarians of the late '90's, the Rooseveltians; even the Wilsonians.

"The third of the trio of American leaders is Coolidge, who has never fought for a cause or against one.

"Each of the three is equally honest; each has his own kind of courage, entirely sufficient for the needs of his career. By reason of his high office, Coolidge should be the leader. But to lead, the President must rely upon Curtis and conquer or eliminate Borah.

"Curtis, by reason of his background, has no great enthusiasm for the President's program. He will take it, push it, put it through the mill of Senatorial routine, but all with little conviction that the program is important.

"Borah has never been with the White House nor with the Senate. He has refused to take the White House program unless he made the program. The Idaho Senator can do what the President and Senator Curtis never have done—he can appeal to the people of the country, and he knows the way to the people.

"Coolidge to succeed, must mop up. He must consolidate the victories of the past three decades, discarding some hopes, abandoning certain advance lines, strengthening others. And to do his work well he must express himself through Senator Curtis, and must satisfy Senator Borah and the suspicious minority which generally follows Borah."

Returning to Mr. White's article, we read:

Curtis, considered as a product of blood and habitat, is fairly inevitable as a leader. In his veins are three potent strains of inheritance—Indian, French and New England.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, Curtis's great-grandfather, a Frenchman living near St. Louis, married the daughter of White Plume, a Kaw Indian chief. She was the granddaughter of Chief Pawhuskie of the Osage tribe. Julie Conville, the daughter of this Indian woman, married Louis Pappan, a French trader near St. Louis, in the middle of the century, and the Pappans moved with the Kaw Indians to their reservation in Kansas. Senator Curtis's grandmother, Julie Conville Pappan, had an Indian allotment—a farm near North Topeka, Kansas, where Curtis was born, the child of Ellen Pappan and Capt. O. A. Curtis.

Now the Curtises were from Indiana out of New England—old New England. His grandmother, Pamela Hubbard, came with her New England conscience from New Hampshire, and her people, the Hubbards, came from Massachusetts, where they appeared in 1621. Ten years later the Curtises landed in New York. With the adventurers of freedom who rushed into Kansas in the mid-fifties came in '56 O. A. Curtis, who married the Indian girl Ellen Pappan, went to the Civil War, and returned a brave soldier and a captain after the war of the 'sixties was over.

No mere political happen-so is this man Curtis. The scion of two Indian chieftains of more than local fame was probably going to be a leader of his fellows.

The grandson of a Frenchman was going to have a certain charm and romantic flare in his life. And that Hubbard blood doomed him inexorably to a life-term servitude of details—dry, hard details that under his imagination were bound to take some definite shape in a constructive form.

The French and Indians got him first. His early career was romantic. His mother died when he was three years old, and he went to the Kaw reservation, sixty miles west of Topeka, with his grandmother, Julie Pappan, who was living with her mother's people—reservation Indians. The illimitable prairie was there; hunting was a part of the child's daily life. Dogs and horses were the companions of babyhood and boyhood, and at eight Charles Curtis was a jockey, riding races at the fairs. At ten he had a name in the State and at twelve he was a figure in his part of the world—a lithe, handsome, black-haired, black-eyed boy, the Indian jockey—"ol' Cap Curtis's boy."

After the Cheyenne Indian raid in 1868, Charles Curtis went back to his father's people and lived with his father's parents, in Topeka, Kansas. When the Government sent the Kaw Indians from Morris County, Kansas, to the Indian Territory—where now Oklahoma is—the little Curtis boy desired to go with his grandmother Pappan.

He joined the tribal hegira. But the first trek out of Topeka Julie Pappan came to him late at night and told him to go back—and he did so. He walked to Topeka. In the winter he went to school; in the summer and fall he followed the races. When he was sixteen years old he had a winter contract for riding—a good one, worth more money to him than his father could have made.

But again a wise woman's voice spoke to him—his Curtis grandmother, Pamela Hubbard Curtis of New Hampshire, persuaded him to quit the track and go to school. So he went through the grades of the common school and began life on his own.

The New England blood was forever calling him, and in the livery stable he spent his spare hours with his books. He got a job as a reporter on a North Topeka paper and in his late teens went about writing and soliciting subscribers.

Thus, Mr. White comments, "he began to use his brains to promote his career," and we learn further:

He found that he could remember names and faces. He knew the names of men and women all over Shawnee County who were to be his assets when he entered politics. Also here is where he got his first windfall—the inheritance from the Convilles and Pappans, his blessed gift as a handshaker, the indefinable thing called charm which binds men to one forever. His more favored enemies referred to him as "the Injun," or, being sarcastic, "the Noble Red Man of the Forest," or, for short, "Lo!" Be that as it may, he has never lost a friend or trusted an enemy in all his long and rising career.

How curiously different are the lines of these two lives, that of Curtis the plainsman, and Coolidge the Green Mountaineer; lives that were to come together so closely in the third decade of the new century and to carry with them such power for good or evil in the history of mankind. Curtis, the little Indian jockey with his fantastic jockey clothes, was riding races the year Coolidge was born, driving a bus, studying between hours in the livery stable as Coolidge was coddled, a sheltered, shy and rather lonely child.

So with his French and Indian inheritance Curtis entered life. At nineteen he began studying law in Topeka, and when twenty-one he was admitted to the bar. He went into local politics. He was, of course, an organization man and a Republican by inheritance. He appeared at the city and county conventions with the names of hundreds of farmers at his tongue's tip.

He was a handsome lad in that day—slight, with the jockey's liteness, with affectionate, black, caressing eyes hard to forget, with a fine, olive skin, and a haymow of black hair and a curling black mustache.

And at this point in the picture we are treated to a touch of the subtle sententiousness that has made Emporia famous, for Mr. White bids us imagine "a gentle, ingratiating voice and an easy flow of innocuous conversation unimpeded by pestiferous ideas, and you have a creature God sent into politics." Continuing, he relates:

The North Topeka folks called him "Our Charley." So when he was twenty-four years old he was elected prosecuting attorney of Shawnee County—the county which contained the capital of the State of Kansas.

Four years before young Curtis was made prosecuting attorney, in 1880, Kansas had adopted Prohibition. Young Curtis, whose fame as a jockey was still fresh in the minds of his fellow citizens, was elected by the wets. They did not question him. They took it for granted that he was with them. And then the day after his elevation to office he went to work on the open saloons of Topeka with all the energy of a crusader. The wets had forgotten about Pamela Hubbard and the New England conscience!

Curtis closed the saloons of Topeka. He was triumphantly reelected. At twenty-eight he retired from office and became a criminal lawyer with an assured practise. He made money; his law office was busy. Every fall he went out campaigning for the Republicans.

It was in the spring of 1892, when Calvin Coolidge was a scrawny freshman stepping on his feet at Amherst, that they nominated "Our Charley" for Congress at the Fourth District Convention in the little town opera house at Emporia.

Early in his Congressional career, Congressman Curtis discovered an important fact about the politics of his day—that ward and precinct caucuses are controlled by persons who have the greatest interest in controlling these meetings. Caucuses control delegates to county conventions, and county conventions control delegates to district and State conventions, and they all control nominations of political parties. Those, therefore, who control caucuses control nominations, and those who control nominations rule the land.

In Congressman Curtis's district control lay with the railroads, the Santa Fé, the Missouri Pacific, and the Rock Island. In Topeka the Santa Fé shopmen and the Santa Fé office people, working with the Rock Island employees, appearing in the party caucuses could control a minority of the Shawnee County convention sufficiently large to dominate it. In Atchison the Missouri Pacific employees held the strategic position. In Horton

the Rock Island men dominated. Thus all over America the railroads and the organized industries controlled politics.

Being a practical man with a good brain, Curtis went to the sources of control. He made friends with the railroad attorneys who handled this railroad vote. Later as he came to know his way around in Washington he made friends with those who controlled the Kansas railroad attorneys, and so became entrenched in power. He was undefeatable in conventions by reason of his accurate knowledge of the forces that dominate men, and at the polls he commanded majorities because of the charm of his personality—the palaver of him—and because he had personal relations with all his district.

In Kansas, in those days of the first decade of our century, his enemies charged that Curtis was not a statesman but an errand-boy: an errand-boy for place hunters, an errand-boy for the railroads, an errand-boy for the old soldier who was sadly marching into the sunset. But Curtis has his side. To understand that side is to understand the man who, almost next to the President of the United States, is influencing the course of our country.

Curtis's mind is factual. If he had gone to college he would have been a scientist. He never has cared particularly for money. He cares less for theories of life. "Jobs please friends" is a simple statement of fact. "Friends help in elections" is another simple statement. There was that end, the Kansas end. The Washington end ran thus: Men give jobs to friends. To get patronage be friendly. Make friends and serve Kansas; let the reformers go rave. So Curtis became messenger for those who had favors to give. He profited not one penny for himself. He was an honest agent.

Speaker Reed early discovered how Curtis could be trusted. Reed used Curtis. And Curtis became Mercury for Cannon. Cabinet members trusted Curtis. He did not lie; he did not steal; he did not blab. He never stopt working until the job which he had in hand was done, and always it was some one else's job. His commission was slight—just jobs for his friends. Three times has he been offered a Federal judgeship by grateful Presidents, and declined.

Now as to his friends: they also were subjects of scurrilous comment by his political enemies. His political enemies charged that Curtis's friends were the scum of creation, that he never picked men of parts and consequence. Deducting the customary 75 per cent. for political exaggeration these statements also are capable of fairly accurate demonstration. But here again Curtis has his side. It is this: his friends have all died poor.

After narrating some of the disappointments encountered by Curtis before achieving election to the Senate, Mr. Whitesums up his Congressional career, and remarks that "major issues mean little to Curtis." Further—

His senatorial career has been most interesting. It was, of course, a replica of his earlier career.

During the fourteen years in the House, Curtis had met and worked with a majority of the men whom he met in the Senate. He learned in the House of Representatives that if he wanted a measure adopted one of the poorest ways to get it adopted was to introduce it; one of the best ways was to let a member of a committee that naturally would be in charge of the measure introduce it, then to play upon that member's vanity, to run errands for that member and other members of the committee, until he had a majority of the committee under obligations to Curtis, and then to steer his godchild through the rapids of parliamentary procedure until the measure became a law.

TAPS FOR "MATTY"—HE PLAYED THE GAME

THE GREATEST OF ALL PITCHERS" passed away in Christy Mathewson, in the unanimous judgment of sports writers and professional commentators; and they all hasten to add heartfelt tributes to the worth of the man as a man—a hero of the diamond and of life. "He fought the good fight and the clean fight," says W. O. McGeehan. "He was the incarnation of all those virtues with which we endow the ideal American." And he adds, "If baseball will hold to the ideals and the example of Christy Mathewson—gentleman, sportsman, and soldier—our national game will keep the younger generation clean and courageous, and the future of the nation secure."

Editorial writers all over the country pay generous tribute to the sterling attributes of "Big Six." The New York *World* pronounces him "one of those rare figures in sport who transform it from sordid reality into the glamorous thing we would wish it to be. He was worshiped," continues this eulogist, "not because he had a hop on his fast one, not because he struck out hundreds of batters, not because he was cool in the pinches, or because he made a game fight against a mortal disease, but because, before anything else, he was a gentleman. Like Corbett in boxing and Camp in football he made us feel that he stood for what the game could be if all those associated with it were like him. He was a vindication of our love for sport. In his passing we lose more than a pitcher. We lose a man." And the New York *Tribune* reminds us editorially:

Baseball was baseball and not an intricate problem in higher mathematics when Christopher Mathewson won almost unaided a world's championship from the Philadelphia Athletics twenty years ago.

His pitching in that series set a standard to which the statisticians and historians of the game have referred countless times in the last two decades. In three games he allowed a total of fourteen hits, and did not permit a single Philadelphian to score. Before and after this masterly pitching feat Mathewson distinguished himself on countless occasions.

What was the secret of this man's hold on the affection of the fickle baseball public? Here was a player who arose to the heights of baseball popularity, who was idolized by frenzied fans. There have been scores of other baseball heroes, Cobbs and Ruths and Gowdys. "Matty" had something more than their skill, something which commanded not only respect, but the deep affection of the thousands who were no closer to him than the distance between the pitcher's box and their seats in the bleachers. They knew him for a man. He took into the game a keen mind, a strong will, a wealth of strength, and a high sense of fairness and sporting generosity. Players and public learned to know that behind his smile was a fighting spirit of fierce intensity. The breath of tainted baseball never touched Mathewson; the foul rumor of suspicion never hung over his name.

In his long struggle against the ailment from which he suffered after his war service, Mathewson drew heavily on that fighting spirit that had carried him successfully through many crises on the diamond. Then he learned, if he did not know before, that his code of life brings the best reward. Few athletes enjoy such

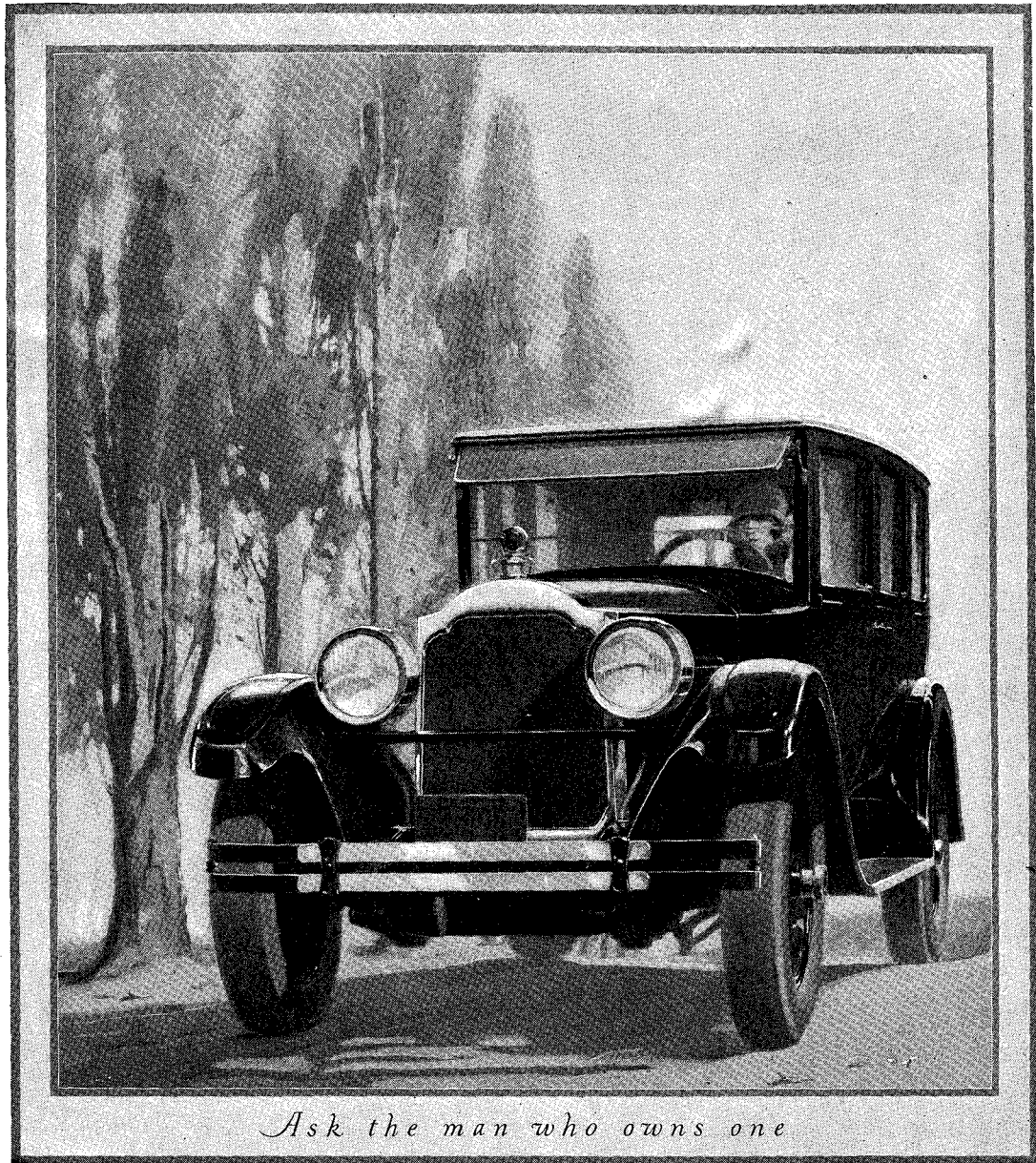


Photograph copyrighted by Brown Bros.

WHEN "BIG SIX" WAS KING

At the height of his fame and in the heat of action, Christy Mathewson was "the beau-ideal of the diamond."

Mastery of Power



Ask the man who owns one

THE new series Packard Eight brings a new zest for motor-ing to those who long ago ceased to drive for pleasure.

Smooth, quiet, beautiful in performance as in appearance, it is pleasing to sense your mastery of its eighty horsepower.

The new Packard steering and front spring suspension at all times assure your safety and ease on low-pressure tires.

And like a great, healthy animal the new Packard Eight requires little attention to be always in the pink of condition. The chassis lubricating system and the oil rectifier make that attention almost automatic. Together, they double the life of the car.

Behind the wheel of a Packard Eight you may learn the true meaning of luxury, comfort and distinction in travel.



The Packard Eight is provided in ten body types—four open and six enclosed. Packard distributors and dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his car out of income instead of capital.

The Packard Eight five-passenger Sedan is illustrated, \$4750 at Detroit

PACKARD

heartening support as Mathewson had; perhaps Walter Johnson is the next most fortunate player. While one was scoring a signal triumph the other was finishing out the hardest game. A shadow hangs over the series, but the memories of "Matty" will linger on after the scores of the games of this championship have been forgotten.

It is on the sporting page of the same newspaper that Mr. McGeehan, under a Pittsburgh date-line, writes feelingly on "The Passing of Matty":

While the captains and the kings of baseball were gathered here last night after the first game of a world series there died at Saranac the best-loved of all the baseball players and the most popular of all American athletes of all time—Christy Mathewson.

Always a cheerful and a fair fighter, he lost a most unfair fight. Mathewson in his prime had sinews of steel in his right arm, he had speed, he had everything, they said, but his greatest asset was his calm courage. This held him up, cheerful and calm, to meet the end.

While Mathewson's record in baseball will stand while the game lasts, it was not his prowess as an athlete that made him the idol of American manhood, young and old. It was the character of the man, his contempt for the chicanery that creeps into professional baseball and his frank and simple honesty.

They have said that no player is greater than the game. Yet the death of Christy Mathewson makes this world series seem a petty, piffing thing. The minds of the old-timers went back to twenty years ago to the day when Christy Mathewson shut out the Athletics in a series that was all battle and melodrama. Twenty years ago to-day the right arm of Mathewson was in its prime, his blue-gray eyes were alight with the flame of battle.

The younger generation at Forbes Field to-day had their eyes on the duel between Vic Aldridge and Stanley Coveleskie. The old-timers were looking at the field, too, but their eyes were misty and they saw through the film of the years Christy Mathewson, Big Six himself, pitching against the Athletics and shutting them out. Even the roars of the multitude could not rouse the old-timers. They were living in the dim past again with Matty, living back in the golden age of baseball.

They knew that Matty was a very sick man. Disturbing rumors had been coming from Saranac for months, but Matty himself always insisted that he could hold back the black shadow. Even in this pinch those who knew him felt that somehow Matty would beat even the unconquerable.

In the old days it was a Polo Grounds tragedy when Matty was batted out of the box. When Matty failed, the Giants failed, and everything was wrong. The bulletin, "Mathewson out of the game," always saddened the fans while Mathewson was young Christy Mathewson with the strength still in that right arm and the vitality to come back. Toward the last this began to happen more frequently, and those who loved the game for the game's sake became sadder than ever.

Then there came the day when Mathewson himself decided that his pitching days were over, and announced that he would stand in the box no more. To thousands the game never could be the same without Matty. But after he gave up active playing his influence remained with the sport to which he had given all of his splendid, vital youth. His influence and his personality helped to save in its hour of greatest needs.

Small wonder that the old-timers' eyes were moist!

A "HUNGRY HEART" AND—\$10,000

SHE WAS DESPERATELY POOR, we read, and desperately rebellious against life, when, out of a clear sky, the incredible sum of \$10,000 fell into her lap. What that \$10,000 did to her—the change wrought by it in her point of view toward the structure of society and the vicissitudes of life—she tells the world with analytical candor. And, incidentally, we are given a glimpse of the flourishing world of Hollywood. The protagonist of this experience is Anzia Yeziarska, who has

been called "the Balzac of the Ghetto," and whose books, "Children of Loneliness," "Hungry Hearts," and others, reveal the struggles, longings and aspirations of the Jewish immigrant with all-compelling pathos. Telling her own tale in *Hearst's International Cosmopolitan*, she confesses that, on the eve of the adventure of the \$10,000, she "hated the rich." And she adds with simplicity: "Now that I, too, have some means, I no longer hate them. I have found that the rich are as human as any of us." And she goes on:

It began five years ago just a few days before Christmas. Shivering with cold, I walked up and down the shopping district of Fifth Avenue. I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror of a passing shop window. What a pinched, starved thing! Worried, haunted eyes under a crumpled hat. Faded, ragged old coat. Overpatched shoes, pulling apart at the patches.

All about me fine ladies, sleek and warm in fur coats, stepping in and out of their cars. All about me shop windows glittering with ball-gowns and gorgeous wraps. Riches and luxury everywhere, and I so crazed with want!

In one window a dazzling Christmas tree blinded me with rage. Why should there be Christmas in the world? Why this holiday spirit on Fifth Avenue when there's no holiday for Hester Street? Why these expectant, smiling faces of the shoppers buying useless presents for each other, when we didn't know from where would come our next meal?

I had been writing and starving for years. My stories, which appeared in the magazines from time to time, had been gathered together and published in a book called "Hungry Hearts." Altho reviewers praised it, my royalties were so small that it brought me little money and almost no recognition. People who read a book little know what small reward there is for the writer while he is still unknown—of his often solitary, starved existence. A book read in one evening may have taken the author years and years of the most agonizing toil to create.

On and on I walked through the gay street, shoved and elbowed by the hurrying crowd. Wild thoughts raced in the corner of my brain. If I could only throw a bomb right there in the middle of Fifth Avenue and shatter into a thousand bits all this heartlessness of buying and buying! The slush of the sidewalk creeping into the cracks of my shoes made me feel so wretchedly uncomfortable. Exhausted with the bitterness and hatred of my thoughts, my futile rebellion gradually settled into a dull melancholy. If I could only kill myself as a protest against the wrongs and injustices I had suffered! I did not really want to die. But I did so much want to shock the world out of its indifference.



From a drawing by Emil Fuchs

SHE LEAPT FROM HESTER STREET TO HOLLYWOOD

Anzia Yeziarska, novelist of the Ghetto, who describes her reactions to sudden fortune.



Waves of Power

... on the hill ... in traffic ... for emergencies

YES, there are times when you want *all* the power your engine was built to deliver. *Do you get it?*

Many a shiny young car runs around with its power weakening and its engine much too far along the path to old age. Cylinder walls already scoring—long before they should. Piston rings already seriously worn. Bearings already loosening.

You don't *see* the wear. But the engine response may be only 85% when it should be a full 100%.

At least half of all automobile engines develop the noises of wear long before they should. The common cause is not reckless driving, but reckless lubrication. The oil was incorrect, or ordinary in quality.

Dealers who recommend low-cost mileage

Dealers who recommend Mobiloil want you to have that full delivery

of power. And cheap *mileage*. Results considered, Mobiloil is the cheapest oil you can buy.

The Vacuum Oil Company has specialized in lubrication for 59 years. The Mobiloil engineers have studied every detail of the design of *your* engine. In many cases they have experimented side by side with the makers of your car to make sure that their oil recommendation was correct.

As a result, there is a grade of Mobiloil which is the *most economical and efficient lubricant* that you can secure for your car. And in quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

That is why three out of every four who ask for oil by name specify Mobiloil.

Vacuum Oil Company, branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

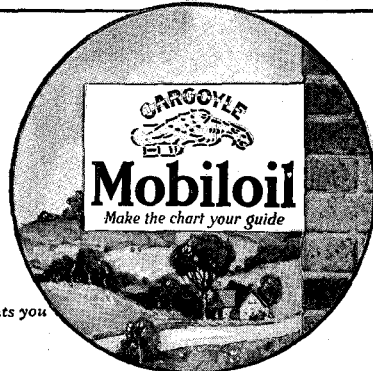
THE correct grades of Gargoyl Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

The grades of Gargoyl Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below, "Arc" means Gargoyl Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyl Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyl Mobiloil "E").

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Cadillac.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Chandler.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chevrolet FB.....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
<i>(other mod's.)</i>	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Chrysler.....	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dodge Brothers.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Essex.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford.....	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin.....	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Hupmobile.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Maxwell.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash.....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Oakland.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile 6.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	A
Overland.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard 8.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
<i>(other mod's.)</i>	A	Arc.	A	A	A	A	A	A
Reo.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Rickenbacker 6.....	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Star.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.	Arc.
Studebaker.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight 4.....	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.	B	Arc.
Willys-Knight 6.....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.



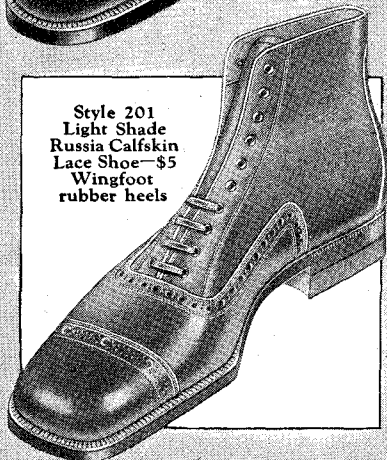
This sign identifies the dealer who wants you to have the BEST in lubrication

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Style 1287D
Imported Tan
Scotch Grain
Oxford—\$5
Wingfoot
rubber heels



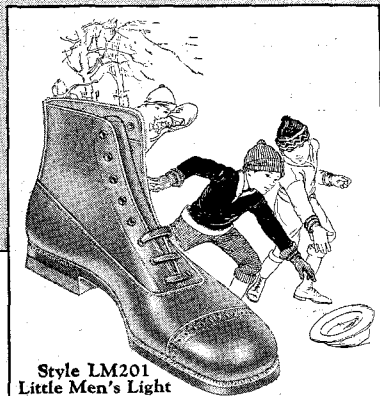
Style 201
Light Shade
Russia Calfskin
Lace Shoe—\$5
Wingfoot
rubber heels



THE Hanover Shoe FIVE DOLLARS

Twenty-five years ago Hanover Shoes set out to prove that quality footwear *could* be sold at a reasonable price. Today 100 Hanover Shoe stores in 74 cities are proving that you can get good-looking, long-wearing, comfortable shoes for Five Dollars. If there's no Hanover Store near you write for free booklet.

The Hanover Shoe
Hanover, Pa.



Style LM201
Little Men's Light
Shade Russia Lace
Shoe—\$3

Hanover Shoes for Boys and Little Men are every bit as sturdy and good looking as "dad's." They sell for \$2.50, \$3 and \$3.50.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Almost a sense of exaltation stole over me as I went on imagining the details of my death. I could see the beautiful limousine wrenched to a sudden stop. The pale chauffeur lifting my crushed, bleeding body in his arms. The whole world crowding around me, dumb, horrified. Then a voice breaking the hush of the crowd:

"This was the author of 'Hungry Hearts,' and we left her to languish and die in want!"

Her imagination reveled in its own fantasies. Already, she relates, she saw "the throngs mobbing the bookstores" for her book, her last letter and her picture "in the front page of every newspaper in the country—everywhere people reading and talking 'Hungry Hearts'—the whole world shaken, too late, "with guilty sorrow for my tragic death." And thus to the climax that life had prepared for her:

My last letter was already shaping itself in my head as I hastened back to my room to write it.

How I dreaded to meet the landlady on the stairs! I could not bear to hear her nagging for the rent in my last tragic hour. Trembling with fear, I sneaked into my room.

There on the table lay a little yellow telegram!

I stared at it. Who in the world would send me a telegram?

I tore it open and read uncomprehendingly. It was from a well-known moving-picture agent, saying that he could get for the film rights of my book the unheard of sum of ten thousand dollars.

In a flash the whole world changed! And I was changed. It changed still more when, after negotiations for the book had been made, they offered to send me to California to collaborate on the screen version of "Hungry Hearts."

There followed a wonderful trip across the continent, in a private compartment. I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not dreaming when I entered the diner and ordered roast duck, asparagus, endive salad and strawberries with cream. I could treat myself with a full hand because a millionaire corporation was paying the bills.

"And this is no accident of good fortune, no matter of luck," I kept telling myself. "'Hungry Hearts' has earned it for me."

Arrived in Los Angeles, I was greeted with overwhelming friendliness by a representative of the company. In a gorgeous limousine, one of those limousines that I always condemned as a criminal luxury of the hated rich—in one of these limousines I was driven to a hotel.

Flowers filled my room. Flowers for me! I looked around, dazzled out of my senses. Luxurious comfort beyond dream all about me. I felt dizzy drunk with this sudden plunge into the world of wealth.

For the first day I stayed in my room, struggling to pull together my bewildered wits. I wanted to let go and be happy. But I could not let go, nor be happy. All my Hester Street past rose up in arms against me. "Betrayal! Deserter!" my soul that once was cried accusingly.

The following morning a limousine called to take me to the studio in Culver City. A private office and a secretary were assigned to me. And that secretary! I wondered,

would I have to get myself new clothes to match up to her style?

At luncheon time I met the "eminent authors" that were working about the lot—Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton, Leroy Scott, Alice Duer Miller, Gouverneur Morris and many others. What a thrilling experience it was to see them for the first time face to face, to talk to them as they were eating luncheon, just as if they were plain human beings!

One of the "eminent authors" invited her to dinner at his house that evening, she relates. Such things as dinner clothes or evening clothes never came into her mind, and she adds that it seemed to her even if she had such fancy things she'd never know how to wear them. And we read:

Again the company's limousine drove me to the place. A grave, dignified butler opened the door for me. Through the hall beyond I saw ladies almost half-naked, in what seemed to me dressy, gay-colored night-gowns, and all the men in wedding suits.

"So these are evening clothes!" I pondered.

I wanted to rush back to my hotel, but my host saw me as he passed the hall and hastened over to welcome me.

Upstairs, a fancy maid in a black uniform helped me take off my things. She gave me one look that said as plain as words, "From where do you come? You here—among 'eminent authors'?"

But the "eminent authors" themselves were such lively, plain people. They greeted me with such natural friendliness that I almost forgot I was different.

Cocktails were served. And then we seated ourselves about the table. Such a millionaire wedding feast! And that's what "eminent authors" called just dinner.

Four butlers were busy waiting on a dozen guests. Champagne—it would be impossible to count the bottles. As one rich dish after another was served, I thought of the people in Hester Street, starving, thrown in the street for unpaid rent. The cost of the champagne for that one dinner would be enough to feed a whole tenement house full of people . . . I remembered the picture of Nero fiddling before the fall of Rome. I had touched the two extremes of life: Hester Street—Hollywood.

In the morning, still elated with the gay party of the night before, I awoke to the delicious feel of my soft, smooth bed. Such fresh, clean-smelling sheets! Warm wool blankets finer than silk. Fresh air and sunshine flooded my room.

How far away was that dark hole in the tenements whence I came—six lodgers on one hard mattress on the floor, and the landlady with all her children in that narrow bed!

At the push of a button a Japanese maid brought me my breakfast on a silver tray. Hot-house grapes—great purple ones, big as plums they looked to me. And the smell of that coffee in that silver pitcher and the fresh, buttered toast!

I laughed aloud at myself—crazy from Hester Street! You playing lady? You breakfasting in bed? You served on a silver tray? . . . Well, I'm only finding out how it feels. I'm only doing it for experience.

The limousine called to take me to my office. I felt so fine, so in love with the whole world as I relaxed against the cushions of the car. How much more comfortable than the crowded trolley!

Gives You

Highest Quality ~ Best Resale Value
Unequalled Mechanical Service ~
Right Machine for Your Work



ADDING · BOOKKEEPING · CALCULATING AND BILLING MACHINES



No matter what you weigh in pounds, there's a way in underwear to give you the ease and comfort you demand. That way is the

HATCHWAY NO-BUTTON UNION SUIT

The buttonless Hatchway is stylish, comfortable and economical. It keeps upkeep down because there are no weekly repairs; no buttons to be sewed on.

Step into a Hatchway and out of the old way. You'll like it. In fact you'll wonder why union suits were ever made any other way.

Without a single button—front or back—to disappear at the laundry, or break and split when dressing, the Hatchway is the quickest way to comfort.

HATCHWAY is made to please every taste. To suit every pocketbook. Medium or heavy, in cotton, wool, worsted or mercerized fabrics. Most good dealers sell HATCHWAY UNION SUITS. But if you have the slightest difficulty getting exactly what you want, we will gladly see you are supplied, delivery free, anywhere in the United States.

Men's Suits

\$2.00; \$2.50; \$3.00; \$4.00; \$5.00; \$6.00

Boys' Suits

Ages 6 to 16 only—\$1.50; \$2.00

West of the Rockies 25 cents per garment should be added to the above prices.

In ordering, please write, stating size and enclosing check or money order, direct to our mill at Albany. A beautiful catalogue illustrating the complete line of HATCHWAY UNION SUITS in both winter and summer weights sent free on request.

DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
Albany New York
Woods Underwear Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada,
Licensed Manufacturers of these lines for Canada

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Would I ever be able to stand the elevated or subway after this?

My secretary was waiting for me as usual. I greeted her gaily.

"Don't you love it out here?" I laughed.

But now came a glimpse of the seamy side of Hollywood. For the secretary responded:

"Love it! When they don't pay me enough to live?" Then she poured out to me her bitter story. "In my home town in Iowa I got thirty-five a week. But I was crazy to work with the movies. I left a good job to come here. And all they pay is twenty-five dollars a week. I asked for a raise of five dollars. They refused it. It's impossible to get along on my wages. But a lot they care. It's take it or leave it with them. A dozen girls are ready to step into my job."

I could stand it no longer. At the end of the week I went to the president of the company. "I'm so miserable in this grand hotel," I said.

"What? Aren't you comfortable?"

"I'm too comfortable—so comfortable—it makes me nervous. I've got to live plain like I'm used to. How much does it cost the company to keep me here?"

"About two hundred a week."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Seven families with a dozen children each could live on that sum. Give me that money. I can live like a queen on fifty a week."

I left Hollywood a few months later, a tortured soul with a bank account. I had the money now to live securely for a few years. Security buys peace of mind to develop a soul. And here I was losing the very soul that my security was giving me. For now I was a capitalist—one of the class that I hated.

People who have been always comfortable can't know what it means to come into sudden wealth. My mail was full of begging letters. Poor relatives besieged me for money. And my conscience told me that if I were true to my soul I'd give all. I had hated the rich because they kept their wealth and refused to share it with the rest of the world. But how was I to begin to share?

Ten thousand dollars seemed a fairy tale when I was starving poor, but a few months at Hollywood had so changed me that it did not seem much now. Just about enough to keep me till I wrote my next book.

As the demands for money became more insistent, I grew resentful. "I've slaved and starved and risked all to write something real. I've earned what I've got. What right have they to it? Let them produce 'Hungry Hearts.' Let them suffer and agonize for every little word as I suffered and agonized."

The more I tried to make myself feel right, the more uneasy I was. My self-defense turned in upon me like an accusation. I knew the pain of the unjustly condemned and the guilt of those who had committed a crime.

To end the turmoil and confusion of my soul, I took a trip to Europe. As I traveled from city to city and saw the crooked little alleys where the poor huddled on top of each other worse than in Hester Street, I wanted to atone for the luxury of my trip by going back steerage.

I had come steerage to America twenty

years ago. Why should I not be able to return the same way? I felt that only by going back to my own people could I hope to regain my lost soul—my soul that I had lost with my sudden good luck.

I stood it one day only, in the steerage. The dingy, crowded, smelly berths, the coarse food, the thick, ugly dishes and the lack of table service that had become a necessity to me.

I realized that you can't be an immigrant twice.

When I returned to New York, I moved boldly into a hotel on Fifth Avenue.

I didn't have time now to hate the rich. I had to use my energies to make myself a better writer, to keep up with the cost of my new standards of living. Here I came in contact with other capitalists, other conspirators of wealth. I discovered they were not ogres, heartless oppressors of the poor. They were as human as other folks.

Now, as I sit alone in my room, watching the wonder of the sunset, I look back and see how happy I ought to have been when I was starving poor, but one of my own people. Now I am cut off by my own for acquiring the few things I have. And those new people with whom I dine and to whom I talk, I do not belong to them. I am alone because I left my own world.

But Anzia Yezierska seems to have made good use of her loneliness, for William Lyon Phelps tells us in *The International Book Review*:

If I had one thousandth part of the ability in English composition possessed by the late Mr. Carlyle, I should like to add an appendix to his printed lectures, and call it "The Heroine as a Woman of Letters." Anzia Yezierska entered this country with no knowledge of English, and no education in her native tongue; her determination to become an American novelist seemed at the time about as practicable as if she had determined to have three terms in the White House. But by working in sweatshops and at other forms of drudgery all day, and by studying English all night, that is, by merely sacrificing sleep, food, clothing, shelter, health, she is now a distinguished American novelist, a woman of letters. The oft-told story can not too often be repeated; at one time in her fight for livelihood, she went to a famous New York hotel to get a job at scrubbing or as a scullion; her clothes and general appearance caused her rejection. Not many years after this unsuccessful venture, she went to the same hotel as guest of honor at a literary banquet. Is she a heroine? She is. Is she a woman of letters? She is.

She writes about life, not as a reporter, observer, social student, slummer, or reformer, but as one who has lived it before describing it. Her stories, both of the habits of the poor and of their dreams, are authentic. In reading her latest novel, "Breadgivers" (Doubleday, Page and Co.), I feel as I did in reading her previous books, as if looking not at the picture of life, but at life itself. She has, in one sense of the word, no literary style; you do not see her people through curiously stained glass, or through a magnifying lens. There was so much style in some of the books of Meredith and Henry James, that it got between the reader and the object, with so little translucent power as to be almost opaque; in the works of Tolstoy, the style is like plate-glass, so perfectly does the plain simple word fit the thought; but in Anzia Yezierska's tales there is nothing. One does not seem to read; one is too completely inside.

October 24th to 31st SQUIBB WEEK

You've been going to do it for months—
this week let's have action!

EVERY time you've opened the door of your medicine cabinet you've mentally promised it a thorough cleaning out.

But something has always come up to sidetrack your good intentions—and there stands the cabinet, full of things that are useless, things that annoy you, things which your physician would never approve, things that had better be thrown in the ashcan.

Old prescription bottles, half-full of many colored compounds the original purposes of which have long been forgotten. Pill boxes containing the surplus tablets and capsules of many bygone illnesses. Old razor blades, empty tubes, worthless bottles and a collection of odds and ends that defy description.

This is the week to get rid of these things—many of them real menaces.

Not only the week for clearing out, but the week for restocking the cabinet with a fresh supply of those household articles that should always be at hand.

And nothing is more important in restocking the medicine cabinet with the things your family needs than this—*quality and purity must come first.*

Safeguarding your family's health is the most vital thing

about home-making, and the articles you use to accomplish this result every day or in emergencies must be right. Everything that goes into your medicine cabinet should have the approval of your physician.

To be absolutely safe, merely say "Squibb's" to your druggist.

For over sixty years the name "Squibb" has stood for quality, for purity, for safety. Every product bearing the name "Squibb" contains that "Priceless Ingredient"—the honor and integrity of its maker.

Glance over the list of Squibb Household Necessities. Mark the things you need and then see your druggist. You'll not only feel safe with Squibb Products, but you'll be proud to have anyone, including your family physician, inspect your medicine cabinet. You know your choice is above criticism.

This is Squibb Week. Clear out the useless and dangerous accumulation in your cabinet, then make the list of fresh supplies, then a trip to the druggist, and then the joy of putting all the beautiful new Squibb packages in their proper places.

Make Squibb Week really mean something to the health of your whole family.

Suggestions for your medicine cabinet

Squibb's Dental Cream
Squibb's Sodium Bicarbonate
Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil
(vitamin-tested)
Squibb's Milk of Magnesia
Squibb's Epsom Salt Special
Squibb's Castor Oil, Tasteless
Squibb's Boric Acid Granular
Squibb's Boric Acid Powder
Squibb's Cold Cream
Squibb's Talcum Powder
Squibb's Nursery Powder
Squibb's Zinc Stearate
Squibb's Milk Sugar
Squibb's Sodium Phosphate
Squibb's Analgesic Balm
Squibb's Benzoinated Cream
Squibb's Rochelle Salt
Squibb's Dental Prophylactic

Your druggist has them
And your physician will approve them

There's still time to
enter the Squibb
\$25,000.00

Educational Contest

Each advertisement of E. R. Squibb & Sons has an educational purpose. It gives information which, if followed, will lead to better health. To help accomplish this purpose, we will distribute \$25,000.00 in cash awards among 508 contestants who give the best answers to eleven questions. Ten of these questions have appeared in Squibb advertisements during the past few months in magazines and newspapers. The final question—the 11th—is now available at drug stores that have the Squibb Week Display in their windows.

You can now secure all the
questions at Squibb Week
Drug Stores

Even though the first ten questions have been out for several months, there is still plenty of time for you to secure these questions and enter the contest. See the Squibb Week Druggist (you can tell him by the Squibb Window Display) and he will be glad to give you full details—including the famous 11th question.

The awards are well worth trying for. Here they are:

The Awards

1st award	\$2,000.00
2nd award	1,500.00
3rd award	1,000.00
2 awards of	500.00 each
3 awards of	250.00 each
50 awards of	100.00 each
100 awards of	50.00 each
350 awards of	25.00 each
508 awards totaling	\$25,000.00

100 special awards at
\$25.00 each

One hundred of the \$25.00 awards will be set aside for the 100 contestants who give the best answers to any one question.

The questions are not difficult to answer, nor does the answering of them require professional or technical knowledge.

If there is no Squibb Week Druggist nearby, you can secure all eleven questions free of charge by writing direct to E. R. Squibb & Sons, P. O. Box 1261, City Hall Station, New York City.

Your druggist now has
the **11th** question in the
big **\$25,000.00** contest

Get the details from the
Squibb Week druggist
and then send in your
answers—Your chance to
win a big award is still
as good as anybody's



Colds, Colds Colds

One right after the other.
Here is a way you can
avoid most of them.

A-CHOO-O!

This is nature's warning that a cold is on the way. But why wait for a sneeze to tell you to get busy? Start working on a cold even *before* you get one.

Glyco-Thymoline, used morning and evening in an atomizer, nasal douche, or as a gargle, strengthens the delicate lining of your nose, mouth and throat. It washes the membrane clear of dust and irritants which form weak spots in the tissue. It is chiefly at these irritated places that the germs of cold and sore throat make their attack.

Used regularly, Glyco-Thymoline prevents these weak spots from forming.

Cleanses, soothes, heals

Glyco-Thymoline is not merely an antiseptic. It is an *alkaline* antiseptic. Any doctor will tell you that the most effective healing agents for infections of the mucous membrane are *alkaline*.

Glyco-Thymoline cleanses the irritated or congested membrane thoroughly. It removes excess mucus. It washes away the germs and objectionable matter which the mucus contains. At the same time the antiseptic properties make it hard for germs to multiply. Get a bottle of Glyco-Thymoline today. Use it regularly and enjoy greater freedom from colds and sore throat. Sold by druggists everywhere, in three sizes—3-ounce, 6-ounce, and 1-pound bottles.

INSIST ON
**GLYCO-
THYMOLINE**
THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

© 1925, K. & O. Co.

FREE Liberal Sample

KRESS & OWEN COMPANY
361 Pearl Street, Dept. 3-A1
New York City.

Send me free of charge a trial bottle of Glyco-Thymoline.

Name.....

Address.....

SINGING TO HER DOLLS, MARION BECOMES A MELBA

MARION TALLEY, a modest Kansas City girl, the daughter of a telegraph operator, is under contract to make her debut in a leading soprano rôle at the Metropolitan Opera House early in the coming season. The fact that she is only eighteen makes her good fortune even more romantic, in the estimation of the chroniclers, than it would have seemed had she been obliged to wait another ten or twenty years for it. There have been few examples of such precocity among divas, we are told, since Adeline Patti made her debut at sixteen. That event also took place in New York—at the old Academy of Music. And we are reminded that "the vehicle upon that occasion was 'Lucia,' which happens to be Miss Talley's favorite opera." The impression made by this lucky girl upon a reporter of the New York *Evening Post* is thus recorded:

Even her mother can't get over marveling at Marion Talley.

"Why, she won't even let me get my hair bobbed. And, gracious, did you hear that?"

"Well, it's true, mother. I mean it. I don't think it does any good to get married. And I don't care for boys."

There was a firm smile on modest lips. It crept into ivory complexion and blue eyes, where it stayed.

Wearing the simple black georgette dress with the sheered long waist and sleeves, made by her sister, Florence, a string of small pearls around her throat, Marion Talley received congratulations to-day.

"She bakes a devil's-food cake—and sings Lucia. It is her favorite rôle," beamed her mother. "She dusts the dining-room furniture back home—and entertains her goldfish with the doll's part in 'Tales of Hoffmann.'"

"It's my life," said the girl simply. She stood, calm and smiling—looking very much like a high-school girl drest "for company."

She was born in Nevada, Missouri, we learn, and her parents took her to Kansas City, Missouri, when she was five months old. "She sang in her cradle; she sang to her dolls."

Of her early career we glean the following from the New York *Times*:

Some business men, under the leadership of two Kansas City lawyers, John T. Harding and Jake Harzfeld, formed

themselves into a committee for the purpose of sending Marion Talley to New York.

Ideas flowed in. Mrs. M. K. Powell, at that time music critic of the Kansas City *Star*, suggested giving a concert to attend which citizens should pay from \$1 to \$100 for the privilege of hearing their song-bird. The concert was a great success and the box-office receipts amounted to \$10,000.



P. & A. photograph

THE BUDDING DIVA "DOING HER STUFF"

Miss Talley plays her own accompaniments and is not at all shy at shaking out her golden tones.

From another account we learn that the benefit concert was further made memorable by the fact that "Mrs. Laura Nelson Kirkwood, owner of the Kansas City *Star*, tossed a \$40,000 pearl necklace on the platform." And we read:

With all the home-town folks behind her, Miss Talley departed for New York early in November, 1922. A few days after arriving here she had an audition at the Metropolitan. Not a mature voice (she was, let it be remembered, but fifteen), the organ was pronounced remarkable.

That was followed by a trip to Europe and some earnest study under Italian teachers. Concerning which we read:

"I didn't find the teachers over there all they were cracked to be," she said, shrugging. "All the great ones are over here."

"They couldn't understand why I, a girl born and bred in the corn belt, could sing. I said: 'We have hundreds of them back home. They just haven't had an opportunity to show what they could do.'"

All Around You People Know This Secret

*Clear eyes, strong bodies, a new zest in living—
all through one simple fresh food*

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot*

water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

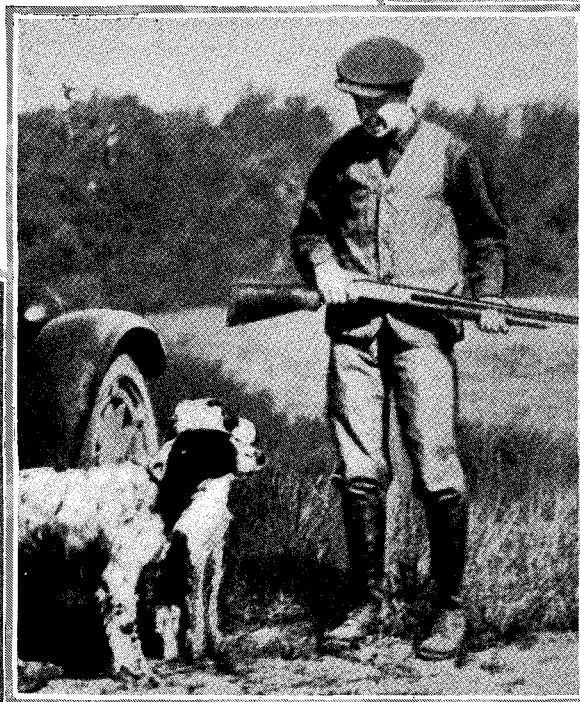
And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address Health Research Dept. A-70, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York City.



ABOVE

"ABOUT 15 MONTHS AGO I was afflicted with sties. I had suffered from constipation for several years. One day I noticed dark spots appearing upon my hands. I consulted a physician. 'You have auto-intoxication,' he said, and explained that the waste matter was forcing itself into the blood. He handed me a pamphlet advertising Fleischmann's Yeast. I began taking yeast that day. I took it for four months. I have never had another sty since I ate the first cake; and I am freed of constipation."

MRS. ANNA LENERT,
San Antonio, Texas



"CONSTIPATION was my deadliest foe. I always had the tired, sluggish feeling characteristic of this ailment. Impaired appetite, a sallow complexion and a pimply skin also contributed to my misery."

"My mother was employed by a prominent Boston physician who recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. I finally condescended to give it a trial. I continued for two months, when I noticed a slight change. At the end of the fifth month I had regained my lost vigor and my appetite had improved wonderfully. All signs of ache had vanished and the tired feeling was gone—thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast."

LAWRENCE A. PERRY, Medford, Mass.



"I AM THE OWNER of a grocery store and recommend Fleischmann's Yeast especially to my customers who mention having indigestion or nervous trouble. Because it was when I had those troubles myself that I started using Fleischmann's Yeast. I had only a half-hearted hope that it might help me. But in two months I was eating and sleeping normally. Today I have better health than I ever had before. In fact, I believe that I am in perfect physical condition, and that Fleischmann's Yeast has been a great factor in helping me gain that ideal condition."

MRS. ROBERT CARR, Toronto, Ont.



This famous food tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

BEASTS • BIRDS • AND • TREES

FATHERING COUGAR KITTENS

THE BLUE-BLACK DARKNESS descended suddenly, as it does sometimes in the West, and the great herd of sheep Bo was watching gave out a low bleating sound of pure contentment. The sheep-dogs stretched out by the fire for their well-earned rest, and Lark, the newest dog, came to Bo's knee, and licked his hand and teased to be noticed. A long day was well over, and peace fell upon the flock. But on the outskirts of the flock of thousands of sheep a nervous tremor started, and suddenly Bo was roused from his reverie by the beat of many tiny hoofs, running faster and faster, toward the light. Terrified beatings told the shepherd that danger and death was creeping stealthily toward them, under cover of the night.

Bo seized his rifle and ran toward the coulée. The sheep were bolting and shifting in a panic of fear. A sound of a plunge, then stillness for a moment: then the sound of great claws tearing something. Bo's hair lifted, and a chill ran through him, for it was the deadly mountain lion or cougar, and a more vicious enemy could not be met.

Firing into the darkness, Bo listened, but no further sound came to tell him if the animal was killed or was wounded and perhaps creeping toward him, so he retreated to his camp. Albert Benjamin Cunningham in his book of "Animal Tales of the Rockies" (Abingdon Press) says there was not much sleep for Bo that night:

It was hours before he went to bed. With the dogs he tried to circle the frightened sheep, picking his way precariously over the boulder-strewn mountain. The sheep trembled at his approach, yet were clearly assured at his presence.

He did all he could. Come daylight, and he would make sure no little bands had become separated from the main flock. At the farthest distance from camp he fired his rifle again, to frighten away any lurking enemy; then calling the dogs, went back to his camp.

The next morning Bo went down the coulée. He could see the dead sheep ahead of him. But not till he was on the spot did he see the lion. One of his chance shots had taken effect, in the back of the neck.

"I got him!" Bo cried. "Who ever would have thought it!"

The lion was now stiff, the dew standing on the tips of ragged hairs. The naturally black lips were red with blood. The mouth was also festured with porcupine quills, for the cougar kills many porcupines.

Bo turned the body over, examining it with interest. Then, "Well, I'll be doggoned!" he exclaimed. "She had little ones! I'm glad I killed the old glutton," he pondered. "But I hate to think of those little ones starving to death. He squatted beside the body. "Maybe they were almost weaned!" he finally said with hope, then grinned.

"I ought to hope they will die, Lark," he said to the pup that

crept up beside him, hoping not to be driven away. "But you hate to want any little thing to starve to death. What if it was you?"

Bo cut out some meat from one of the sheep as feed for his dogs, then buried the three that had been killed, and the cougar with them, down in the coulée, covering the bodies with rocks. He then went about the day's work.

Bo could not be sure that any sheep had been lost from the main flock in the panic of the night. But for three days thereafter he made wide circles in unfrequented places, to make certain. Says Mr. Cunningham:

It was the third day. With the main flock feeding behind him, he had made a long trip down the ridge. He had circled a huge cliff, and was taking a vague trail back to camp. Suddenly he heard a sound. His woods-trained ears could not place it. This perplexed him, for he thought himself familiar with every sound of the hills.

It came from the cliff above. Giant rocks were there, marking the end of the ridge; rocks that stuck up nakedly, black with ages of weathering. Carefully he climbed up, sharp in his watch for rattlesnakes.

The sounds became more distinct. "Sounds like a kitten," Bo declared at last. Then he saw them—two little cougar kittens, clearly in distress. They were thin and unsteady, with the emaciated, mangy look a kitten so soon acquires when it is deserted. They were climbing up on a boulder, trembling, then falling off. Their cries usually came when they were climbing up.

"Well I'll be doggoned!" Bo exclaimed in sympathy.

Lark came tearing up, bristling and growling. He seized one of the kittens in his mouth and stabbed it down on the ground. This made up Bo's mind for him.

"Here, you drop that and git!"

Lark obeyed, but looked crestfallen.

"Still, tho," Bo pondered, "I guess that's the best thing. Kill them and get them out of the way."

Lark sensed the indecision of his master's mood, and looked hopeful. But the shaking kitten whimpered over to Bo and started to climb up his trousers leg.

He stooped and picked it up. Its little claws were sharp, and it clung to his hand in terror. The slight body was covered with black spots and vague stripes, and the small tail was ringed. The mother had had neither spots nor rings. But Bo understood. Just as the fawn is covered with white spots when it is young, but later loses them, so the mountain lion's kittens are spotted black and have ringed tails, but all these markings are later lost, leaving a uniform color, save for a whiteness about the corners of the mouth.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Bo temporized, talking aloud as the sheepherder often does. "I'll take them to camp and give them one big feed, then kill them. I hate to have the little things die so hungry. They look too peaked."

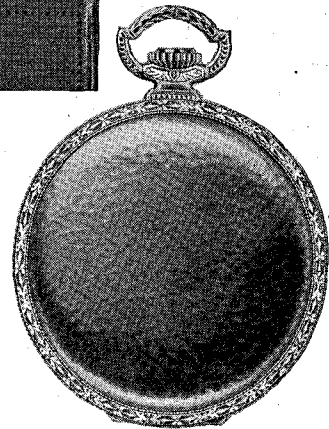
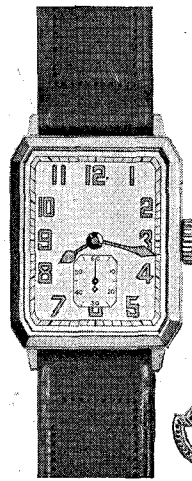
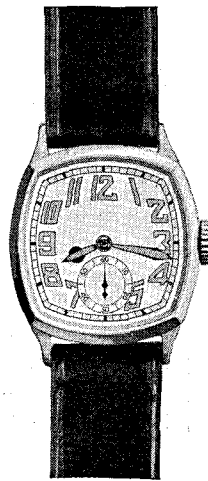
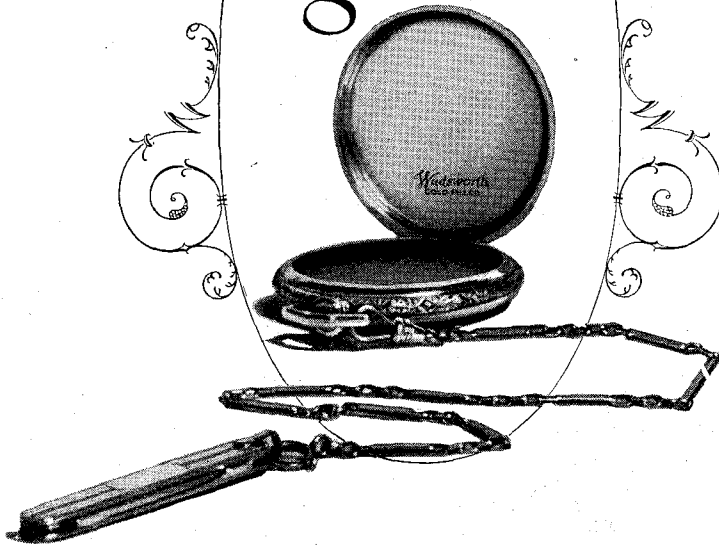
So that day, during the heat of noon, when sheep usually seek the shade to lie down, and when their herder often sleeps, Bo



Copyrighted by the Abingdon Press. From "Animal Tales of the Rockies," by A. B. Cunningham

BABY COUGARS BEING RAISED ON THE BOTTLE

Why you find this mark in good watches only



TO JUDGE a watch by outward appearance is never safe, for its real value cannot be seen by the untrained eye. This is especially true of the case.

But now there is a sure way for you to know this hidden value. To protect the public against misrepresentation, the U. S. Federal Trade Commission recently approved a definite standard of quality for gold filled watch cases. Only those which meet this standard can now be marked "Gold Filled."

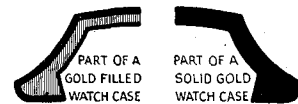
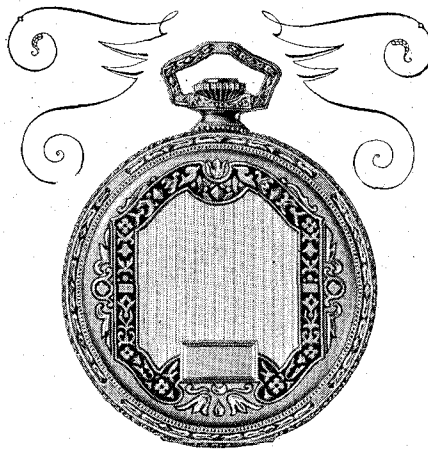
When, therefore, you buy a watch with the words "Wadsworth Gold Filled" stamped in the case, its hidden quality lies revealed before you. Every case so stamped meets fully the standards approved by the Federal Trade Commission.

Moreover, the mark "Wadsworth Gold Filled" is a good indication of a dependable movement within. For those watch manufacturers faithful to the highest standards of their art naturally are most exacting in choosing cases worthy to dress and protect their movements.

They know that the name of Wadsworth in a watch case stands for correct design, highest grade materials, and that exactness of fit essential to the protection of the time-keeping mechanism. Indeed, for thirty-five years the leading movement makers have consistently selected Wadsworth Cases.

Thus when your jeweler recommends a reliable movement, it will probably be dressed in a Wadsworth Case. But for your own assurance, ask to see the mark of Wadsworth before you make your purchase.

THE WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, Ky.
Suburb of Cincinnati, Ohio
Case makers for the leading watch movements



Every "Wadsworth Gold Filled" case is made by welding together two surfaces of solid gold with a layer of stronger metal between. The only other type of Wadsworth Case is one made entirely of gold or silver.

Every Wadsworth Case meets government standards

Among watch cases not made entirely of precious metal, only those marked "Gold Filled" are approved by the Federal Trade Commission as capable of giving satisfactory service.

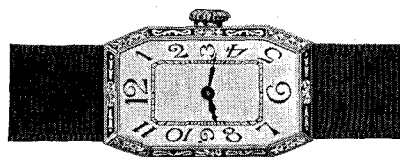
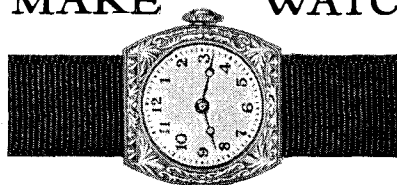
Every Wadsworth Case conforms strictly to government standards of quality, whether that case be gold filled, solid gold or sterling silver.

When you buy a watch, therefore, be sure that the name Wadsworth together with one of these three government-approved marks is stamped in the case:

Gold Filled Solid Gold
Sterling

Wadsworth Cases

MAKE WATCHES BEAUTIFUL



Belgenland



*Largest and finest liner
ever to circle the globe*

When the Belgenland sails westward in November she follows balmy weather 'round the world. She moves from one fascinating port to another on a carefully arranged schedule that brings her to each at the height of its activity and charm. A happy opportunity is afforded for convenient stop-overs in Europe for the Spring and early Summer.

The American Express Company, with its intimate knowledge of the foreign countries visited and its complete facilities for most advantageous guidance, co-operates with the Red Star Line to make this a world cruise of extraordinary appeal.

The Belgenland

embodies the most advanced thought in ocean travel comfort. Her cuisine, service and general atmosphere are Continental, but she is truly American in her complete provisions for amusements and healthful recreation on broad deck spaces.

132 Days

60 Cities 14 Countries

From New York **November 25, 1925**
Los Angeles - - - **December 11**
San Francisco - - - **December 14**
Returning to New York **April 6, 1926**

Write for profusely illustrated booklet which answers every question on world cruises. Address Red Star Line, No. 1 Broadway, New York; American Express Company, 65 Broadway, New York, or other offices or agencies of either company.

RED STAR LINE
INTERNATIONAL MARITIME COMPANY
In Cooperation with
American Express Company

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

spent the hours rigging up a contrivance for feeding his cougar kittens. We read on:

A bottle was not hard to find, and condensed milk he had in plenty. But to get the milk from the bottle to the hungry mouths was not so easy a matter. He had an old canvas glove which he sometimes wore of mornings when his rifle was cold to the hand, and from this glove he cut the little finger. He tied it over the neck of the bottle, and turned the bottle upside down. The milk ran down into the canvas finger, and oozed through in large drops. He offered the improvised teat to one of the kittens.

The hungry little lips closed over it greedily, but it flattened out and was soon sucked dry. And as long as the lips continued to suck, the milk remained back in the bottle. Bo scratched his head.

"It needs something to hold it out," he decided. Again he scratched his head, looking around at the scanty furnishings of the camp. But he was inventive. He discovered a little piece of hemp cord; and taking the glove finger from the bottle, he stuffed a bit of the cord into it and put it back.

It worked. When both kittens were full, Bo took them into the tent and put them on his bed.

"I'll not kill them just yet," he said. "Better let them sleep awhile and enjoy themselves."

The old dogs would have none of this new company. Bo caught them eying him from safe distances, their looks threatening. So when it was time for him again to go around the sheep, he decided not to leave the kittens exposed. He got a box the camp tender had brought something out in, made a comfortable bed in it of some dry bunch grass, and put the kittens in, tacking three slats over the top.

He thought about the little cougars most of his ten-mile trip. They broke the monotony of his mind. He was grateful. When he returned to camp his first act was to go to the box to see how they had fared. They were livelier than before, and shrank from him. A small claw shot up toward the finger he poked between the cleats.

This amused Bo. He decided he would not kill them at all, but would keep them, to see how they should turn out. So he fed them again and for an hour or so played with them beside the camp-fire.

The old dogs held aloof, then walked stiffly away to sleep.

Lark felt that if he could have had his say about the new "kittens," the matter would have been very quickly settled, but Bo liked the cunning little things, and Lark had to make up his mind to be friends also. As Mr. Cunningham relates:

Lark was both curious and jealous. But when he saw that his master was determined to have the kittens about him, he relented, provided he might retain his favorite position between Bo's knees.

A few days later Lark played with them tolerantly, as a big dog plays with a pup; two weeks later, he had succumbed, and was playing as one of them; rolling, running, frisking. They were proving as great a boon to him as they had to Bo.

The sheep camp became their home.

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Most of the day they slept. They were nocturnal, and as evening came on they grew restless and sportive. They played together, running round and round the camp, jumping against the boles of trees and leaping down again, clattering in a pile of old cans down near the spring, becoming suddenly frightened and running furiously for their tree.

One was a little more spiteful than the other. He was quicker of temper and inclined to spat often. Bo called him Spitfire. The other he named Bump.

One evening before Bo had reached camp an old sheep-dog crept quietly nearer and nearer, his cold eyes expressive of grim determination. Perhaps he had not forgotten that the kittens had been given the liver and neck of the grouse the day before, and when he had made for them to take it away, Bo had called him sharply back.

With slow cunning he came between the tree and Spitfire. Bump was exploring the pile of cans over the bank. Then the dog growled low and unpleasantly. Spitfire whirled in instant alarm toward his protecting tree, but found escape cut off.

Spitfire's alarm was genuine. He ran, and the dog pursued. He was overtaken, but not before he had made a circle that brought him near his protecting tree. The dog instantly bowled him over with his snout, and was preparing to do speedy execution.

But unexpectedly Bump leapt from the trunk of the tree and landed on the dog's back. Her little claws dug cruelly in his neck. He forgot Spitfire, who scampered madly for the tree, and as the dog dropt to his side to get at Bump, her small body used his as a leverage and she sprang back again to the safety of the tree.

This was one of the cougar's first lessons in caution. Another came the next day. A porcupine lumbered into camp and began to hunt stolidly for something to eat. His persistent gnawing at a pine stick aroused the lions—Bump especially.

She slid noiselessly down the trunk and began to stalk this new and curious sight. Imperceptibly she drew nearer, her eyes wide and her whiskers a-tremble. The porcupine saw her, but gave no heed. The bark was clearly to his liking.

When she had crept to within a couple of yards of him, Bump made two mighty springs. Mighty for her, that is; the full-grown cougar has been known to leap sixty feet. For one of them to cover thirty feet is not at all uncommon.

Bump's purpose evidently was to terrify, for she drew up with a great clatter, very close to the porcupine. His coating of quills ruffled slightly, and some of the sharp pins entered her nose. She sprang back with a cry of fright and pain. Putting up her front paw, she brushed at her snout, but to no avail. She lay whimpering and crying till the arrival of Bo.

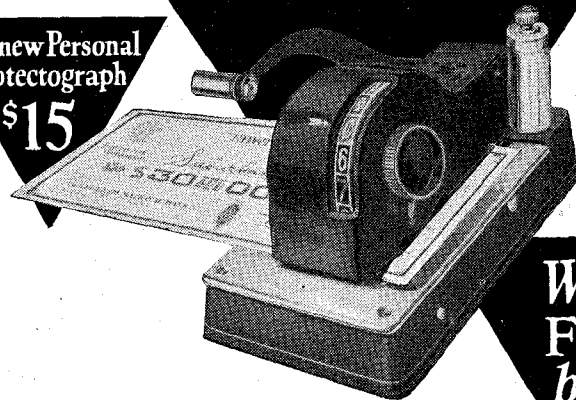
Instinct, in place of their mother, early told Spitfire and Bump how to hunt and defend themselves, and the two little cougars had a riotous and exciting life, nosing around in the woods, stalking grouse, mice, and gophers; but once when Spitfire thrust an inquiring furry paw under a stone, the result was horribly unexpected. Says Mr. Cunningham:

It was a game of Spitfire's to thrust a paw under a stone, wriggle it about for an instant, and then leap on the stone to see whether anything should come out. He had once chased out a mouse in this way.

But to-day as he sprang onto the boulder,

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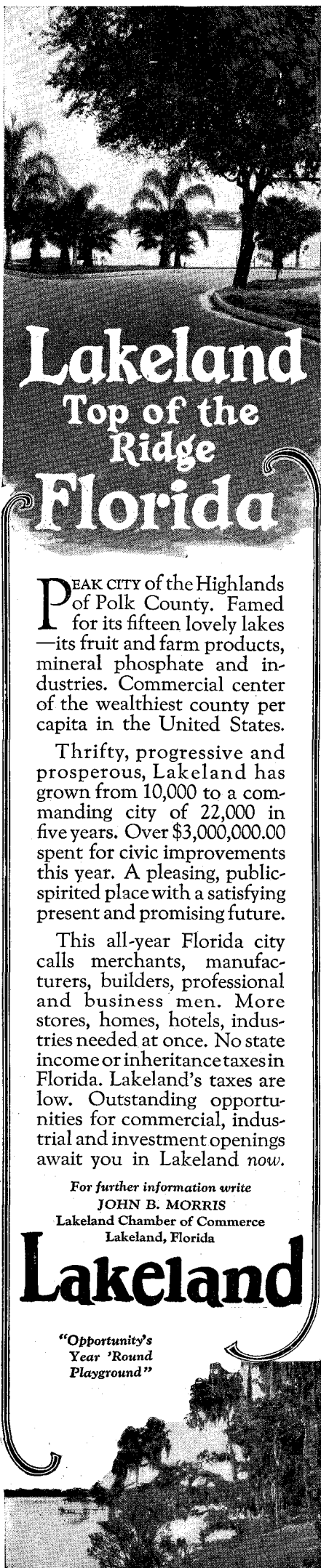
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

a quick, dry rattle answered him from above. He sprang back, with a revulsion ages old, or a caution born of the experience of his kind. But not far. He stooped when safely out of reach.

The big rattler had been warming himself in the afternoon sun, but the coming of the kitten disturbed and alarmed him. He tightened his coils as tho to make ready. His head lifted imperiously, and the black tongue licked out with deadly threat. Again the dry rattle.

But Spitfire did not flee. Only a slight ruffling of the hair of his back, as tho it were blown by a wayward breeze. That, and a widening of his eyes. They grew round with alertness.

One foot he put forward, then the other. He was a couple of inches nearer the snake. Again the darting of the black tongue, and a slow and threatening movement of the head. The neck back of the head grew thin and hard. But Spitfire moved nearer by two more inches.

Suddenly he lifted, thrust his body forward. The big snake, to meet the attack, loosed his coils and extended himself toward his enemy. But the enemy wasn't there. The snake's fangs encountered the empty air, and it fell fully extended, to the ground.

Spitfire hadn't leapt forward. He had simply made as if he were going to. Instead, with incredible alacrity, he had swerved and sprung to one side, and when the reptile was lying defenseless on the ground, the cougar was above, then back of him. Before the sinuous body could be recoiled, Spitfire's sharp teeth were in the back of the rattler's neck, pinning it down.

It was a trick of the cougar family. Spitfire had not learned it; it was part of his innate knowledge, and was ready to hand with the appearance of the snake. The big body beat about him convulsively, but he did not shrink; he merely held on, sinking his teeth deeper and deeper, till at last the lashings ceased.

When Spitfire at last looked up, Bump was on a boulder not far away, regarding him from smoldering, inscrutable eyes. It was as if she had seen all and understood all, but had not interfered.

But alas! all children will grow up, and the baby cougars were no exception to this rule, and so Bo reluctantly listened when James told him what he had heard at the house:

"I was talking about it down at the house," James said. "It seems that down in Yosemite Park they have a big place where they keep live lions."

"Cages, eh?" Bo asked with hostility in his voice.

"No. A big place wired in, with a shelter and trees in it. The lions live practically in the natural state. We might send these down there."

Bo's relief was genuine. "We might, at that. Could you take them in and ship them?"

When James left an hour or so later, Honeysuckle, the little burro, carried a strange pack. The three horses had been eliminated as possible carriers of the burden, lest they become nervous and bolt. But Honeysuckle was stolid and indifferent. So on either side of the pack was a small cougar, legs bound with soft cord, both on their way to the Park.



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MIDNIGHT PROWL IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE

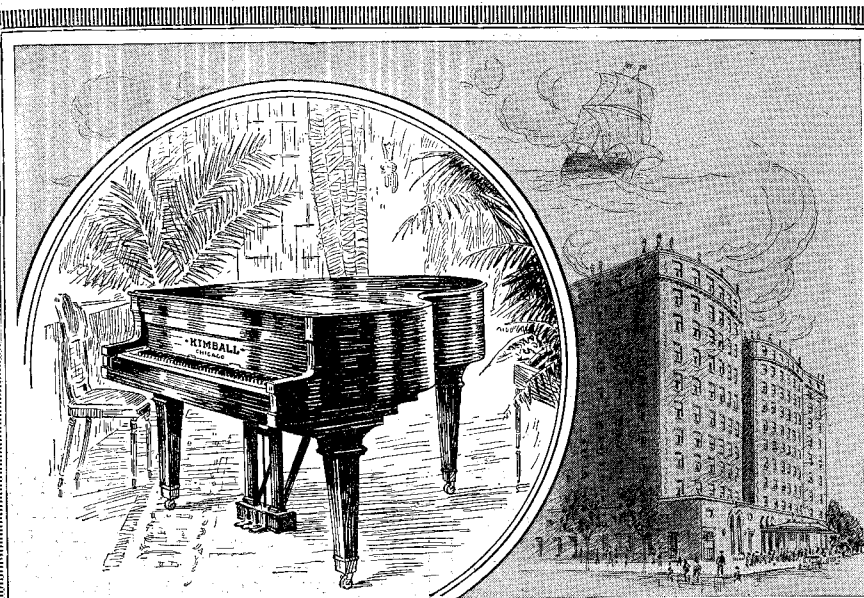
DARKNESS all around, the impenetrable darkness of the jungle—only a soft wind sighing of the secret things of that dim forest, when suddenly a rustle came from all along the ground. Something alive was creeping under cover of the black night upon the man. The man was C. M. Breder, Jr., and he was seated on a bank of a little stream near the Rio Chucunaque, on the Isthmus of Panama. He was a member of the Marsh Darien Expedition, and as he says in *Natural History* (New York), he could not imagine what made the strange rustling. It spread out on all sides of him with a weird "squashy" sound, but when he moved it stopt, only to begin again, until he seemed surrounded. Mr. Breder sprang to his feet and turned his powerful flashlight toward the danger, and the sight he saw sounds like a dream:

The first long flash across the forest floor revealed the sources of these peculiar sounds. Frogs of all shapes and sizes were beginning to migrate toward the water, literally covering the ground in their jostling haste. As I stood and wondered, some of the larger frogs took up appropriate positions and began to call loudly for mates.

Every night, not far from our camp near Yavisa, one cry arose above all the others. This was a tremendous *Whoop!* which sometimes echoed for more than half a mile through the jungle. Finally the voice was traced to a large, handsomely marked frog. The individuals of this species spent their days in solitary burrows which, in some cases at least, they doubtlessly dug for themselves under the great rocks in the forest. At night they emerged from their retreats and whooped loudly to one another, apparently calling for mates.

To one who has ears to hear, the jungle is not often silent, but this happens rather curiously at times. Perhaps a hard rain and rushing wind has brought down one of the trees of the forest, and Mr. Breder says then a silence follows that is "awe-inspiring." In fact—

Silence is frequently more awe-inspiring than sound. It is the silence following upon the fall of the forest giant which is clearer in my memory than the vicious swish and slash of the broken branches. Similarly, it was the silence between the cries of the howler monkeys or the calls of the whooping frogs which tingled my nerves more than the sounds themselves. Some of these silent moments of the jungle are difficult to explain. Many a time while I sat quietly beside some stream-bed watching the dozens of frogs pursuing their spawning activities, I thought my ears would split from the deafening chorus of the innumerable unmated males. Then suddenly, without warning, this mighty chorus would stop as if given a signal from the leading chorister. The silence—the tremendous silence—which followed always thrilled me by its magnitude. Some minutes later a timorous peep would arise, then on the other side another frog deigned an answer. Then another and another, until the whole chorus was once more in full voice. Again, without warning, the babel would cease. What caused these



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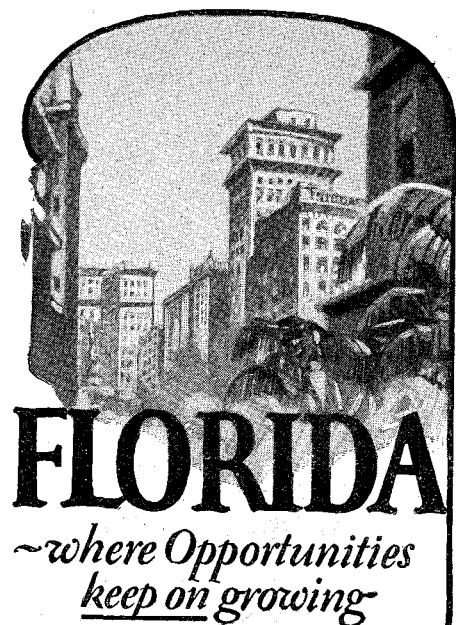
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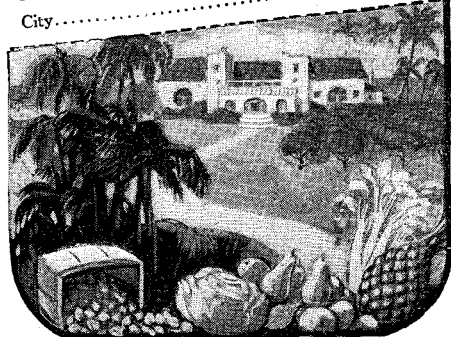
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

silences? Surely, the frogs had not spied me. Could it be something unseen by me that brought their song to such a sudden termination? No such an enemy was ever found, and I must admit that the whole problem is still quite beyond me.

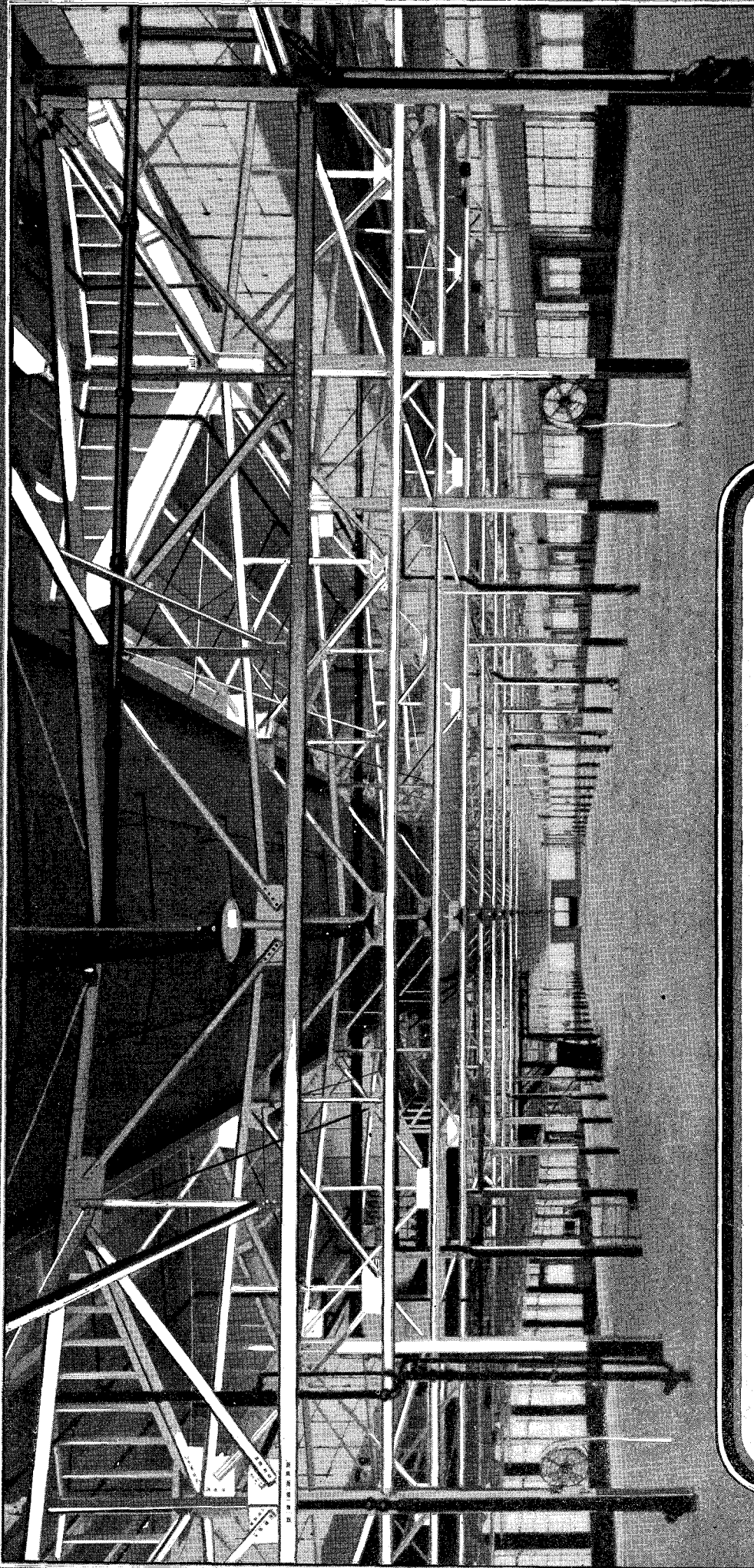
At night this forest offered innumerable more difficulties than during the day, but it was only at night that many of the interesting forest denizens were available for study. It was, therefore, necessary for me to carry on most of my work after the twilight hours, while my companions were resting from their diurnal labors about a pleasant camp. In the light of my headlamp many of these forest creatures took on strange shapes and colors. Crocodiles, which during the day had lain gazing stupidly out of their greenish eyes, now turned two red coals of fire toward my flashlight. Lizards, which had played all day in the sunlight, were now flattened out against the branches in sleep. My nightly prowls were easily the most delightful part of the entire trip. There is something indescribably fascinating about the jungle at night. The general quiet broken only by the calls and howls of the nocturnal prowlers or the swish of a bat-wing close to the ear, while empty and stupid when described, was incredibly soothing after chasing lizards all day in the baking sun.

One night sound that held my attention from the beginning was a triple knock like three cabalistic blows on the paneled door of a secret lodge. This sound came from one of the drying stream-beds some distance from camp. My light, settling upon the edges of the stream, revealed a series of circular mud nests, each built up as a tiny lagoon above the surface of the water. In each, with few exceptions, there sat a large tan tree-frog with the throat distended for calling. In some cases the nests were so close together that their walls touched. The few nests that lacked a guardian tree-frog were filled either with spawn or wriggling tadpoles. Many a night I came back to these lagoon nests and tried to increase my knowledge of the habits of these creatures. One night, after I had spent a large part of the evening making the usual observations and records of the nests and their contents, I suddenly saw one of the frogs which had been calling in a near-by nest, turn down-stream and continue calling with renewed energy. Another frog was hopping toward him up the middle of the stream. She, for it subsequently proved to be a female, kept advancing until almost at my feet. Then they sat and appraised each other while my flashlight outfit illuminated the forest with its sudden glare. Soon the female resumed her flirtatious stroll. I thought this particular affair had terminated, for another male was calling twenty-five feet away, and she was directing her movements toward him. But the first was not to be outdone, and hopping out of his nest, while I continued to photograph the scene, he called loudly for her to stop. Half-way between the two she hesitated and while the first suitor moved around toward the far side of his nest and continued his calling, she suddenly seemed to make up her mind, or perhaps better, the necessary stimulus was received—for no sooner had he well begun his call than she hopped back straight into his nest, in spite of the continued vocal efforts of the interloper.

In the hot sun of the morning lizards

came from their nocturnal retreats, and it was with a view to learning more of the habits of these creatures that I spent most of my daylight hours in the field. One afternoon I came upon perhaps the most famous lizard of Central America, the basilisk, well known for its habit of running swiftly over the surface of the water. There were several young ones together, scampering about in search of insect prey. As I halted to light my companionable old pipe, one of these little fellows, instead of fleeing as usual, came running toward me until it was only about five feet away. From this position it regarded me with what appeared to be considerable curiosity, frequently nodding its head in the peculiar manner of its kind. After the "light" had been secured, the match was naturally tossed to one side. This act deflected the lizard's attention and an immediate short run brought it beside the fallen sliver, which it scrutinized with equal eagerness and lack of fear. Nearly half a box of matches were wasted in amusing this infant lacertilian before I could satisfy its "inquisitiveness." While it was being thus entertained, I shifted first to a sitting position and finally to a reclining one, while two more basilisks of similar size scampered over from the other side of the creek to see what was going on. These, however, failed to show the lack of fear evinced by the first, and were in no way so interesting. From my low position I could not refrain from feeling a certain kinship for the little brute that had showed a curiosity not dissimilar to my own. One of its companions leisurely walked into the shallow stream, while constantly regarding me from the corner of its eye. It seems odd that these light animals, so adept at racing over the surface of the water, should sink so readily when their speed is sufficiently reduced.

At other times during these brilliant daylight hours, fishes, too, received their share of attention, and sometimes led me into rather embarrassing situations. One species in particular received the attention of even those of us least interested in the lower vertebrates. This was one of the *Sardinias* of our negroes. How well I remember the day of our first swim, when, with the initial plunge into the muddy lower Chucunaque, innumerable nibbles of small sharp teeth began on our, at this time, rather tender skins. Only by violent thrashing about could we keep them off. Later we learned to scorn all but their most violent onslaughts. On a seining party later, I stationed a man at either end of my net and proceeded to "swim-out" the fishes from a rather deep hole, the little sharp-toothed fishes no longer being of sufficient significance to prevent me. In a few minutes I had splashed about sufficiently to have driven whatever fish-life may have been in the hole to the waiting net, and ordered it drawn up. Then came a shock. On gazing into the catch of this twenty-foot seine we found that in addition to numerous small fish, I had driven into the net a three-foot sawfish and a four-foot crocodile. Naturally, thereafter, I was a trifle more discreet. Another time, however, while wading in some clear water to study the swimming movements of a sawfish, a great swish about fifteen feet away revealed that an immense crocodile, nearly twenty feet long, had attacked the fish, and only missed it by a matter of inches. I was not aware of the crocodilian's presence and, apparently, it was unaware of mine—or possibly, it did not realize how dangerous I could be at times.

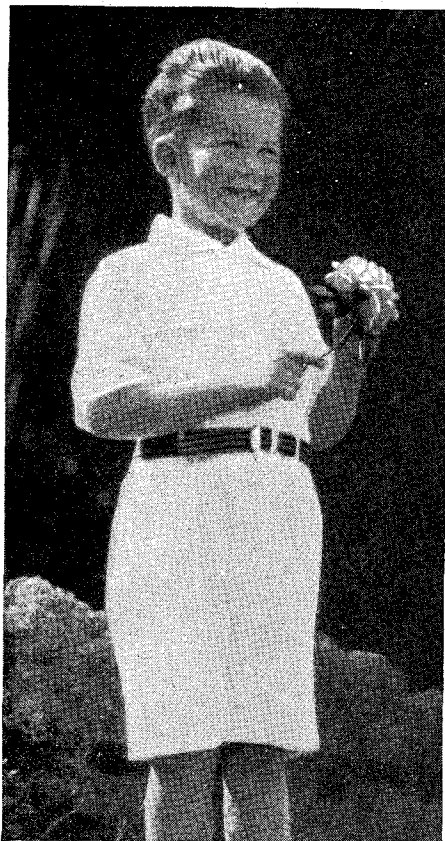


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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

THE SEA'S SHELL-FLOWERS

ONE of the tasks the water-babies had to perform in Kingsley's story was to clean up the floor of the ocean near them, and to place carefully back in order the shell-fish and lovely colored shells which made the beautiful gardens of the sea. When the tide swept and swirled the shell-flowers away, then the water-babies were busy. Perhaps their little day is done, for a glance at the gleaming white sands of the beach of Sanibel Island off the coast of Florida shows Neptune's treasures untended and broken. Louise Redfield Peattie, in *The Nature Magazine* (Washington), tells of the wonders of the sea that any one can find in a walk along this shore:

These big dark shells that look rather like high tortoise-shell combs which taper to a point instead of being pronged are the Pen Shells. The outside is covered with spiny scales and is not handsome, but look inside and you will find soft tints. A brother to this is close at hand, the Prickly Pen Shell, also about six or eight inches long, and almost transparent in its paleness.

Here are cockle shells, beloved since nursery days. Varying in tints from clear yellow to salmon pink, purple or brown, they are deeply ribbed and serrate at the edges. When the cockle goes for a walk, he pushes out his one long foot, lifts himself up with a quick twist, and flops ahead several inches at one "step."

Then we find the scallops, ornament of design since ancient days, and in the Holy Wars the emblem of the Crusaders. Nothing on the beach offers more variety of pattern. Mottled or decorated with zig-zag cross-lines, they present every shade of red, pink, orange, and yellow. Lucky is the searcher who finds the most magnificent member of this family on the island, the "lion's paw," that by its appearance well merits its name.

The clam family is numerous represented. There is present the common solid surf clam, familiar from our Eastern Atlantic shore, and more delicate kin, faintly striped with purple or blue. There is another that seems but the very ghost of a clam, so paper-thin and white it is. And there is one lovelier still, called by common fancy "sunset clam," a long and graceful shell, smooth as china. Its back is marked in a faint buff or lilac plaid, and in its interior it reveals a delicate splendor like the pink flush of a paling sunset. Its little, brown-mottled brother is popularly called "turkey's egg."

Now the treasure-hunter may pick up a brittle brown shell and, wondering, open it to find within the exquisite surprise of fairylike opalescence. We read:

This is the mother-of-pearl shell, and what one holds in his hand is a relative of the Great Pearl Oyster that in farther tropic seas yields fabulous fortune. A cousin is *Avicula atlantica*, also pearly lined, but more graceful. Indeed, *Avicula*, or "little bird," is a fit name for these shells with the swift elegance of a swallow's wing.

Among the clumsy, boxlike ark shells one passes by, the eye is caught and pleased by a handsome, brown-striped and

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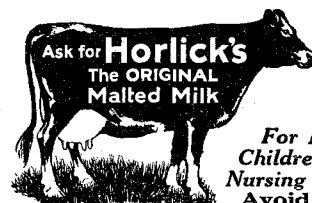
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ribbed member of the family, called by popular fancy "turkey's wing." And here is the shell named by some one with a swift imagination "coconut shell." He is a small but chunky rock oyster, white or stained with pink but for his faintly orange lining, and adorned upon his back with an array of recurved spines, very much as tho he had been sprinkled with coconut. A close kin, nicknamed "jewel-box," is a tiny, pink fellow, like a dainty sea-fairy's casket. Any one can see why this little flat shell is called "cat's-paw," for it is for all the world like pussy's pad with claws extended. This softly rosy, fragile shell is well called a "rose petal." The Pandora is as charming as its name, pellucid white and iridescent lined. The "buttercup" is the joy of little girls "playing house" upon the beach, for it looks like nothing so much as a shallow cup of finest porcelain, with the rich yellow of melted butter painting the inside.

Among all these varied shells are scattered the ever-present little Jingles—sometimes called "toe-nails"—fragile-seeming little chips of translucent gold or silver or pink, that, when you have gathered a handful, clink pleasantly as you shake them. Ahead gleams a strange big shell, shaming all these tints with the purity of its white. It is an "angel's wing," washed up by the tide. Indeed it is celestial in appearance, and perfectly represents the long, stiff droop of the wings of the heavenly hosts. These mollusks are found in colonies, burrowed deep in sandy mud. A unique sport, indeed, to dig for "angel's wings"!

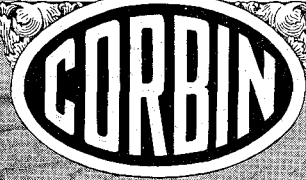
These are the most impressive of the bivalves, but the daintiest and dearest of all is the little Donax, or Wedge Shell. These gay little fellows, no larger than half an inch long, are of all the colors of the rainbow, bright as jewels and painted as butterflies, which they strongly resemble when spread open. Pink, coral, mauve, purple, green, yellow, fawn, and white, with varying patterns of rays and bands, they are an endless joy to the collector who may make of them many sorts of pretty articles, and even from the meat a most delicious soup. But you must be quick to catch them, for as you walk along close to the water, they feel you coming, and with a quick little wiggle they have burrowed into the sand.

All these with which the shell-gatherer has filled his pockets are bivalves or double shells. The single shells present an even more bewildering variety of form. Largest of all is the Giant Band Shell, one or two feet long, rough brown outside but stained a handsome orange-red in its lip. A less ponderous and more graceful species of this genus Fasciolaria is the Tulip Band Shell, patterned in close brown bands crossed with wavy lines of gray; still another variety is smaller and banded with clear, fine lines at some distance apart.

The tribe of Murex presents the most bewildering display of variety and peculiar shape. There is the Apple Murex, rough and twisted, grayish, touched with chestnut; another is lighter and intricately carved as tho adorned with sculptured ruffles, tipped with pale rose like a little pink snout; and here is one more, tiny and all a lovely coral.

After the richness of color and the elaboration of these shells, one is especially charmed with the discovery of a fragile, simple shell, shaped like a pear, fawn-tinted on the outside and a deepening brown in its interior, the whole so clear and paper-thin that one may see the light through it. This is the Paper Fig Shell, and one must marvel to think how these frail

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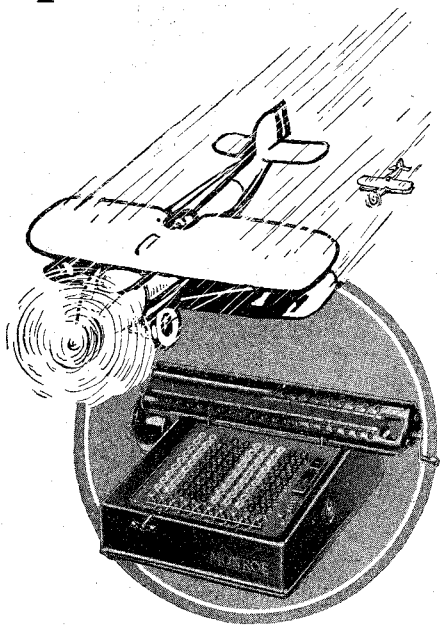
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A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

bits of loveliness ever survive the battering of the surf.

Another of more assertive handsomeness is the Fighting Conch. Along the sand one may easily find one of these strenuous creatures lifting and flinging itself forward, eager to return to the sea after it has been stranded by the tide. The polished lip is especially striking, painted a brilliant orange-red, shading back to purple and then pink.

What a contrast is the "lady's ear"! A Venus carved by Praxiteles might have an ear of such an exquisite curve, but the shell is finer than sculptured marble could be, and of a moonlike whiteness.

Strange and fascinating all these shells, the largesse poured out by the tide. Yet still the collector upon Sanibel beach sends searching gaze along the sand. For upon this island may be found that rare and handsome treasure of American conchology, the *Evoluta junonia*. Digging in the sand at the shore-line one may bring up the prize, vividly marked with giraffelike spots. But not to-day did the shell gatherer find his *junonia*, nor yet in all his yesterdays. He still possesses the treasure of hope.

A TRIBE OF SNAKE-CHARMERS

STRANGE tribes live on the borderlands of civilization, and get their scanty living by little-known and dangerous occupations. *The Statesman* (Calcutta) tells of a tribe in the Great Sunderbunds, which is nomadic, and lives on house-boats, and catches snakes for an avocation:

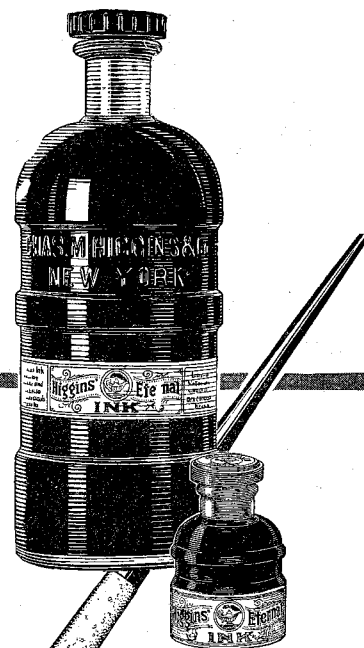
Working through the maze of creeks which go to make up the Western Sunderbunds, while after tiger last winter, I had the good fortune to encounter a unique tribe of natives, known as the snake-catchers of the Sunderbunds. This quaint tribe, of which at least 85 per cent. is female, is a floating, nomadic one. The members live in quaint house-boats all their lives, while they pursue their avocation of collecting snakes on the numberless, densely jungled islands of the Great Sunderbunds.

There were about twenty of these boats in the fleet I met while drifting down a creek in the hope of bagging a crocodile, and before I knew what was happening my own boat was besieged by a crowd of small canoes which shot away from the sides of the house-boats, manned entirely by women.

Surrounded thus suddenly by a yelling horde of Amazons, I was completely taken aback, and dived into the interior of my boat, ordering my servant to inquire what it was all about. A tremendous din ensued.

My servant explained that they wanted venison, and having the carcass of a deer on board, I promptly ordered it to be given them. Anything for peace and quietness.

Having got the venison, the canoes put back to the fleet, where commenced a greater din during the process of distributing the carcass. Being now able to hear my own voice again, I asked my boatman who these people were, and he informed me that they were nomads who earned their living by catching snakes, and



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selling them to the Zoo and private collectors in Calcutta. This news interested me, and I decided to stay in the locality for the day and observe their habits.

I accordingly had the anchor dropt, and we swung round to the tide. Shortly a canoe put off from the fleet of boats and hauled alongside. In it was a lusty native with his son and grandson. The former spoke fluent Hindustani, and we entered into an interesting conversation, in which I learned that his tribe had no fixed locality of residence, but that they spent their lives on the boats, moving continually through the Sunderbunds in quest of snakes for which, he said, there was a big market in Calcutta, especially for the poisonous variety, such as cobras and krites. Many days subsequently I discovered that there were various places in the Metropolis where large sums were paid for snake venom, which was later dispatched to Italy and other places where poison plays a large part in the lives, or rather deaths, of the population.

He explained to me their method of catching snakes, which was to go ashore on a densely wooded island, play a tune on a reed pipe and collect the snakes that came out of their holes, apparently charmed by the music! The bearded giant offered to take me along with him on the morrow and show me how it was done. I eagerly accepted his offer and, after he had mulcted me in some tea-leaves, we parted.

Early on the morrow he came alongside, and, taking my rifle, I put off with him to the beach. There were three or four women with him from the other boats, and on getting ashore they spread out a bit and moved into a patch of short scrub. I kept alongside the bearded one. In a short while he drew out his pipe and commenced a weird and crude melody. It started in a plaintive minor key and very, very gradually increased in volume, while the rhythm changed to a languorous waltz-like air, interspersed by sudden quaint runs up the scale. This music continued for some ten minutes, and then I heard a rustle in the grass ahead of me, and, looking there, beheld a tremendous cobra of the "spectacled" variety gliding forward.

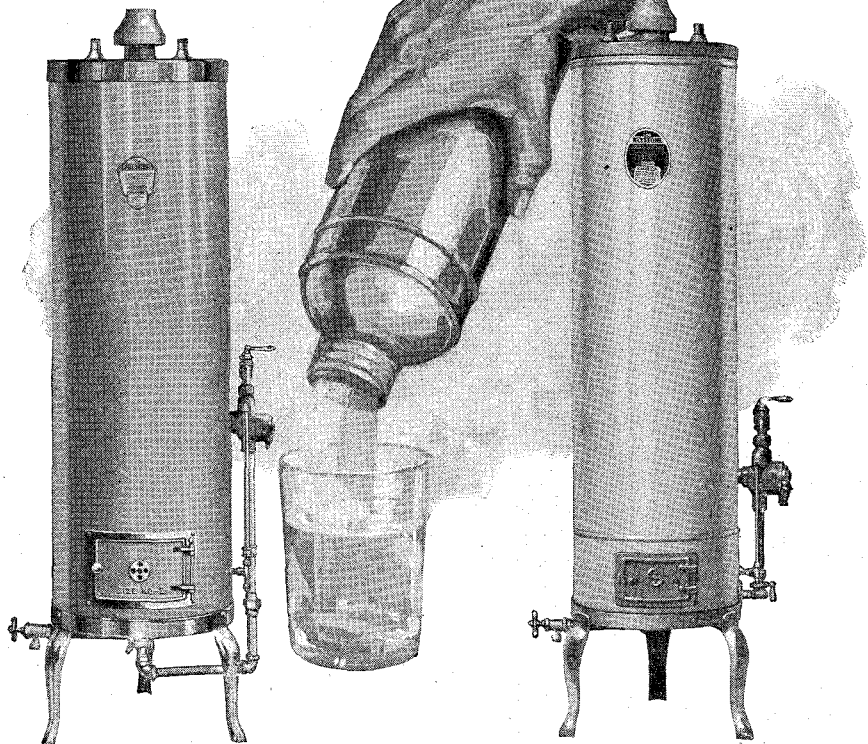
Feeling chilly about the spine, I retreated a few steps, and gazed, fascinated by the dread reptile which glided to within ten feet or so of the piper, and then slowly erected its hooded head, with unwinking gaze fixed on him. The latter now quickened the beat of the tune, playing a lively sort of jig, while the cobra began swaying to the tune. Faster and faster went the music, and faster and faster swayed the reptile, till the charmer ran up the scale in a burst of sound and broke off suddenly on a top note. The snake stopped swaying on the instant, and remained as if stricken to stone, what time the charmer strode forward, calmly caught it below the head and thrust it casually into his basket. I breathed a sigh of relief, and asked the fellow whether he was extracting the poison glands, but he was not, as that would make the reptile valueless!

After watching a few tricks performed by the women with their cobras—cobras that had their poison glands intact, and which struck at and bit the women on the face, to their supreme indifference and to my absolute horror, I parted with the tribe and continued my journey.

Before I left, tho, I learned that the tribe was quite immune from the poison of any snake whatsoever. Certainly, from what I witnessed, I did not doubt it for a minute.

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WHY MONEY GROWS CHEAPER IN LONDON

HARD-BOILED tho financial magnates may be, they don't always take the negative on the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Our newspaper writers on money matters are pointing to an instance of this in connection with the recent reduction of the British bank rate from 4½ to 4 per cent. Money conditions in New York, we are told, would have justified raising our own Reserve Bank rediscount rate above the existing 3½ per cent. But now our bankers are willing to let the official rate in London remain higher than ours so that money can keep on flowing to the English financial center. The point is that if our rate were to be raised now it would hamper the British Government in keeping sterling at par, and, as we read on the financial page of the *New York Evening Post*, "whatever desire our own bank has to raise its rate is offset momentarily by an interest in seeing Great Britain maintain the gold standard without crippling trade." Mr. S. S. Fontaine of the *New York World* is deeply impressed with this attitude being made manifest at the very time when our representatives and the French have been unable to agree about the war debt. "Uncle Sam is always ready to help any one who helps himself." Our bankers realize the efforts made by Britain to settle her war debt and they "are going to do everything possible to help England keep up her credit." So, remarks Mr. Fontaine, among nations as among men, "it pays to pay your debts." *The World* quotes an unnamed Wall Street commentator to the effect that:

The Bank of England is placing America in an awkward position, but temporarily it means inflation in this country and higher prices for securities and for merchandise. Prices are so high in this country and cost of production so great that for anything that can be made in other countries America is out of the market. But this is a splendid place for Europe to sell its surplus commodities, which are growing in volume and which cheap money will make cheaper to produce.

So the Bank of England is doing everything in its power to promote inflation here. It is doubtful whether America can do anything about it at this time. But in the meantime the logical result will be a roaring bull market in Wall Street followed ultimately by a tremendous reaction. We can not export any wheat, but the farmers will sell all they have at high prices. Business is looking better every day.

The authorities of the Bank of England furnished financial London with its surprise of the year, we read in a *Journal of Commerce* dispatch, in again lowering the bank rate (it had been reduced from 5 per cent. in August). But they must have been convinced "that the worst period of strain on our gold resources is over and therefore the bank rate can be reduced to 4 per cent. without endangering London's financial position." This reduction, agrees the *New York Times*, does show confidence in the future of free gold payments. It is "precisely such action as might have been taken in an easy-money period before the war," and it shows that the British authorities consider the gold standard to be firmly established. But *The Times* finds another aspect of the reduction rather less agreeable. "It was evidently made to conform the bank's rate more closely to the open London market." The money rate for loans in London has been declining of late, which is unusual for this time of the year, and this is difficult to explain "except by the growing depression and inactivity of British trade." Continues *The Times*:

This is the distinctly unpleasant side of Great Britain's present economic situation. It has some striking resemblances to the similar trade depression which prevailed during the first six months after our own specie resumption of 1879. But at the moment it is an outstanding element of discouragement, and all people interested in international finance will watch to see whether Continental Europe's abundant harvests, after a year

of exceptional scarcity, will or will not cause revival in the foreign market for British goods.

"Easy money when the demand should be good may be anything but a favorable symptom," similarly argues *The Wall Street Journal*. This paper is convinced that the tax burden is getting beyond the strength of the English people. With poor-law relief, the dole for unemployment, old-age pensions, and "the blackmail subsidy for coal production," you have, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, "a country which is becoming one great almshouse"—

It follows, therefore, that money is cheaper in England because trade is languishing. It can not stand the tax burden. Capital is fleeing the country. The old land-holding class are being taxed out of existence without the compensation of a substituted peasant proprietary like that which is the backbone of the French social system. In 1821, six years after the French wars and the Battle of Waterloo, every sixth person in Britain was a registered pauper. There is no real distinction, and nothing but a verbal moral distinction, between the old-age pensioner, the recipient of the unemployment dole and the avowed indoor or outdoor pauper in receipt of poor-law relief. It all amounts to the same thing. One of the richest countries in the world, for more than a century the world's great creditor country, is in a fair way to pauperize itself by giving something for nothing.

So far as we are concerned there is no bullish argument in the 4 per cent. bank rate. Britain is one of our international trade customers, and it is in every way to our interest that our customers should be prosperous.

The *New York Journal of Commerce*, for one, has some doubts about the policy of our financial authorities in connection with the British bank rate, saying: "it is at least open to wonder why, if the Bank of England lowers its official rate to conform to falling market trends, the Federal Reserve Bank should continue to maintain a very low discount in the face of rising market rates of interest." This important business daily argues that:

After all, the primary duty of a central bank is to adapt its discount policies to the interests of the country to which it belongs. There is something altogether anomalous about international agreements involving undertakings to advance or not to advance rates with reference to external conditions that are beyond the control of at least one party to the arrangement. It might prove to be a very costly experiment indeed in the long run if we should try to adjust our discount policy to that of Great Britain. If the British were unwaveringly committed to a sound courageous course of conduct that dared to defy the wailings and denunciations of politicians and shortsighted business men the United States would run few risks by offering its support. As it happens, the high hopes that were entertained a few months ago have been completely belied by recent events. The British have not been strong enough to stick to the program upon which they set out so confidently. Bitter political attacks, increasing unemployment, trade statistics of the gloomiest sort have been destructive of financial morale.

The Bank of England has ceased to be the detached, non-political institution that it once was. To reduce discount rates when exchange is falling, and gold leaving or about to leave the country, is a difficult action to defend under the circumstances, and the fact that outside market rates are "out of line" with the official discount rate is no excuse. The Bank's endeavor should be to bring them into line instead of succumbing to the demand for cheap money to revive stock trading and give an inflationary impetus to private business.

A good many signs point to something approximating panic in Great Britain concerning the industrial outlook. The very unorthodox conduct of the Bank of England is only one of a good many "desperate expedients" for recapturing prosperity by artificial methods. The financial policy has until recently resisted the attacks of the dissatisfied, but the outlook is far from reassuring. Perhaps it, too, will succumb to the assaults of those who believe there is always a short and easy way to acquire prosperity.

The ever pressing problem of sufficient yield from your investments

WITH interest levels lower, it becomes more and more difficult for the conservative investor to obtain a satisfying yield. He must now expect less income, of course. In 1920, Liberty Bonds yielded 6%—today, less than 4%; other investment securities yield less accordingly.

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- 2—Vigilance in keeping track of them.
- 3—Diversification.
- 4—Sponsorship by a reliable bond house.

Selecting sound issues

Bonds of the same type may differ widely in their individual strength—in equities, assets, management, earning power behind them. To find specially advantageous issues of each kind, a thorough knowledge of underlying values is essential—knowledge which is possessed by an experienced bond house.

Keeping in touch

Then, after the bonds have been bought, they should be carefully kept track of, to guard against or take prompt advantage of changing conditions. Here again the investor can be helped by a competent bond house. It keeps in close touch with all concerns whose securities it underwrites.

Added security

Diversification is a form of investment insurance. It averages risk, however slight that may be. This also requires experience, should be done with the counsel and help of an investment banker who *knows*.

The investor's problem is greatly simplified by selecting a good bond house to deal with. It should preferably have a wide underwriting experience. That gives it first-hand knowledge and an ample assortment of good issues from which to accurately fit the requirements of its customers.

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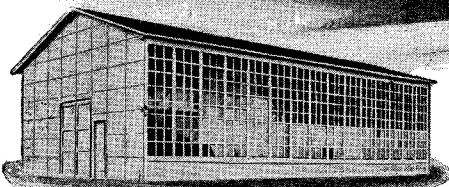
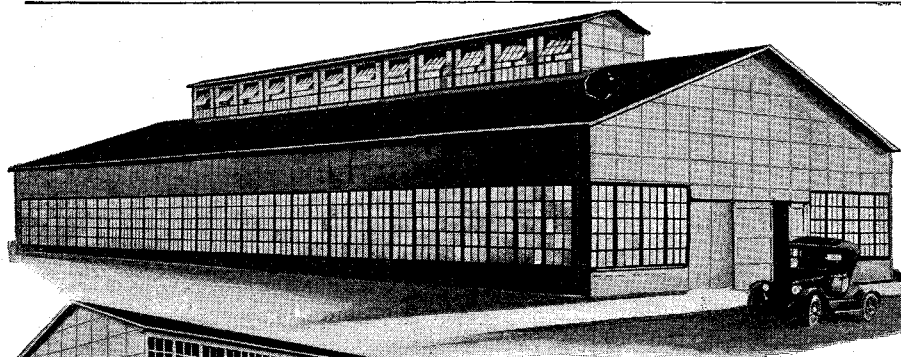
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE Continued

A CHALLENGE TO OUR MOTOR MANUFACTURERS

AMERICA as the greatest producer of motor-cars can not expect to have its own way indefinitely, according to a writer in the Continental edition of the London *Daily Mail*, who predicts that our automobile exporters are in for a jolt. He sees the decks being cleared for action, "the objective of the coming battle being supremacy in the world's motor-car markets." The point is that while America is the greatest motor manufacturing country in the world, it is, according to this writer, seriously handicapped because it has not been foresighted enough to build the type of machine which is to be "the vehicle of the future." The writer in the London paper explains himself as follows:

Take the British industry first. At the moment it may be said to be flourishing. Our factories are turning out cars in numbers undreamed of a few years ago. British makers who only a few years ago thought in hundreds are now thinking in thousands and tens of thousands of motor-cars.

We have now reached this happy state of affairs. We have become formidable rivals of the United States, the most prolific motor-producing country in the world.

For our present happy position we must thank the small car. There may have been an element of luck in our development of the small car. The imposition of a horse-power tax made economy in power necessary. But I would prefer to give the greater credit to the foresight of our motor-car manufacturers.

America laughed at our small cars and continued to build large engines, cheap, but uneconomical. This, however, was not the case with France and Italy. Both these countries, without a tax on horse-power to encourage them, decided after our lead that the small car (not the light car or cycle-car) was the vehicle of the future.

It is clear that the United States had some inkling two years ago that the small car might become a serious rival to their products, for the Ford Company offered to start a factory on the Thames if the Government would alter the horse-power system of taxation. The demand for medium power, of course, still exists; but the demand for the car of small power but high efficiency outside America and Canada is now greater than that of any other type of motor-vehicle.

And here we have a very significant fact. America has no small car. America, so it appears to me, is struggling to get an interest in the small-car market, the most vital market of the future.

The position may be summarized as follows: France and Britain now have an enormous demand for small cars, which they are able to supply. This applies in a slightly less degree to Italy.

France and Britain are much in the same position as the United States was when she launched her huge export campaign—that is, both countries are able to produce cars economically in large quantities and are ready to extend their export trade. Rivalry between the two is going to be keen.

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

October 8.—In an address before the Conservative party conference at Brighton, Prime Minister Baldwin says that Great Britain means to stay in Iraq, but that Great Britain is still willing to arbitrate the Mosul boundary dispute with Turkey.

Premier Mussolini's Cabinet extends Fascist control of Italy by reviving the medieval form of government under which Mayors of small municipalities were appointed by the central Government instead of elected by popular vote. Rome is also to be administered by a Governor appointed by the Government.

October 9.—The Italian Council of Ministers ratifies the proposal of the Fascist Grand Council under which the Italian Senate will be changed from a body appointed by the King into an elective body, the members of which will be representative of various organizations recognized by the Fascist Government, chiefly those of the agriculturalists, industrialists and workmen.

October 10.—Signor Scialoja, the Italian Representative at the Locarno Conference, pledges Italy's guaranty for the neutrality of the Rhine.

Following the recent Fascist-Mason clashes at Florence, in which several persons were killed, the Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Italy orders that no more Masonic meetings be held until further notice.

October 11.—Finance Minister Caillaux submits the Franco-American debt proposal, agreed upon recently in Washington, to the French Cabinet, without recommendation.

October 12.—The American flyers participating with the French in the war on the Riffs are to have a furlough during the rainy season, beginning November 15, according to a dispatch from Paris.

DOMESTIC

October 7.—Christy Mathewson, "Big Six" in the baseball world, and president and part owner of the Boston "Braves," dies at Saranac Lake, New York, of tubercular pneumonia.

Pres. William Green of the American Federation of Labor is cheered when he decisively rejects the plea of an English fraternal delegate to the convention at Atlantic City that the American organization rejoin the Amsterdam Internationale and adopt a more generous attitude toward Soviet Russia.

The American Legion, in convention at Omaha, adopts a resolution favoring reorganization of the national defense under one Cabinet officer, with subdivisions of equal importance for land, sea and air.

Hutchinson I. Cone resigns as vice-president and general manager of the United States Fleet Corporation, charging the Shipping Board with "openly defying the President" in shearing the Fleet Corporation's powers and removing Leigh C. Palmer from its presidency.

October 8.—Capt. H. Le Maitre wins for France the race for observation airplanes at the National Air Races at Mitchel Field, Long Island, flying 129.1 miles an hour.



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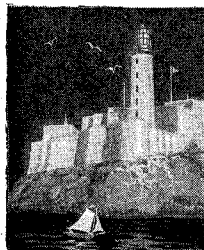
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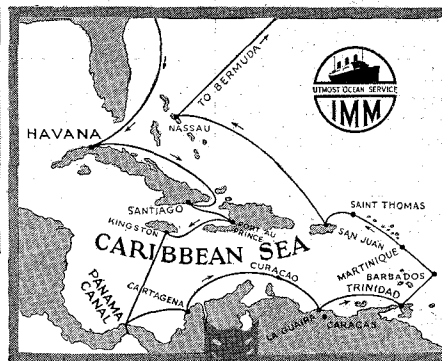
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CURRENT EVENTS

Continued

The American Federation of Labor declares its opposition to "the active propaganda now going on in behalf of Japan" to allow Japanese immigration into this country.

October 9.—The Czecho-Slovakian and American Debt Commissions fix upon \$115,000,000 as the principal of the debt owed to this country, and agree upon methods of payment and rates of interest.

John R. McQuigg, of East Cleveland, Ohio, is elected National Commander of the American Legion.

October 10.—The House of Deputies of the Protestant Episcopal Church votes to remove the word "obey" from the Episcopal marriage service.

James Buchanan Duke, tobacco manufacturer and philanthropist, dies at his home in New York, in his sixty-ninth year.

October 11.—Fourteen are drowned when a pleasure boat capsizes inside Sebastian Inlet, twenty-seven miles south of Eau Gallie, Florida.

The dead body of Charles Ames, air-mail pilot, who disappeared ten days before, while flying with the mail from New York to Cleveland, is found in his wrecked plane on the peak of a mountain four miles northeast of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

October 12.—The Protestant Episcopal Church, in convention in New Orleans, formally deposes William Montgomery Brown as Bishop of the Church, and divests him of all ministerial rights, following the upholding of his conviction of heresy by the House of Bishops.

Fifty-one oil-producing companies are charged with combining in restraint of trade, through a division of royalties on patents for extracting gasoline from crude oil, in anti-trust proceedings brought in New York.

The Pulitzer Trophy is won by Lieut. Cyrus Bettis, U. S. A., when he decisively defeats Lieut. Alford J. Williams, U. S. N., in the air race at Mitchel Field. Lieutenant Bettis flew at an average speed of 248.98 miles an hour.

The United States Supreme Court decides it to be a violation of the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution for officers of the law to search private homes without a warrant, except as an incident to an actual arrest.

The Macmillan Arctic expedition sails into its home port at Wiscasset, Maine, and is welcomed by the Governor of the State.

October 13.—Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis, Assistant Secretary of War, is appointed by President Coolidge as Secretary of War, to succeed John W. Weeks, who retires because of ill-health.

The American Federation of Labor declares its advocacy for higher wages and shorter hours as production increases.

Wage increases of five and six cents an hour are asked in a petition to the United States Railroad Labor Board from maintenance-of-way employees of thirty-five class I railroads, comprising nearly all the railroads running out of Chicago.



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

A Missouri Bull.—MALE cow, Jersey and Durham \$50. Apply Pattie Walker, DeBuys Station.—*Ad in the Gulfport-Biloxi Herald.*

Simple.—Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter how much longer he must remain her suitor, she said as long as he didn't suit her.—*Dallas News.*

A Slump in Bracelets.—
BANKRUPT DEALER
IN HANDCUFFS
BEFORE REFEREE.
—*St. Louis Post Dispatch.*

Honest Advertising.—Another shipment of those wonderful Balbriggan Dresses. These will not last long. Sizes 14 to 38.....\$5.00
—*From an ad in the South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.*

Murder as a Fine Art.—
DON'T KILL YOUR WIFE—LET
ELECTRICITY DO THE
DIRTY WORK
—*From a Vacuum Cleaner ad in the Greenville (S. C.) News.*

No Sylph.—IF YOU are going to Prescott or Jerome early Tuesday morning and can carry from two to three hundred pounds extra, please communicate with Miss H. at Arizona Republican to-day. Phone 7474.—*Personal ad in the Arizona Republican.*

A Convalescent Firearm.—Harry Lawson, U. S. N., is spending a fifteen-day furlough at his home. He recently recovered from burns and injuries received when a gun backfired, after being in a naval hospital several weeks.—*Winsted (Conn.) Evening Citizen.*

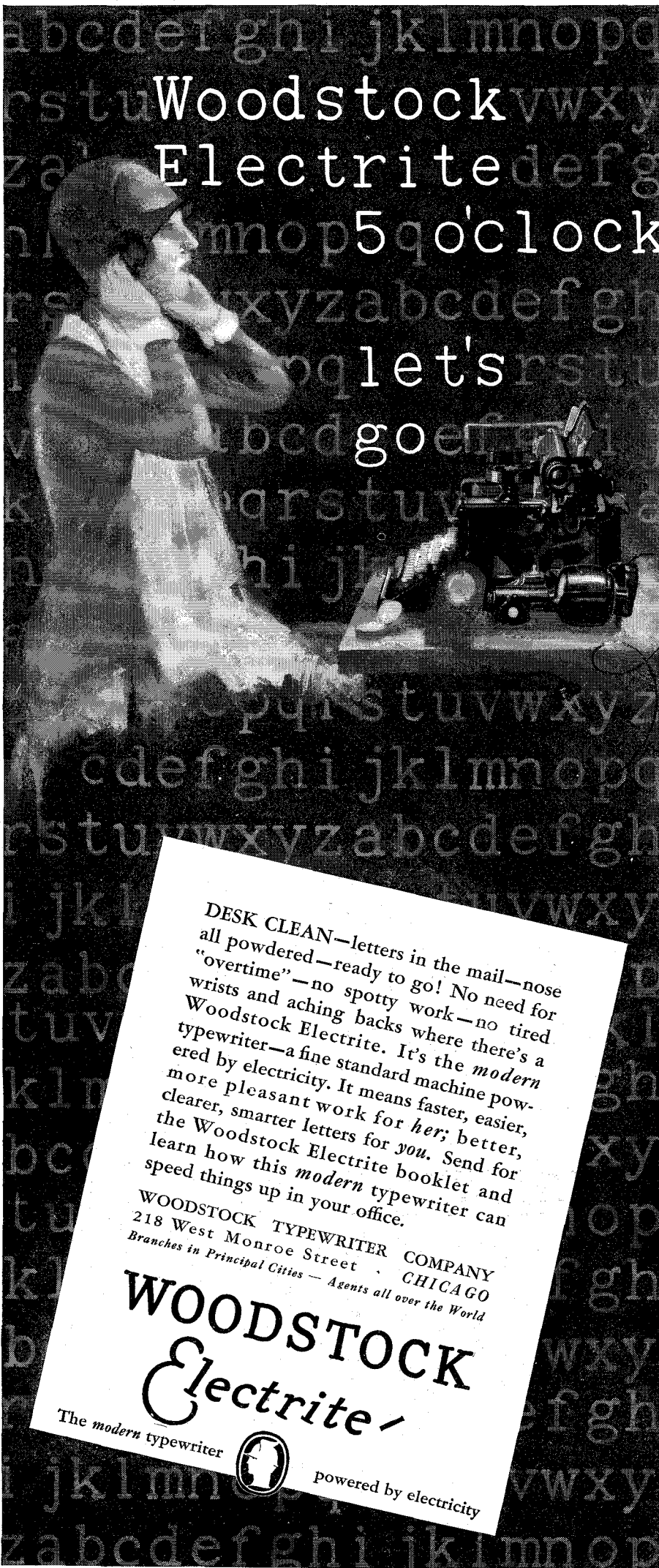
Disillusioned.—"I'm getting up a little poker game, Major," invited the friend.
"Would you like to join us?"
"Sir, I do not play poker."
"I'm sorry. I was under the impression that you did."
"I was once under that impression myself, sir."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

It Wasn't Provoked.—Davy, the older one, "had a wildcat as a pet for months," we read. The two would play together by the hour, and "the kitten would never show a claw." But, alas! "One night Davy took the wildcat to bed with him. Quite unintentionally he smothered it to death. Even then the little animal did not scratch his master."—*New York World, innocently quoted by THE LITERARY DIGEST. (With acknowledgment to a lynx-eyed reader.)*

The Breadwinner.

Baby's in the movies now,
We should care—for she's a wow.
Papa's quit his watchman's job,
Mama's got to be a snob,
Sister Lou just bought a car,
Brother smokes a mean cigar.

Baby dear can scarcely speak,
But she draws two grand a week.
As for modest me, I'm sure
I haven't changed since we were poor—
I'M THE BABY!—*M.A.S. in Life.*



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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Continued

Open-Handed.—"Alice boasts that she never borrows trouble."
"No, that is a thing that she prefers to give."—*Boston Transcript.*

As Bunions?

PLAN TO STANDARDIZE
POMEGRANATES ON FOOT

—*News headlines in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

Spices of Araby.—There are two kinds of violations of the anti-narcotic law. One is technical while the other is fragrant and wanton.—*From an Editorial in the Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

His Pupil.—Mr. Blank, in characterizing a former employee who is now a rival and competitor, said: "Why, he's a sharper, a thief and a liar, and I taught him all he knows."—*The Continent.*

No Foreign Frills.—PURCHASER—"What is the charge for this battery?"

GARAGEMAN—"One and one-half volts."

PURCHASER—"Well, how much is that in American money?"—*The Ink Slinger.*

A Peevish Apparition.

SHOOTER SAYS DEAD MAN WAS
CHASING HIM WITH DRAWN
RAZOR

—*Headlines in the Washington (Pa.) Reporter.*

Pete's Olive Branch.—The Sheriff's department immediately responded to the call and Pete Riggins and his son, Repete, together with Jordan Phillips, three negroes living on Mr. Tiller's place were arrested and placed in jail.—*Dallas News.*

The Approach Is Everything.—"Hullo, Brown. Are you using your lawn-mower this afternoon?"

"Yes, I'm afraid I am."

"Splendid! Then you won't be wanting your tennis racket—I've broken mine!"—*The Continent.*

Aid to Housework.—"Guess my girl in college has changed her mind about basketball. She is evidently going in for something more useful."

"How so?"

"Now she writes that she has made the scrub team."—*McKendree Review.*

Naughty! Naughty!—
WELCOME!!

K. of P. and D. O. K. K.

We Greet You Cordially—May Your Stay In Our City Be One of Unalloyed Pleasure
—*From a Display ad in the Bristol (Va.) Herald-Courier.*

Too Embarrassed.—"Every room with a bath," says the prospectus of a new and huge hotel just started here.

Which reminds us of the story of a countryman, unfamiliar with such luxuries, who passed the night at a modern hotel.

"Well, did you have a good night's rest?" the clerk asked him next morning.

"No, I didn't," was the reply. "The room was all right and the bed was pretty good, but I couldn't sleep very much, for I was afraid some one would want to take a bath, and the only door to it was through my room."—*Boston Transcript.*

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